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May, 1965

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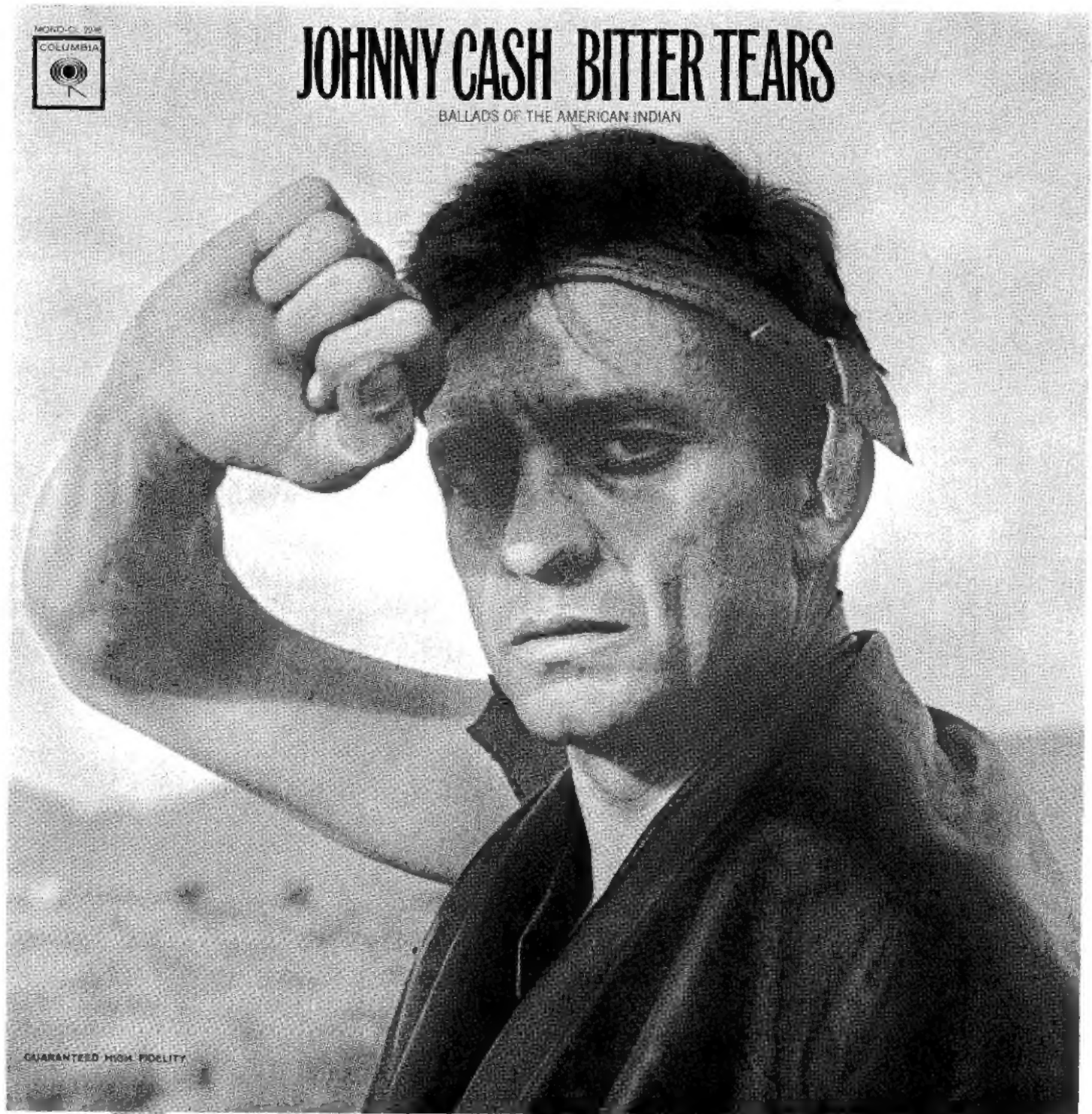

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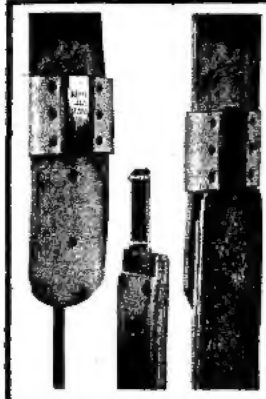

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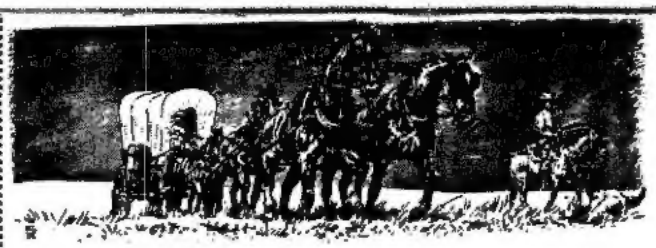

April-May, 1965
Vol. 39, No. 3
New Series No. 35

FRONTIER TIMES

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FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC. P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions and Canada, $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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SHANGHAI PIERCE, WEBSTER ON CATTLE by J. R. Pattie. Shang had the biggest set of lungs in Texas—but he put his money where his mouth was—and people listened.

LOOKOUT LYNCHING by Billy Groves as told to Lynn S. Langfield. The lynch mob got off scot-free as far as a jail sentence was concerned—but surely in the dark hours of the night one or two men must have cringed at the realization that an innocent nine-year-old boy had been one of the victims.

Also included in this issue:

GUNS OF THE OLD WEST by Norman B. Wiltsey, THE HERMIT OF CLIFTON by Nell Murbarger, A SACK OF POISONED SUGAR by William B. Hardy, THE GREAT PEARL HUNT IN TEXAS by Al Eason, BULL HILL SAVAGES by Rufus L. Porter, "I MARRIED A CROW" by Ralph McCarroll, MACKINAW BOATS OF THE MUDDY MO by H. Babcock, HOLD-UP AT PASCO by Rex Covington, THE SPIRIT OF LA PLACUELA by Robert Graham, THE QUITO TREASURE by Orrin H. Bonney, GENTLE MONSTERS OF THE PLAINS by Art Fee, "THAT D.... WOMAN ON THE PAROLE BOARD!" by Phyllis W. Heald, ROUGHNECK by Olevia E. Myers, WHERE WAS FORT HENRIETTA? by Dorys Crow Grover, and LA MESA RANCH by Richard L. Oliver as told to Robert G. Oliver.

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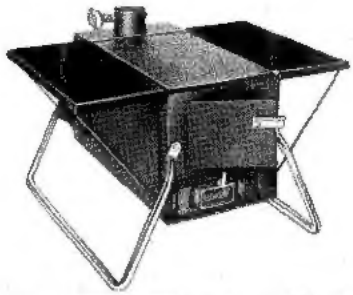

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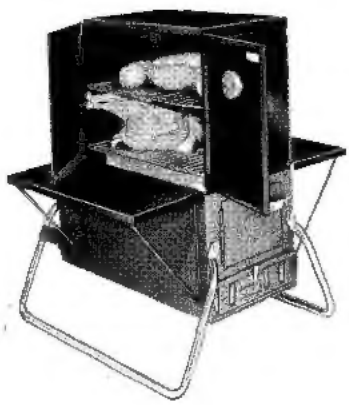

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FRONTIER POST

"Cow by the Tail!"

Dear Sirs:

In part two of "Cow by the Tail!" (January, '65) there is a picture of a cow outfit on the move (copyright by G. V. Barker, page 7). The picture is the XIT roundup wagon and 165 saddle ponies. They are breaking camp at Burns Creek, Montana. The single cowboy in the foreground is my father, "Dogie Bill" Raffaell. He was also called C. Y. Frenchie at one time. There are more of these pictures taken on the drive. They were taken by a man from the East who rode a bicycle. We enjoy your magazines very much.—Mrs. James Arthur, 848 South 4th West, Missoula, Montana.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read "Cow by the Tail!" and although I have read many splendid stories about the old days, I have never enjoyed any story as much as I did this one. And that party who drew the cover picture was no slouch!

After the Civil War, my father drove cattle up the trail. He was also boss of a wagontrain for Adams & Wicks from San Antonio to El Paso and Mexico. But he very seldom talked of any of his experiences. Once I asked him about an article I had read where the Indians had attacked a wagon at Howards Well and had burned all the wagons. He said he came along there two days afterwards and the wagons were still smoking. I don't remember whether they killed the teamsters. I would appreciate this information, as I remember my father said it was a camping ground for the trains.—Hart Mussey, 223 E. Warren Street, Kingsville, Texas.

We've always heard that seventeen people were killed.

Dear Mr. Small:

I am the proud owner of two copies of "Cow by the Tail!" both autographed by Jesse James Benton. The inscriptions in both are pure old-time cowboy humor. Being a daughter of the last of this breed of men, I can understand and enjoy their way of life.

I would like to know if any of your old-time readers have ever heard of chutépaté (pronounced chew-ta-pot-ta). It is a root which is dried and used for colds. It can be pounded and smoked or brewed in a tea. And it works, too!

This either is an Indian or Mexican remedy; I rather think it is Indian. When I was a child and lived in the Huachuca Mountains, an old Indian from Tucson used to come each autumn and dig and dry the root. He camped at our home and we always bought a supply to last until he returned. I'd like very much to know if any is still available, or to get any information about it. Best wishes for the continuing success of your wonderful magazines.—Mrs. Margaret P. Anderson, 20 Arizona Street, Warren, Arizona.

Dear Editor:

"Cow by the Tail!" is one of the most interesting stories I have ever read. It is cowboy, Indian, frontier life and many historical facts all rolled into one. I could hardly lay this story down long enough to do my work and I regretted to see it end. We could do with more of the same. —Lennie Wright Ferguson, 1724 Wright Avenue, Sumner, Washington.

Dear Sirs:

The current issue of FRONTIER TIMES was especially interesting because of "Cow by the Tail!" and "Blood-stained Ghost Town." Benton wrote a good story; you could clearly see, after a few pages, that he knew whereof he spoke. I never ran into him, although I did meet one of his boys, and lived next door to, and attended school with, his son's wife.

I am very familiar with the locale and people in the story about Ruby. I have been in the store many times while it was operating and knew well Woody Gatlin and his wife. The ten-inch pipeline they mention was a five-inch, at least where it passed through John and Jim Cuming's ranch. I rode for them in 1914.

Almost every issue has a story that "rings bells" for me. Thanks for the good job you're doing.—F. E. Blacklidge, 4200 East Glenn, Tucson, Arizona.

Token Collector

Dear Editor:

For the past three years I have been compiling a list of the tokens used by the various merchants in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Oklahoma Territory, Indian Territory, Colorado and Nebraska. I would appreciate hearing from any readers of FT who have these tokens so that the list will be as complete as possible.

I am also interested in listing the old "hotel to depot" tokens, toll bridge tokens and the street railway tokens. These small remnants of the past played a part in the West, and very often the story connected with them is worth preserving for posterity.—Mrs. William R. Johnson, Rt. 2, Box 355, Tecumseh, Michigan.

Buffalo Nickel Mystery Explained

Dear Mr. Small:

The Reno *Evening Gazette* of April 1, 1964 carried an article by Warren LeRude which seems to have solved the question of the Indian's identity on the Buffalo Nickel. According to this account, James Earle Fraser sketched three Indians, then made a composite drawing for the coin which was issued from 1913 to 1938. When he was queried many years later about their identities, he could remember Irontail and Two Moon, but could not recall the third.

Mrs. Charles W. Cleary, Jr. of Reno has disclosed that the unknown Indian was John Two Guns. He worked for her late father, who was an engineer during

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John Two Gun

the construction of the dam at Lower Two Medicine Lake on the Blackfoot Reservation from 1910 to 1912. Fraser came to look over all the Indians and chose John Two Guns because he was exceptionally fine looking. It really went to his head! He strutted around and would stand and pose. Never again was he content to be an errand runner and handyman.—Bill Peterson, P. O. Box 657, Sparks, Nevada.

A Rolling Stone

Dear Joe:

I was raised in a small lead and zinc mining town, Scotts City, Missouri, a town about forty miles east of Joplin. I was about seventeen years old when I left home to go to the coal mining town of Pittsburg, Kansas. It was 1909. While there I got a job with the Boman Undertaking Company, caring for a string of hearse and ambulance horses. I was on duty around the clock, receiving wages of eight dollars per week plus board and room. My room was the office, so I could be ready for any emergency that might arise. I soon realized that this was not the job for me.

I went to Webb City, Missouri, where I worked as a shoveler. Shovelers were paid so much per can. This was not a job for anyone faint-hearted. A top shoveler made from fifteen to twenty dollars per week. In the fall of 1912 my cousin and I went with a contractor to Milton, Oklahoma, to develop a coal mine.

About six months later we drifted on to Quinlan, Oklahoma, to work on a twelve-inch pipeline. At this time crude oil was only twenty-five cents a barrel. The Marlen Oil Company made their stake buying crude oil and storing it. My cousin and I were tong men, and boarded and roomed on the job.

We had a card game in our tent one night. My cousin was sharp at cards, and I was selected to be banker for both of us. We ended up with all the loot in the game. Our winnings cost us our jobs as the loot belonged to the boss!

My cousin and I landed in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and from there I went to Independence, Kansas, and later to the boom town of Augusta. I will never forget the night I arrived there. The city had passed an ordinance that all wagons and trucks going through town at night must have lights on the back. A tanky boy, wanting to have a little fun, tied a lantern on his horse's tail and paraded the streets. His little joke landed him in the local jail. His father put up a squawk so they threw him in also.

Word soon got around about the raw deal, and in the course of a few hours there were three or four hundred tankies, drillers, tool dressers and others gathered at the jail demanding their release. Soon after the arrival of these men, the jail doors were broken down and father and son were free—the cops had been run out of town. Those were the days when it was rough on lawmen.

We gripe about the high cost of living now but in those days I paid forty to forty-five dollars per month for an unfurnished boxcar shack with room space of about twelve by twenty-four feet. In Whiz Bang, Oklahoma, when you went to bed you slept with your clothes on and used your high top boots for a pillow—that is, if you wanted clothes to work in the next day.

An old friend of mine and his wife put in a hotel there and I boarded with them until the big fire. The hobos had plenty of roasted eggs and hot fruit to eat that night. As time passed, it got so rough the state police and the oil companies got together and rounded up a bunch of dopeys and girls and other roughs and hauled them out in the Flint Hills and dumped them out. Later in the summer of the same year they started a new town north of Whiz Bang and called it Webb City. I bought a lot one block north of the schoolhouse and my wife and I put in a little restaurant catering to tankies, casers, drillers and toolies.

The rest of my life I have sort of drifted around from one place to another. I am now seventy-five, in fair health, still enjoy a snort or two, living on my pension. I would enjoy hearing from John Miller; probably we have met on our rounds. I used to go by the nickname of "Bill."

The picture (enclosed) was taken in Webb City about 1910. I am in the back row in the white tee shirt.—Charles E. Miller, 1006 West Apricot Avenue, Lompoc, California.

More Sidelights from Ole Oklahoma Boys

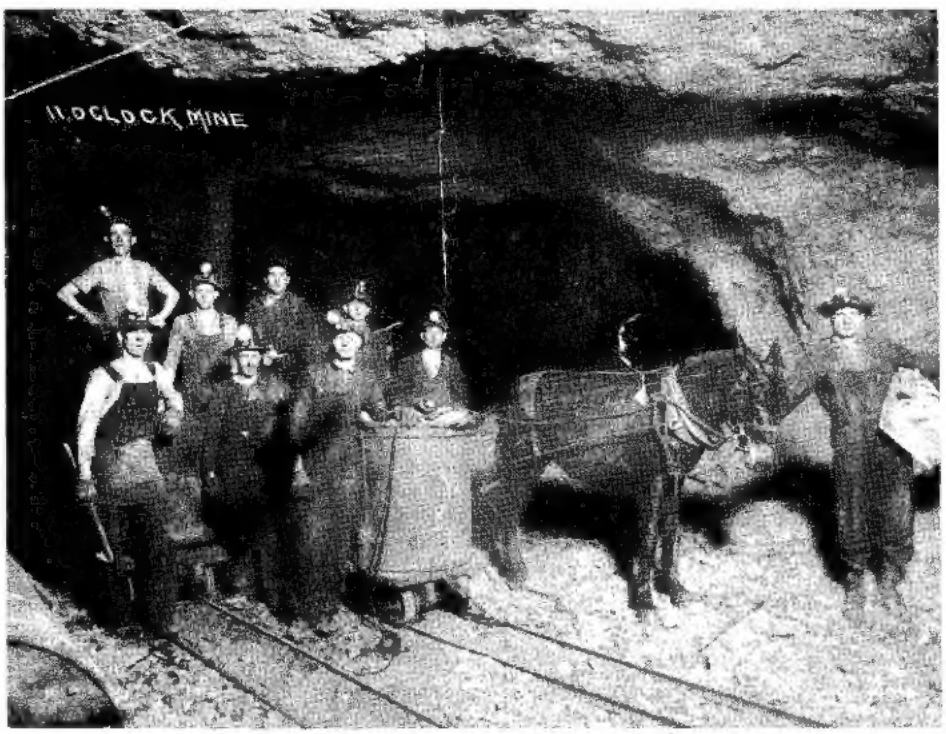
Dear Joe:

I was eighty-three last November, born in Smith County, Kansas, in a sod house, and grew up with horses and mules. My brother Horace (Spike) McNulty lived on a leased Indian allotment a little southeast of Seiling in Indian Territory. In 1902, when I was nineteen years old, I went to visit him and met my first Indian. I was out walking in the pasture when he came up and I didn't know what to do. I was too scared to run. He wanted to shake hands but I refused. We went to my brother's house and when he saw Spike, he said, "Young brave heap scared," and then he laughed. He was Chief Black Horse and was a very good friend.

I enjoyed reading about Powder Face in FT. I didn't know Mr. Hughes' dad, although I heard a great deal about the Paleface Medicine Man, and all of it was good. I want to tell you about one character that I knew very well and I was in his tepee many times to listen to his stories about Custer's Last Stand. He was one of the renegades from that bat-

(Continued on page 69)

Charles Miller (hands on hips) when he worked as a shoveler in Webb City, Missouri



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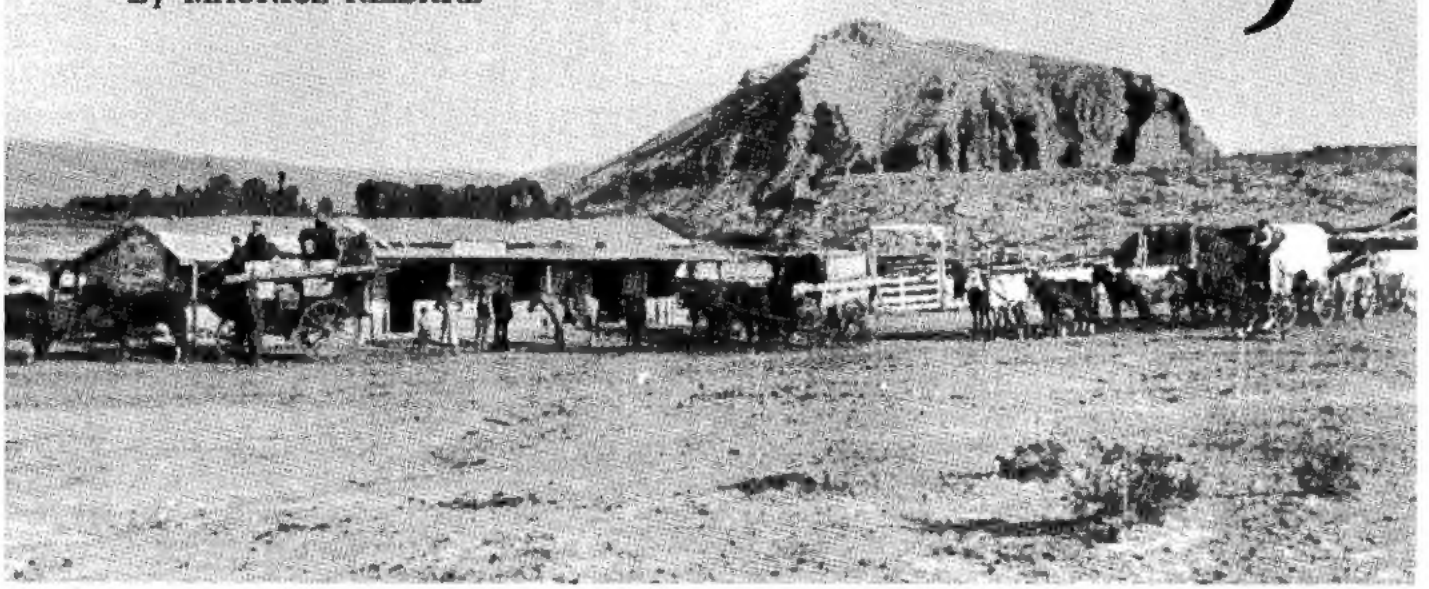
Henry

By MAURICE KILDARE



Beaverhead Rock stage station, west of Bannack, in Montana Territory. This was the area where Plummer's gang of "Innocents" plundered and robbed on many occasions. Courtesy Montana Historical Society.

THE STATE OF MONTANA is synonomous with the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804-06, Charley Russell, and —in some quarters—Henry Plummer's buried outlaw loot.

The infamous Plummer, traitor to his lawman's badge, was the scourge of the Rocky Mountains, the cleverest of western outlaws who took more plunder than any other leader of hard riding, fast shooting cutthroats. But unlike them, he was hanged before spending much of it.

Ironically, some Montanans know very little of Lewis and Clark and Charley Russell. But if there is *one* not steeped in the legendary lore of Plummer's cached gold, I have not encountered him.

Old-timers—meaning men old since vigilantes executed Plummer at Bannack a hundred years ago—have nothing to do but sit in the warming sun yarning about golden hoards the outlaw sheriff buried. For a couple of drinks in the nearest village bar you can hear even better stories.

The yarners are poverty-stricken liars compared with X-marks-the-spot map owners. They carry tattered documents that will *positively* take you directly to where $100,000 to $500,000 of Plummer's gold lies waiting to be shoveled out of the ground. For five to ten grand they will sell an interest in the bona fide map —swear to it on a stack of Bibles!—and *promise* to help you get it.

Only one have I found who would sell his map for a song—well, almost. In the winter of 1963 when I was in Dillon researching old records at Beaverhead County's courthouse, I sat quenching my thirst in the Andrus Hotel bar. The mahogany furniture is antique, easily eighty years old. A man even older than the bar moseyed over, and spent some time getting acquainted. After fifteen years running down the story of Henry Plummer for a book, I knew all the signs. So I bought him a drink just to kill time.

This one made no proposition until the third or fourth meeting. Meanwhile, he sketched his pioneer background as come-on stuff. Then one night in the bar he produced the map drawn on old reddish building paper.

He slyly offered to trust me, since he had no friend to turn to. Desiring to go east to a hospital to spend his declining years, he sorely needed money. For a mere ten grand he would cut me in for a half-share of the swag. He kept working on me while I researched in Dillon, old Bannack and Virginia City.

Finally he came down to eight grand, reluctantly to five. On my last day in town he offered to deal me in for an even thousand bucks. Tears beaded his eyes and he acted like I was stealing his bread and butter. Amazingly, all map owners actually believe in them—knowing they are phony!

In Virginia City I learned something else. The local kids are not nearly as interested in sand-lot baseball, swimming, fishing and hunting as they are seeking lost outlaw loot. Generations of small fry have been indulging in this recreational pursuit for a hundred years.

Long ago, a vanished generation of them excavated the site of every log cabin anywhere in Alder Gulch. They still climb the high points of mountains and hills where Plummer's spies watched for victims along the Virginia City-Bannack stage road. Let a rumor appear of another discovered spot where road agents hid out, and they go dig into it, too.

The kids' yarns remain alive and vivid, because some have, indeed, recovered gold. Not that it ever belonged to Plummer. In recent years one boy found several hundred dollars buried where a cabin burned down. More was discovered in an outlaw hideout, $200 in Nevada City where a saloon once stood, and $75 on Daylight Creek where the worst killer in Plummer's gang, George Ives, operated a stock-holding corral in 1863.

There are dozens of such stories. The kids daydream of what they could do with some of that dough. Never an excursion along the creeks or into adjacent hills but what they keep one eye out for possibilities.

Well, grownups are crazier than the kids. When bitten by the treasure hunting fever, there is no one more windy, optimistic and plain crazy. Otherwise sane people go off their rockers. They actually spend thousands of dollars for machines to do "scientific" searching!

In my estimation the people who make dough out of lost mines and lost treasures are those who write about them. With this fact in mind, when I began researching Henry Plummer professionally fifteen years ago, I promised myself not to digress into bypaths wasting time paying any attention to them. But, whether or no, in Plummer's case, such tales crept in despite good intentions.

Every time I interviewed some aging pioneer with an ancestor who had some connection with the story, he (or she) always showed keen disappointment near the end of the taped recording because I didn't ask about Plummer's lost loot. They then insisted on relating from one to a half dozen stories of the outlaw sheriff's hidden wealth.

THE BACKGROUND and basis for buried Plummer gold is this: Lawmen chased the handsome and educated Henry Plummer out of Nevada and California after the commission of a few

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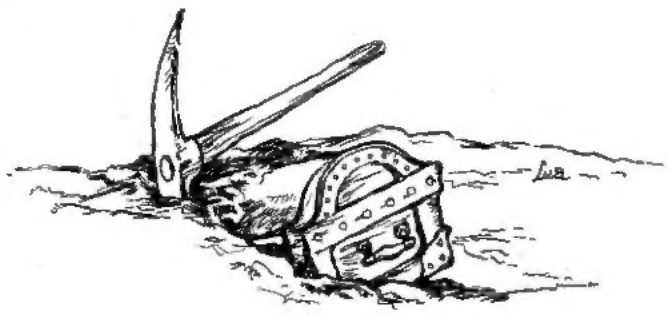
Plummer's GOLDEN LOOT



Nobody would argue the fact that Henry and his gang of cutthroats heisted thousands of dollars in gold shipments —but if you believe all the legends about what is still buried, the amount probably exceeds what was stolen to begin with!

murders and assorted robberies in the gold fields. Also a card shark, he went to Walla Walla, Washington, to gamble. There, he got into more difficulties with other people's women and money and lives. So, he raced ahead of the law into the Idaho gold fields in 1861, settling in Lewiston.

Soon thereafter he formed his first cutthroat gang of murderers and thieves, operating profitably until vigilantes organized. Never a man to loiter when citizens started taking down ropes, he fled in the fall of 1862 into western Montana, then part of Idaho Territory. But Mr. Plummer never ran anywhere empty-handed. He took across the Bitterroot Mountains two mule loads of assayer's ingots, gold coins and currency. The latter were then known as "Lincoln skins" because most people regarded the paper as worthless. Plummer planned to retire to his eastern home as a rich gentleman.

He had one of his side-kick road agents along, Jack Cleveland, whom he later killed to close his mouth about his Idaho gold. They visited briefly with an old friend, Sam Ford, on the creek named for the Frenchman below Sun River. Then they moved on, pausing for rest at the only place then in existence on Sun River. It was a Government farm and Indian agency, supervised by James A. Vail.

At Sun River Plummer fell in love with Vail's beautiful young sister-in-law, Electa Bryan. Consequently, Plummer wasn't too keenly disappointed on learning the last boat to the States from Fort Benton on the Missouri River had already pulled out ahead of winter freeze-up.

He and Cleveland decided to go south to Bannack, a new placer discovery on Grasshopper Creek. But Plummer wasn't about to risk his gold in the wild boom diggings. Moreover, the brutish Cleveland might well kill him for it before they ever reached there.

They returned to Sam Ford, who grazed a beef herd for a fur company. Plummer got Cleveland dead drunk and, in the middle of the night, buried his Idaho treasure. He kept the coins and gave the currency into Ford's safekeeping.

The two road agents pressed on to Bannack, Cleveland very angry on discovering the mule packs empty. Plummer, in 1863, killed his road agent pal and was, in turn, bushwhacked by Sheriff Henry Crawford. While Plummer slowly recovered, the sheriff wisely left the country between suns.

In May of the same year Plummer managed to get himself elected sheriff of Bannack District, to which was soon added all the new gold discoveries in and around Alder Gulch, where a dozen camps and towns sprang into being overnight on the richest placer diggings ever discovered on the North American Continent.

In June he went north to Sun River, married Electa Bryan and brought her home to roaring Bannack. She remained there until departure for Iowa in September. Although he and Bill Bunton began holding up a few stages, he did not organize his gang of road agents until August.

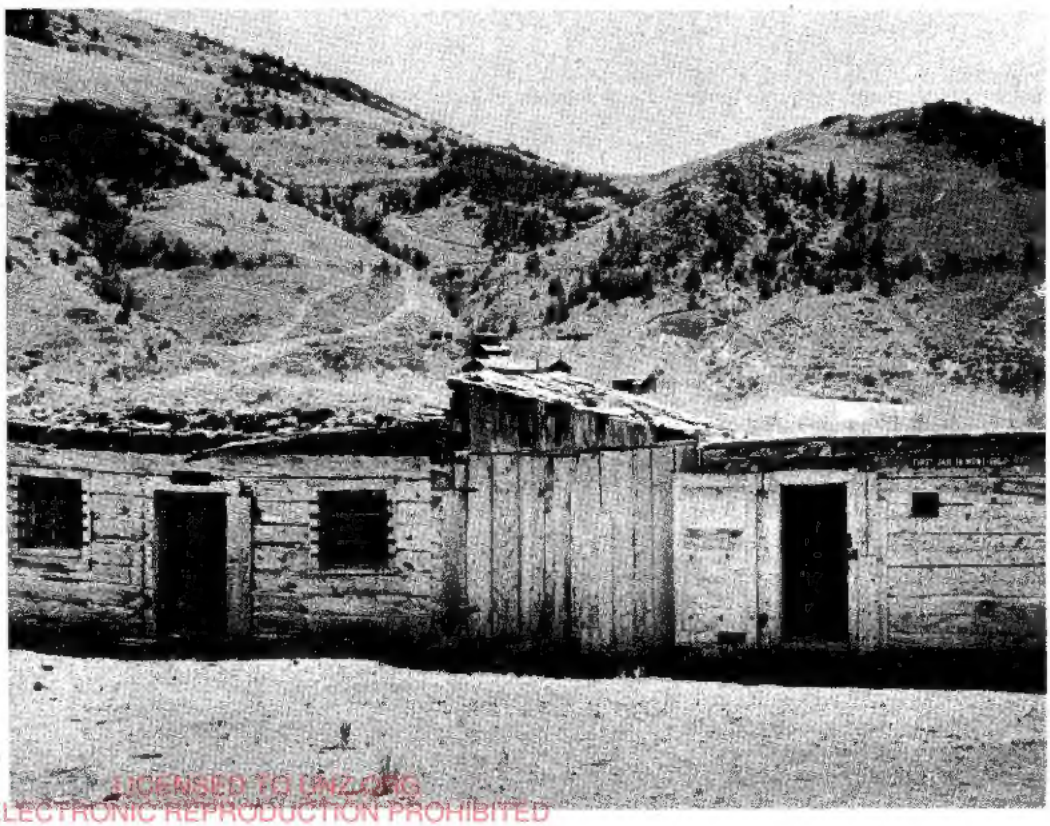
WHEN his selected cutthroats banded behind his front as sheriff, Plummer was in business again. The gang operated just short of six months. During that period they killed more than 102 *known* men, and dried up the outgoing shipments of raw gold to a mere trickle.

In December, 1863, Nevada City citizens hanged road agent Ives for half a dozen wanton murders, and organized a vigilante committee at Virginia City. New Year's Day, 1864, they strung up Erastus "Red" Yeager, the fast riding messenger for the gang. With him also went George W. Brown, the organization's bookkeeper and holder of the swag pending Plummer's division of it. Before decorating cottonwood trees on a creek at a stage station, the pair talked about the gang, calling themselves "The Innocents," and using the phrase as a password.

Before the vigilantes quit that winter, they had hanged more than thirty road agents. One of them was the gang's

Montana's first jail was built in 1862 at Bannack and presided over by a man who was to become the state's most notorious criminal.

Courtesy author



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Section of tree carved with the legend "Henry Plummer—1862," on display in the Beaverhead Museum in Montana

brainy leader, Henry Plummer, who kicked on a rope end January 10, 1864.

Plummer knew all about the vigilante committee and every member of it. He didn't run as he had in previous crises because, the wise guys in Bannack swore, he had made a deal with the ringleaders to get his great amount of loot from assorted crimes safely to Salt Lake City. This meant parting with some of it, but he would remain alive. Then, according to the same source, his co-conspirators doublecrossed him. They stole Plummer's gold and hanged him to keep his mouth shut. There does exist considerable evidence that this is a fact.

Plummer's body had hardly frozen in the cold night, before a wagontrain pulled out with oak kegs filled with raw gold. It had been loaded from three cabins of first-rank citizens, previously poor as church mice, but wealthy after that hour. On returning to Bannack the freighters told everything. Vigilante leaders ran some of them out of the country and threatened to hang others if they didn't shut up.

The vigilantes had tried to hang Plummer and his two deputy sheriffs, Ned Ray and Buck Stinson, secretly in the dead of night. But they didn't quite make it. A large number of citizens gathered at the strangling scene to find out what the fuss was all about.

From them derived the account of Plummer's last words. It wasn't the vigilante ringleaders' prepared public statement that he confessed all his crimes while weeping and begging for his life. They reported what Plummer actually said and later the vigilantes admitted it true.

Plummer shouted at the ringleaders hurrying him into the other world where he richly belonged, "You—s now have millions in gold, so you might as well hog it all. Let me go, as you agreed to, and I will tell you where $300,000 more is buried within sight of Haystack Butte!"

For this outburst a vigilante, X. Beidler, knocked him down with shotgun butt into the mouth. Plummer remained groggy and had to be held upright while the noose went around his neck.

His statement supported the double-cross story. But his words were soon garbled. The story spread that Plummer said the gold buried north in Sun River country was *inside* a cabin. Almost at once treasure seekers tore up the dirt floors of every trapper, hunter or remote dweller's abandoned hovel for twenty to fifty miles around Haystack Butte.

Later they dug the sites of more recently built settlers' and stockmen's cabins. They are still doing so today. It is amazing how many rusted horse- and ox-shoes, broken animal traps and sundry other pieces of metal they bring out of the ground!

PLUMMER'S buried treasure yarns began almost at once because during the six months' operation of his gang, they did take an incredible amount of gold from unlucky victims.

North of Bannack along Rocky Hill stage road there is said to be $400,000. Miners started digging for it before the spring thaw of 1864. Today descendents of men who were there solemnly assure you the story is absolutely true. They lack only one more clue to become immensely wealthy.

In Beaverhead County Museum rests an aspen block sawed from a tree. On it, the grown-back bark (darker than the surrounding area) appears this inscription:

HENRY
PLUMMER
1862

It was found some years ago in Centennial Valley, almost on the Idaho border about 200 miles south of Bannack. Plummer's loot hunters have roundly cursed the man who cut down the tree! They swear destruction of the inscribed aspen destroyed clues to whereabouts of the outlaw sheriff's $150,000 taken from a freight train holdup. Maybe so, but Plummer couldn't have been in Centennial Valley nor did he rob a wagontrain *anywhere* in 1862.

Another tale holds that while en route to be married, he cached $200,000 by Birdtail Rock on Mullan Road. But his first Montana holdup occurred only after his return to Bannack with his bride. Until then he didn't have any loot to bury.

He pulled his first robbery a few days after arriving home. Taking Bill Bunton, his right bower, north to Cottonwood (Deer Lodge), they held up a stage for $18,000. Later on they robbed several others, Plummer considering the area his private preserve. Supposedly they collected better than $50,000 altogether. He allegedly buried the loot each time on Cottonwood Creek and it is still there. For one reason or another he never got around to going back for it.

Another current story accepted without reservation, as local dwellers swear by the Birdtail Rock saga, concerns St. Peter's Mission near Cascade. Here he supposedly stuck another $300,000 in the ground for safekeeping. For decades, hunters dug over every square foot around the abandoned mission. Modern treasure seekers now pass this opportunity by. They know that the mission was moved there from the original place at Choteau long after Plummer hanged.

Curiously, many buried loot tales repeat the amount as being $300,000. Why the same figure so often? The case of William (Uncle Bill) Owsley offers a clue.

Before his death in 1929, Owsley, one of Butte's first mayors, told a newspaper reporter, "When we got ready to hang Plummer, he threw his arms around my neck and said, 'Grab your gun and get me out of here. If you do, I will take you to where I have $300,000 buried within a hundred yards of Pete Daleys' corral.'

"When I ignored him, he threw his arms around me again and said, 'God, I tell you it's true. I'll show you where it is for a horse!'"

The trouble with Owsley's story is that Plummer's hands were tied behind his back. He couldn't have thrown them around anybody's neck. Nor was Owsley a vigilante either, and they allowed no one else near Plummer at the gibbet.

Owsley also "confessed" that he had long searched for the gold near Daley's where Plummer's road agents often met to plan their crimes. His published story sent in droves of hunters who dug over the adjacent landscape much to resentment of people living there.

According to hundreds of Plummer legends his caches are scattered all over Montana—even in the eastern half, far from the old gold fields. Plummer was never east of the great falls on the Missouri. He went that far only one time, on a holiday outing with his fiancée. This is a widely known fact yet stories that he buried loot in eastern Montana keep cropping up.

OTHER than the usual spots, where can one dig for the road agent chief's treasure? One so inclined can make his own choice. Anywhere in western Montana is a likely place. There is no village so small, no ghost town nor old ranch where he passed so poor, as not to have its own buried gold tale.

The ninety-mile winding stage road from Bannack to Virginia City, over which most out-going gold passed, is lined with hidden treasure. Or so it is said. Every stage station on the route is suspect, the best one being Rattlesnake Ranch twelve miles from Bannack. There is also Big Hole Basin, Horse Prairie, all creeks draining into the Madison, Beaverhead and Jefferson Rivers, Prickly Pear Valley, Little Prickly Pear, all streams entering Clark's Fork from the south, Salt Lake Trail and Mullan Road, all good bets to dig for his victims' wealth. Indeed, there are so many hundreds of caches that Plummer surely must have worn out a huge number of picks and shovels solely to bedevil later-day treasure hunters!

There are no less than a hundred places around old Bannack where his loot is assertedly hidden. After the story of the gold-filled kegs shipped south came out, searchers dug into the three cabins from which they came.

Plummer's home on Yankee Flats immediately received the same treatment. A decade later rumor reported it buried very deep. Eager beavers futilely went down another twenty feet. Undaunted by failure, others since 1900 have shoveled away industriously.

This is indeed a sad case. For between 1885 and 1905, five dredging boats oprated on Grasshopper Creek at Bannack. They dug down thirty-five feet and more into the auriferous gravel. Their clean-ups ran from the lowest, $800, to the

(Continued on page 55)

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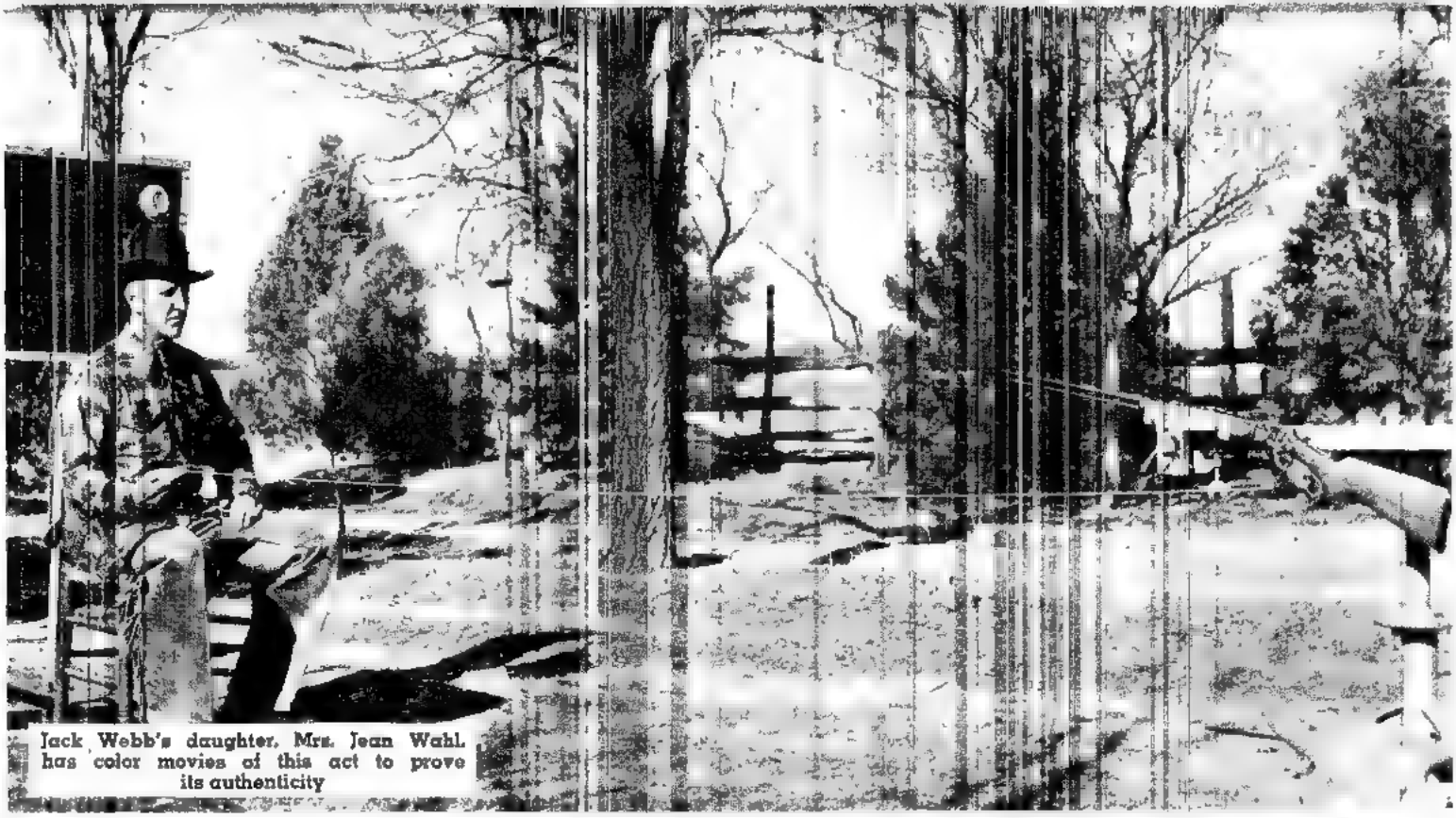

Jack Webb's daughter, Mrs. Jean Wahl, has color movies of this act to prove its authenticity

He Rode a Lonely Trail

By ALETA LUTZ

A talented, but strange and moody man, Jack Webb never was able to control his life the way he could control a rope, a steer or a gun . . .

FIFTY YEARS AGO, almost every well known rodeo cowboy in the United States had worked on the 101 Ranch at one time or another. If he hadn't worked there, he had indeed been a contestant at a 101 Ranch Roundup or had attended the 101 Ranch Wild West and Great East Show.

Tom Mix and the Mulhalls, Chester Byars and Louis Tindall, Bob Crosby and Henry Grammer—everyone knew about the 101 Ranch and the Miller Brothers.

One of the most handsome and versatile of the cowboys who came to the 101 Ranch to work—a cowboy whom many recognized but few really knew—was Jack Webb.

A superb shot with both pistol and rifle, a quiet handsome man who was billed at Madison Square Garden as a "Crooning Cowboy" and as a trick rope artist who wove a special magic with a lariat, Jack Webb was all of these. And more.

Keenly sensitive, highly intelligent, and possessed of a ready—though at times biting—wit, Jack Webb talked little of his life or background and throughout the years remained something of an enigma to his friends.

According to scrapbooks and records, Jack Webb joined the 101 Ranch show in 1925 to perform a shooting act and to trick rope. The 101 Ranch billed him as "America's most sensational trick and fancy rifle and pistol shot."

He presented a modernized version of the "Buffalo Bill" shooting act, an act which had previously been used in the 101 Ranch show. With a favorite .22 rifle he shattered glass balls thrown into the air by his assistant while traveling in a convertible at fifty miles an hour. He also did a horse catch while turning a somersault or standing on his head, and skipped a rope while on horseback.

In addition to Webb's prowess with rope and rifle, he could turn out a much better than average cowboy ballad, accompanying himself with the guitar; he was equally good on a harmonica. Such songs as *The Night Guard* or *The Roving Cowboy* were featured on 101 Ranch ads and later *Sam Bass* and *The Lone Prairie* were recorded for Victor Records.

In 1927, World Series Rodeo programs featured Jack Webb, Chester Byars and Candy Hammer, competing for the trick roping championship. Chester Byars, who held the World Champion Trick Roping crown, usually edged him out but Jack Webb was a more than formidable adversary.

IN 1926 when he appeared in Dayton, Ohio, with the 101 Ranch show, Jack met the late Annie Oakley and her husband, Frank Butler. Annie was sixty-one and had suffered a stroke but she attended a performance to watch Jack's shooting act and later sent a note by her husband, telling Jack how much she had enjoyed the performance. He also met Fred Stone and Will Rogers, who always came to see his act when their paths crossed.

Jack continued to appear with the 101 Ranch show through 1931 but during off-seasons he organized his own rodeo revue and performed independently. Yellowed clippings recall Jack Webb's Diamond D Wild West Revue playing in New York and in Pennsylvania and many eastern cities. A popular act was the bulldogging of a steer on stage for an indoor audience, probably the only time this has ever been done.

His Diamond D Revue also featured bucking broncos, steer riding, fancy and trick roping, lariat work, tandem riding and trick and fancy shooting. He worked at one time with Otto Gray's Western Band also, playing a guitar and singing Western ballads.

In 1933, Jack was married. His bride, Ann Schley, the daughter of a wealthy Eastern family, had grown up infatuated with Western life and cowboys. She and Jack made their home in the 101 Ranch area, and in 1935 bought 700 acres of land, originally part of the Miller Brothers' great 101 Ranch. Jack planned to raise cattle and to produce rodeos of his own. That year, with the cooperation of the late Zack Miller, he planned a new 101 Ranch Roundup to be held in September.

Along with the roundup was to be a revival of the 101 Ranch terrapin derby, one of the most interesting innovations

(Continued on page 68)

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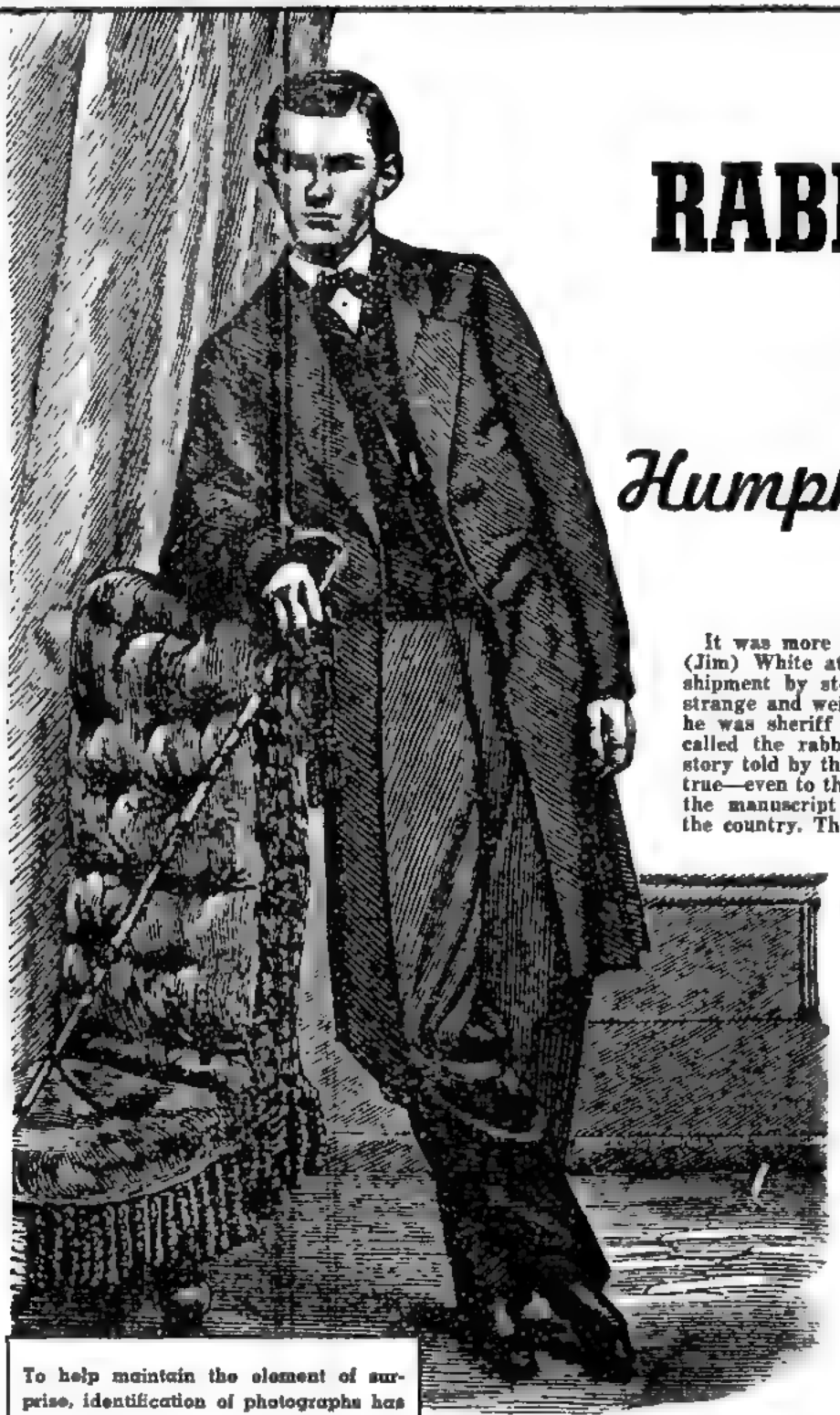
RABBIT-MAN of Humphreys County



To help maintain the element of surprise, identification of photographs has been placed at the end of the story.

It was more than fifty years ago when I talked to J. P. (Jim) White at East St. Louis, Illinois. He was making a shipment by steamboat to Kansas City, and he told me a strange and weird story of a timid man he had known when he was sheriff of Humphreys County, Tennessee. "He was called the rabbit-man," said Jim. Later I checked on the story told by the ex-sheriff and learned that every word was true—even to the names of the men involved. I recently found the manuscript in an old trunk that followed me around the country. This is it.

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Photos Courtesy Carl Breihan

ON A SUNNY spring day in 1878, a brand new wagon, uncovered, wended its way down the long hill which overlooks the town of Waverley, Tennessee. The outfit was drawn by a pair of beautiful bay mares, and inside the wagon was a man, a woman and two small children—a girl and a boy.

The driver was young in appearance, with a three-day stubble of beard on his face, which, with the high cheek-bones, gave him a somewhat sinister look. He was clothed in workaday clothing of the time and place—that of a Tennessee farmer. The woman beside him on the seat was very comely, and she smiled as she looked down at the prattling children at her feet, behind the dashboard of the Studebaker rig.

"Do you think Ma would like this move?" she asked, looking at her companion. He had been busy watching the trees along the roadside, but now he looked at her, and his eyes softened as his sharp features relaxed a trifle. "It's the best we can do," he replied—"and we'll be better off with a little rest.

"Ma don't like any move I make," he added. "You know that, hon. But she knows the Northfield men are still hanging around. I think we'll be all right here."

W. A. McCutcheon, the owner of the Nolan House, the only hostelry in Waverley, came outside when the rig stopped in front of his place.

"How's chances for me and my family to put up with you for a few days?" the stranger asked him. Immediately a crowd had gathered, admiring the splendid team of horses. The boy and girl stood up now, but holding onto their mother's dress as if fearful of the rough men of Tennessee.

McCutcheon stepped into the street and looked up at the foursome. "Strangers in the Big Bottom?" he asked, stroking one of the mares.

"Yes, but not for long. We mean to settle here. I've already got a place picked out," replied the stranger.

The hotel man quickly came to life, held up his arms, and deposited the woman and children on the ground. "Go inside and tell my wife to show you where to wash off that hill dust," he told her, and then, to the driver, "Drive down that alleyway, and we'll put up the team in my stable."

He climbed upon the seat, and the outfit moved away, with the crowd still gaping. After a Negro boy had put up the team, the stranger signed the register for himself and family: *J. D. Howard, Louisville, Ky.*

The next day Howard leased for a year the W. N. Link farm a few miles from Box Station, later known as Denver, and on the following Saturday two carloads of household goods arrived. Henry Harris, the station agent, upon being told by Howard that he was temporarily out of funds, quickly defrayed the charges with true Southern generosity. Harris had looked over the goods carefully, and knew they were the best that money could buy.

Harris didn't have to wait long for his money, for on the following day, Howard received a heavy sight-draft on the express company, and at the same time two carloads of saddle horses. When he got them to the farm, a small herd of cattle had arrived, driven overland by

It isn't often that a mouse gets to twist the tail of a tiger—and lives to tell about it

two Tennesseans, and these and the horses were driven out to pasture.

Henry Harris said, "By God, it looks like we've got a neighbor with plenty of money, and that's what we need around here."

HOWARD'S wife entertained lavishly, often giving dances and holding barbecues, and was soon solidly in the good graces of the women of Big Bottom. There were many horse fanciers in and around Waverley, and they were interested in the horse herd, which promised good competition in local races.

One horse was Howard's favorite saddle animal, a sorrel which he called Red Fox. Neighbors noticed that this horse was always kept saddled and in the care of a Negro boy. When questioned about this, he said that the animal was to be kept exercised and in trim for races at any time.

"As you can see, I am seldom on my feet," he said. "I was practically born on a horse."

Two empty pistol holsters attached to the saddle by rivets were enormous, and his explanation was, "I bought them with the saddle, and hate to cut them off. I bought the saddle from a cavalryman."

"Them's for Walker pistols," a man told him. "Looks to me like a guerrilla saddle."

"I don't know about that," Howard replied. "I don't like to carry guns around. I have a couple in my saddlebags, but never expect to use them. I'm a timid man, and don't like trouble."

"He's timid, all right," remarked McCutcheon to a friend. "He's a rabbit-man, if you ask me. When he stays overnight with me, he won't let me double him with someone else."

"I've noticed that," replied the friend, "and he won't never let anyone get in back of him."

"He's a good man, anyway, and he's got money to burn," McCutcheon said, "and he's the best horseman I ever saw. The womenfolk say he's the handsomest man in Humphreys County, and they swear by him and his wife."

Howard laid out a good race track on his farm, and allowed those who desired to use it to keep their horses in his pastures. This was appreciated, because everyone was trying to keep his animals in trim for the races at the county fair during the fall.

When fair time came along, a peculiar incident took place. A thieving dog had stolen some barbecued meat and as it raced away with the spoils, several boys threw rocks at it, and two men fired at it with their pistols to no effect. It had topped a small rise when Howard suddenly drew a long dragoon revolver from one of his saddlebags, and seemingly without aim and with the gun only half on a level put a bullet through its head. It was a crossing shot, one of the most difficult to make and, as Howard put the gun away, it was noticed that he hadn't even looked toward the animal to see whether he had killed it or not.

The next evening a similar event took place. Several men in camp at the fair grounds had placed a candle on a barrelhead about sixty feet away, lighted it, and were trying to snuff the flame by shooting at it. All had missed the candle itself, and many had missed the barrel, when Howard stepped up with his long-barreled revolver. All watched, waiting for him to take aim; suddenly the gun spat fire and the flame went out.

"Light it again," said the rabbit-man, and even before the flame had attained its full brilliance, the revolver spoke again and snuffed it. The revolver was in his other hand, although no one had seen it change, according to the sheriff, who was on hand.

"I didn't think a living man could make shots like that," said Dave Rudolph. Dave was noted as the best pistol shot in the Big Bottom, and he heralded the skill of Howard far and wide. Far from being appreciative, the latter seemed to take affront at his new notoriety, and hardly deigned to notice Rudolph from that time on. People noted that following the fair incidents, he seemed to retire within himself, and was sullen and morose. Then something happened.

ONE DAY about dusk, as Henry Harris and some of his cronies were standing out in front of the hotel, Howard approached them on the run, almost out of breath. "Will someone lend me a gun?" he asked. "I was held up down by the bridge by two ruffians, and fear for my life."

(Continued on page 65)

By TOM G. MURRAY

Photos By Author

He's all the Mark Twain characters rolled into one, with Tom Sawyer casting the bigger shadow

HARRY OLIVER

Harry Oliver and his beloved dog, Whiskers, of whom he said, "He's the best dog I ever worked for." Harry designed and built Whiskers the doghouse below so he could "walk into it with his tail up."

HARRY OLIVER is the owner, editor and publisher of the only newspaper in the world that "you can open in the wind." His *Desert Rat Scrapbook* is printed on light tag-board and is folded to form five pages—a neat trick in itself—of varying sizes. In the early years it said at the top, "PRICE TEN CENTS . . . ONLY ONE LOUSY THIN DIME." It now reads, "PRICE TWO-BITS (25¢) . . . I JUST HAD TO DO IT."

His subscribers are in every state of the union and many foreign countries. They include many famous people and one White House Secretary. Bennett Cerf made a special trip from New York to Thousand Palms, California, to meet Harry Oliver. One question he asked was, "Is Fort Oliver as old as it looks—say 200 years?"

Back came the reply from Harry, "It's 200 years old, built twenty-five years ago."

I found that Harry Oliver is all the Mark Twain characters rolled into one, with Tom Sawyer casting the bigger shadow. Harry told me, "I never did learn to spell, but I did learn the typesetter's rule: Set up type as long as you can hold your breath without getting blue in the face, then put in a comma. When you gape, put in a semicolon; and when you sneeze, that's the time to make a paragraph."

With the recent revision of postage rates ("This paper is not entered as second class mail. It's a first class newspaper."), Oliver raised his price to two-bits. Before that he charged ten cents, except in Montana—a state which had incurred his wrath—where the price was fifteen cents. Subscriptions are offered up to 100 years, with a promise to forward asbestos copies if you don't make it. All subscriptions expire "when I do."

From the book, *The Old Mirage Salesman*, compiled by his daughters, Amy and Mary, comes this delightful Harry Oliver yarn, "Lost Mines."

"Now prospectors in this desert seem to figure it's easier to find a mine someone else has lost than to find one no one ever found, so most of them are huntin' for the mysterious lost ones, that's been talked about so much. Discountin' them few unimportant mines that were located accidental when no one was lookin' for them, there's not been much done by prospectors lately an' it's because most of them's only just scratchin' the top.

"I was showin' the widow a hammock one day when Old Jake Topper comes in a'smilin' like a cat that's just swallowed the canary. You see I'm the closes' thing we got to a newspaper in Borego Valley, runnin' this Busy Bee store like I do, and the widow was askin' a lot

Oliver tries out one of the peg legs used to play a practical joke.

DESERT RAT—

a legend of sand, wind and ink

about other folks and givin' a few contributions herself, bound that she was going to have her say or bust. Meanwhile, Jake reaches over the counter and gets some peanut bars; he's on his fifth and got the wrappin's in a row so's I can see how many he's had. He was actin' darn prosperous.

"When the widow left, Jake come to me still smilin' and mysterious, an' after grabbin' his sixth peanut bar, whispers that he wants to talk to me alone, so I sends Haywire Johnny over to Katcus Kate's to see if she don't want anything today. Then as Jake starts his seventh peanut bar, he puts a piece of quartz on the counter that would go two thousand to the ton. All excited, he tells me what a fine thing he's got an' boils over, spatterin' peanuts in my face, a'tryin' to say he's found the mother lode.

"He wants me to be a millionaire with him. And he goes through his tenth nutbar and starts the eleventh. About then, I can just see myself rollin' down Fifth Avenue back East, in a Rolls Royce, and then gettin' in to one of them steamers for Europe with some of them big Wall Street fellers tryin' to borrow money from me.

"Reachin' for the candy case again and talkin' way down in his whiskers, Jake says, 'I've got the lost Peg Leg Mine, and I can prove it!'

" 'How?' I asks him, kinda suspicious. "He looks out the door and windows to make sure we're alone, then whisperin' an' very impressive-like says, 'I found the old-timer's peg leg in the shaft,' and from under his coat he hauls out a peg leg that's seen lots of better days.

" 'Well,' says I, 'you've et twelve of them peanut bars, four bits you owe me. Maybe you'd like to give me the peg leg and call it square.'

"Jake looks at me like he thinks I'm plumb loco. 'Sure,' I goes on, 'I'm makin' a collection of 'em. You prospectors have been finding old Smith's leg all the way from here to New Mexico and tryin' to sell a mine with each one. You top-scratchers must think Peg Leg was a migratin' centipede.' "

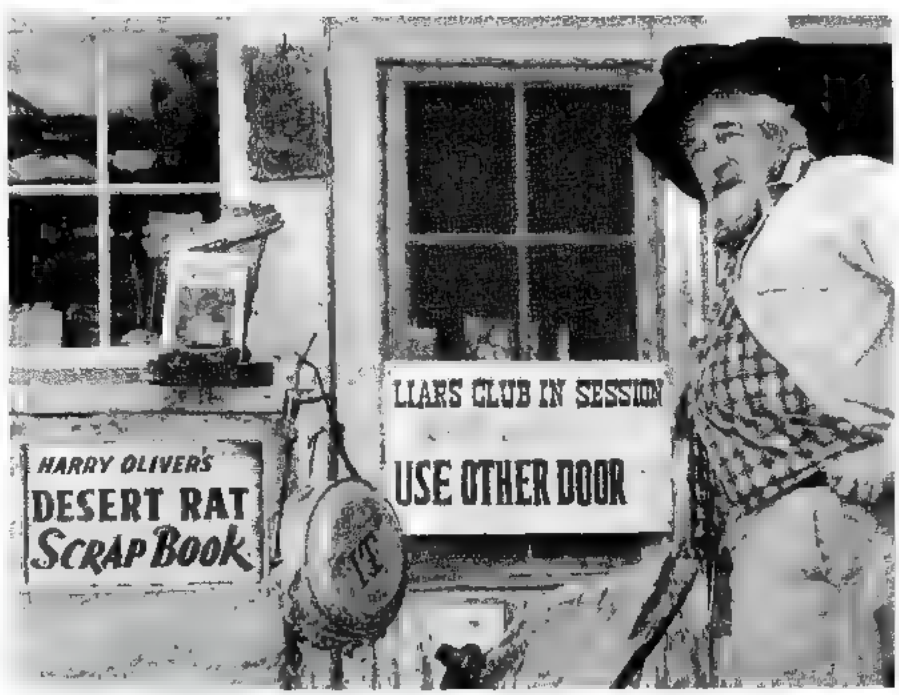
Harry Oliver has always claimed to be Peg Leg Smith's press agent. He has whittled out dozens of full-size peg legs and after aging them would drop them off at some far-away mines, and the finders like Old Jake Topper would get some newspaper editor's blood pressure up by grabbing him by the collar and hollering, "I've found the long lost Peg Leg Mine!"

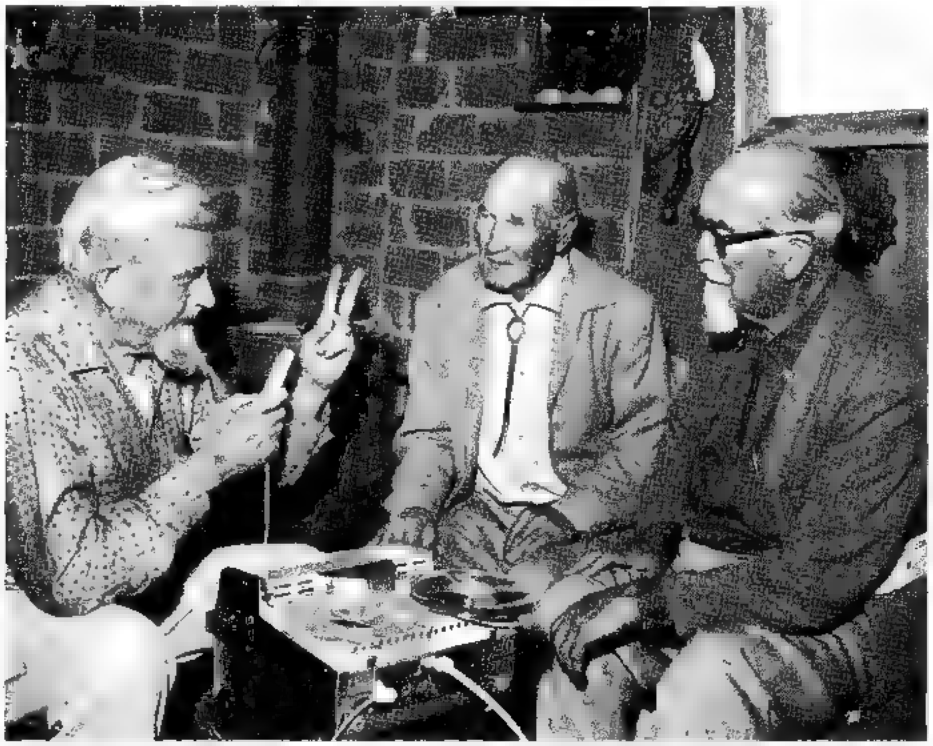
HARRY OLIVER is a newspaperman; that is, he started as a printer's devil at the turn of the century, then took thirty-five years off to become famous as one of Hollywood's top art directors. He won several Academy Awards and was art director for such outstanding films as "The Good Earth," "Viva Villa," and many of the Will Rogers films including "Lightnin'."

He launched his *Desert Rat Scrapbook* in 1946 at Thousand Palms, California. Every one is a collector's piece and one of the early rare ones brings $7.00.

(Continued on next page)

The "Desert Rat" at Old Fort Oliver. A sign on his other door reads. "Knock twice—if no answer—shoot in air three times."





Billy Keys and Capt. Gibson join Harry in taping fabulous stories. Keys is the last survivor of the legendary Battle of Wingate Pass in which the brother of Death Valley Scotty was wounded. Gibson was on the first long-line team into Las Vegas, Nevada, and was first postmaster of Beatty, Nevada.

Will Rogers wrote in his Sunday column for May 19, 1935:

We talk more independence than we practice. Here is an interesting letter from an old friend of mine, Harry Oliver. Well, he is quite a desert rat, and has a place away out on the desert, and he is head of the big amusement placed called Gold Gulch at the big San Diego Exposition, which you don't want to miss. It's going to be a big fair. He's putting on a Mule Swearing Contest. That is, its prizes are for the man that can cuss a mule the best or worst. They are importing real Missouri mules. He has a Lazy Dog Contest, where there is a handsome prize for the laziest dog, including the owner.

Then he has a special contest just for the residents from Florida who can tell the biggest lie about California, or maybe it won't be a lie, but the Californians will call it a lie. I can't imagine what it would be if it was a lie. California is a hard state to lie about.

Harry Oliver had this classic of Southwestern Americana in the first edition.

YOUR EDITOR'S PRAYER

"Dear Lord: I only want You to go 50-50 with me. If You will keep me from getting greedy, I will try and give my 60,000 readers (Lord, I stretched it a little) clean, good fun and fan their interests in many wonderful things You have put out here in the desert.

"Here is my deal—The Lord to do: You're to keep me from getting ambitious. I don't want to make money, I only want to make these five pages better reading. You're to help me remember that the flattering mail comes because of Your colorful desert, not because of what I write about it.

"Me to do: I will keep people interested in the plants, animals, and the beauty of Your desert; I will say nice things about the folks that love the desert and just not talk at all about those that don't understand it. I will only tell authentic lies. I will be the best gol-dern publicity agent for Your desert You ever had."

HIS national campaign is accepted as the first organized effort to stamp out the litter-bugs and won him the top story award at the 1956 California State Fair and Exposition. To give his thousand-mile campaign impetus he sent out this news release from Old Fort Oliver: "The highways between here and Wickenburg are beautiful this time of the year. All the Kleen-X bushes are in full bloom, right alongside the road."

He followed with: "The wildflowers at Fort Oliver were so thick this spring that you hardly could see the discarded beer cans."

When Harry first arrived at the site of Fort Oliver he only had five dollars in cash and an old 1928 Ford station wagon (still runs). "For five years I worked for Uncle Sam helping the forest service growing rubber at the Bell Ranch, and with the army at Palm Springs Airport. As soon as I could save up one hundred dollars—and it was a struggle, I bought a piece of land on Highway 99, made adobe bricks Sundays and after work, and after two years I had a roof on it and I moved in. This is Old Fort Oliver.

"I built it to look as old as the hills and it does. In fact, it is as old as the hills—that's where I got the adobe. I used dead men's shoes that the cobbler saved for me; they were broken in, besides being cheap. The stores in Indio and Palm Springs would save corrugated paper and used wrapping paper for me. I was just smart enough not to try to use second-hand U.S. stamps.

"Many a day I lived on dates. One day in order to get money to go to press, I took the job as janitor of the Thousand Palms School, where today a plaque on the wall reads, 'Harry Oliver Swept Here.'"

I don't think Harry Oliver ever put out an edition of his famous scrapbook without mentioning his beloved dog Whiskers. He described Whiskers as, "The Best Dog I Ever Worked For."

Whiskers was well known to the public and as often as not crowded his famous master off the front page, as in this amusing release:

Whiskers Gulps Hearing Aid--He's Wired for Sound

THOUSAND PALMS — Calamity, calamity of a mild sort but calamity none the less has descended on Old Fort Oliver. Whiskers, the veteran mascot of the adobe has swallowed his peanut-sized hearing aid. Now Harry Oliver, commandant of the fort and spinner of tall tales, insists he owns the only stereophonic dog in captivity. Harry knows because Whiskers acts a bit strange and tries to twist around like a pretzel when he hears a voice. "The voice comes from inside," Harry thinks.

The hearing device's little dime-sized battery is good for some time yet, Harry says. The "Old Mirage Salesman" is wondering also about the time when Whiskers' stomach ear" runs out of power. What will the dog do when he is no longer wired for internal sound?

Here is how it all happened. Whiskers with passing years grew less and less responsive to calls, unless he happened to be paying attention. Harry's elusive friend, Dry Camp Blackie, dug up an old tuning fork and tried what he thought were hearing tests. Whiskers just didn't respond. Blackie pronounced Whiskers deaf and insisted the dog had learned up reading. That was Blackie's only answer as to why Whiskers would answer commands when watching his master.

Blackie found a peanut sized hearing aid over at Palm Springs. He insists it worked but just wouldn't stay in the dog's ear unless held there Blackie put the little device in a peanut shell.

That was the big mistake. Whiskers likes peanuts.

The second day the dog shook his head real hard. Out popped the hearing aid, peanut case and all. Whiskers swallowed the device before Harry could stop him.

Result: Whiskers is wired for sound, for a few days at least.

It was a Christmas Day, a time for giving, a time for joy, that is, to all except for Harry Oliver. Whiskers was dead from a bullet.

THOUSAND PALMS MOURNS WHISKERS

By PAUL WILHEIM

THOUSAND PALMS—This village went into mourning Christmas Day.

Whiskers was dead.

Whiskers, as much a part of Harry Oliver's life as the old adobe walls of his Fort Oliver, died courageously as he lived: in the arms of his owner, as neighbors stood by.

Whiskers was shot Christmas Eve. No one knows who fired the bullet.

Seventeen years old, Harry's dog Whiskers was beloved by an entire community.

For those who stood by, as Whiskers fought to the last for his life, there was no shame in wet eyes and constricted throats.

For Whiskers was a symbol. He stood for the community, the mascot of a village. A village that was a struggling hamlet 17 years ago, and that is today a credit to its sister villages in the Coachella Valley.

Who fired the fatal shot on Christmas Eve? Who knows? Perhaps a stray bullet from holiday revelers as Whiskers awaited at midnight on the village corner for a friend.

For Whiskers was like that. He took great pride in his capacity of reception committee for all visitors to Thousand Palms, including all dogs of various breeds and pedigrees.

I once asked Harry if he'd ever taught Whiskers any tricks. "No, he didn't know any," Harry said, "but he liked to talk a lot."

Beside old Fort Oliver, in a quiet cactus garden, today there is a new little mound. Beneath it, Whiskers sleeps.

There were many neighbors at the funeral. For the whole village, it was a sad Christmas.

Someone had placed pretty stones on the mound. Another neighbor brought a ceramic piece for a headstone. This morning, flowers beautify the grave.

Thousand Palms has lost a pioneer, and a friend.

Harry Oliver has lost a pal.

If you ever visit Fort Oliver you'll see the special house that Harry Oliver built

(Continued on page 54)

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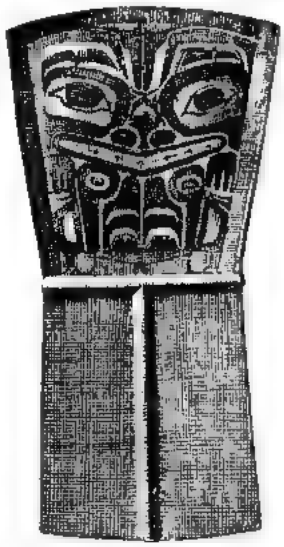
KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES—

INDIAN STYLE

By BOB KAROLEVITZ

Tlinkit Copper



Kwakiutl Copper

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

If you think the status symbol and con-men are 20th Century innovations--get ready for a big surprise!

COIN COLLECTING is currently a big national rage. Some numismatists, however, have never heard about, much less seen, the most unique "metal banknote" ever used on the North American Continent.

We refer to the giant "coppers" of the Northwest Coastal Indians, strange shield-shaped objects with which the natives bought what they cherished most—prestige!

Several surveys have been made to ascertain how many such coppers still exist. Various museums in Alaska, Washington and British Columbia have several, and some are in private collections in New York City, Chicago and Washington, D.C.

Before the turn of this century, some of these relics of a fading culture were reputedly worth the equivalent of 9,000 woolen trade blankets, and yet they were not truly a medium of exchange as we understand the phrase today.

To appreciate the important role played by this unusual totem money, it is necessary to have some idea of the basic socio-economic philosophies of the tribes which ranged from the northwestern corner of Washington State to the subarctic regions of Alaska.

Their reasons for creating and cherishing these pieces of metal—which were often two feet or more in height and weighed upwards of ten pounds—are cloaked in the complicated customs and rituals of their society. Not until anthropologists began to delve deeper into the vanishing culture did it become evident just what purpose the coppers truly served.

The early inhabitants of the Northwest Coastal regions were composed of six basic tribal groups—Kwakiutls, Tlingits, Tsimshians, Haidas, Bella Coolas and Nootkas. To them, life's great goals were two-fold: wealth and prestige.

Comparatively, they possessed an advanced culture. While they all but failed at one measuring stick of civilization—agriculture—their art forms were superior to those of most other American Indians; they were generally well-fed, well-clothed and well-housed; and they had developed a matriarchal society of considerable note.

The dominant theme governing their lives was a great urge for social status; they carried the modern philosophy of "keeping up with the Joneses" to a ridiculous extreme.

COPPERS became a symbol of the wealth and the prestige so vital to these native tribesmen. To them, possession of a copper was an achievement not unlike the status symbols of a second car or a mink coat.

There is a division of opinion about the first sources of the metal used. Some anthropologists say that the first coppers were hammered out of native ores found principally along the Skeena and Nass Rivers of Alaska. Others contend that the practice did not begin until white men brought copper to the region. Whichever theory is correct, it is obvious that the arrival of the white trader made the supply of the prized metal more available.

Historians relate that fur seekers were not always generous in their treatment of the natives, but in their quest for copper, the Indians had a few tricks of their own. For instance, when it was discovered that the hulls of many of the traders' wooden vessels were covered with copper sheathing below the water line, a rather ingenious practice was devised. While one group of Indians would paddle out to a ship in the harbor and create a diversion on one side of the vessel, other natives would be diving beneath the surface on the other side removing the copper plates.

Before this increased availability of copper, the Indians would hammer out a relatively crude metal sheet of their own. Often one side would be coated with black lead or paint obtained from fur buyers. Occasionally the animal crest of the original clan owning the copper would be etched into the surface and T-shaped ridges made across the face.

When a copper was first made, it had relatively little value. It had not yet belonged to enough people; it had not yet been traded for anything of value. A copper had to earn its ultimate worth through a complicated system of exchanges, gift-giving and reverse bartering.

Gift-giving, it has long been recognized, was part of another Northwest Coastal Indian tradition, the potlatch. A corruption of the Nootkan word, "patshatl," a potlatch was a great feast to which the leader of one clan or family group invited a neighbor. The guests were usually rivals—or someone the clan leader wanted to impress. Incidentally, the Indians involved did not have chiefs in the same sense as did the great Prairie tribes; they were merely heads of family groups or clans, all of which were independent of one another.

The giver of the potlatch gained his prestige through the lavishness of his celebration and the quantity and quality of gifts he bestowed on his visitors. To make the best possible showing, all members of the host clan contributed unstintingly to the stack of gifts, an act which often impoverished an entire family group.

But there was method to this madness. Those who gave the otter skins, the Hudson's Bay trade blankets and the coppers knew that sooner or later the recipients of these gifts would have to hold another potlatch and return far more than they had received—otherwise their prestige would suffer a shattering blow. This was the origin of the phrase, "Indian giving."

ANOTHER way in which coppers exchanged hands was through a ritualistic auction sale. Generally, the coppers were valued in terms of woolen trade blankets, a popular medium of exchange for the region—and occasionally a possessor of one of the metals would go to a rival clan leader and

(Continued on page 50)

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John Teal,

Illustration by Lester U. Beitz

PRIVATE JOHN W. TEAL wondered, for a moment, why he had chosen the life of a soldier. He was in the western approaches to Apache Pass, between the Dos Cabezas and Chiricahua Mountain Ranges in southeastern Arizona. Teal, however, was much too hot to cogitate very long on the question. It was July 15, 1862.

The facts, briefly, were these. Captain Thomas L. Roberts, who commanded Company E, First California Volunteer Infantry, had received orders from Colonel Joseph R. West, his regimental commander, to depart Tucson, Arizona, on July 9, 1862, and proceed to Rio De Sauze in southeastern Arizona, where he would establish a base camp for Lieutenant Colonel Edward E. Eyre. Colonel Eyre had departed Tucson on June 21, 1862, with 100 men to make a reconnaissance in force into southwestern New Mexico.

Roberts' task force of 125 officers and men was made up of his own company, a two-howitzer battery of twelve-pounders, a cavalry company, and a train of nineteen wagons.

The task force moved in two parts because of scarcity of water and grass. Captain Roberts commanded the first unit; Captain John C. Cremony, commander of Company B, Second California Volunteer Cavalry, commanded the second. Roberts' group included a cavalry detachment of five troopers commanded by Sergeant Mitchell. Private John Teal was a member of this detachment which neared the western approaches to Apache Pass at 12:30 o'clock on the dry, burning day of July 15, 1862.

The advance guard proceeded to within half a mile of the stage station at the pass' summit without discovering Indians. Then when Mangus Colorado and Cochise thought the soldiers were in the trap so far they could not extricate themselves, Mangus gave the signal which started the battle.

The attack commenced on the rear guard. Private C. M. O'Brien was killed. Teamster Andrew Sawyer was wounded slightly in the thigh.

Extrication of the command from the trap was a slow, tense, delicate process. Lieutenant William A. Thompson, Roberts' executive officer and commander of K Battery, picked out positions for each platoon, a command post, assigned guides for each platoon, and had a light meal prepared. The withdrawal lasted two hours.

The troops arrived, and spent about thirty minutes eating and receiving their attack orders. K Battery then cannonaded the pass for fifteen minutes.

"As skirmishers" was sounded. Inspired not only by the shrill compelling notes of the bugle, but also by the fact that the only water within fifteen miles was in Apache Pass, the command moved forward.

Slowly, in the heat of the oppressive, burning sun, the soldiers regained their former positions in the pass. The howitzer fire amazed the Indians. They had never seen high explosive shells used before.

At 8:00 o'clock that night Captain Roberts captured the pass, the Overland Stage Company's stone building, and the spring of water.

SERGEANT MITCHELL received orders to return to Ewell's Station, inform Captain Cremony of the victory, and report that Captain Roberts, with half his infantry, would return that night to Ewell's Station to help escort the train through the pass. The cavalry detachment started at 8:30 p.m. Private Teal was assigned as rear guard. Private Maynard was assigned advance. He was to stay off the road until after dark, then intercept it, and follow it to Ewell's Station.

A private was detailed to either flank. The pace would be the walk. Interval would be 500 yards. The sergeant and the other trooper would compose the miniature control group. Six cavalrymen went westward on what all believed to be a routine task.

Private Teal wore the United States cavalry blue uniform. He was armed with a navy Colt's revolver, a saber, and a Sharps breech-loading carbine, model 1856.

Teal rode a Grimsley saddle. The cantle roll contained a blanket and a waterproof canvas. Strapped to the pommel were a grain sack and a nose bag. Valise, canteen, and picket rope completed his accoutrements.

The young trooper was average in appearance. His height was five feet, eight inches, his weight around 165 pounds. Blue-eyed and brown-haired, his clean-shaven features were of the class referred to as "regular."

In 1861, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, called on Governor Downey for one regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry. Length of service was to be three years.

John heard about his opportunity to serve his country in August, 1861, and enlisted in the Second California Volunteer Cavalry. He took his horse to camp, even though the Government furnished horses, for John was a horse lover. His main interest in life, practically a passion, was horses.

John Teal's horse, Ted, was a six-year-old brown. His markings were a white star in forehead, a turnip-in-a-beer-mug brand on left hip. Standing fourteen hands, a certain manner made him appear very tall.

THE VIEW to the rear was wonderful. Apache Pass was serene and lovely. South of the pass was the Chiricahua Mountain Range. The lower slopes were covered with cedars, the higher elevations with a virgin pine forest which, in the clear atmosphere, was portrayed in brilliant relief by the setting sun.

North of the pass the Dos Cabezas Range shone in sunlight that brought out the varied colors of the mountains. One long, steep slope, from the lower stratum upward, contained light brown, grey, red, black, and finally a layer of blue.

Four miles were covered without incident, then the men entered a small valley three miles long and a mile and a half

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Teal wanted to shoot one Indian... any Indian... to avenge the death of his faithful horse. One lucky shot fulfilled his desire and saved his life as well

By HOMER WILKES

TROOPER

wide, whose axis was northwest-southeast. The troopers entered the valley at its southeastern extremity.

The sun set while John was observing to the rear. It no longer illuminated the Chiricahuas and the Dos Cabezas. Suddenly the valley was visited by shadow.

Right flank fired his carbine, then rode in a circle—Indians! When John glanced from right flank to Sergeant Mitchell, he noticed the saber. It was in the sergeant's right hand. It seemed not to have been drawn, but rather to have leaped into position like a living thing.

The saber rotated in a vertical circle, pointed toward advance, then returned to carry saber. "Maintain present heading."

The blade revolved in another vertical circle terminating in four up-and-down movements at the apex. "Trot. Ho."

Ted changed pace, then pointed one ear toward the danger area.

The steel, remaining high, rotated in three small, horizontal circles. "Assemble on me."

A few minutes later the weapon gave the last command repeating the up-and-down movements. "Gallop. Ho." Sergeant Mitchell's command was in full flight.

JOHN could see a few mounted Indians riding hard about 1,000 yards to the rear. The disturbing thing was the size of the cloud of dust their horses made. It was indicative of a war party at least fifty strong.

The commander of the force closing rapidly on the six soldiers was the most feared Indian in New Mexico, Arizona, Sonora, and Chihuahua—the vicious, inhuman, Mimbreno Apache, Chief Mangus Colorado (Red Sleeves).

The closed-up cavalrymen galloped down the valley in a northwesterly direction. John had some difficulty for his horse was more tired than he realized. After closing to within 100 yards, the animal developed symptoms of exhaustion.

John thought his chance of escape would be better if he turned south. It was not a good move; fifteen Apaches succeeded in cutting him off from his companions.

Ted had now, after a three-mile run, reached such a state of exhaustion that neither application of spur nor hat-fanning could make him maintain the pace.

The Indians closed to 100 yards. They started firing muskets and arrows. Ted's back rose abruptly. His hind legs changed to a stiff-legged gait. He had been shot in the right side, the ball striking just forward of the hindquarters.

John leaped from the saddle. The wounded beast stopped, and stood still. There was an ominous hump in his back. Ted looked pleadingly at his master, sighed, and fell. John started toward his stricken steed to retrieve his Sharps. When John approached, Ted started licking his hands. John observed the agony of his trusted friend and resolved right then to kill at least one Indian.

A horse lover's solicitude for a horse, any horse, and especially for his own horse, is something to wonder at with great admiration. In this instance, the cold fury of John Teal can only be guessed.

JOHN would kill one Indian for Ted! He would use every trick known to the Army. He would use every trick known to the Indians. If all his ammunition were expended and his saber broken, he would kill one with his knife, or with his bare hands. But he would kill at least one!

His senses became quite acute. He could hear the slightest sound. John, in his precarious situation, facing fifteen to one odds, and with little chance for either escape or life, rose out of himself. He was a Samson in his eagerness to engage. He could not be stopped! He could not be killed! Nothing could keep him from victory!

John, while resolving to kill one Indian, was busy with defense measures. First, he crouched low beside the horse's belly. Next, he placed two Sharps cartridges in his left hand. Then he placed his canteen between the horse's lower flank and the ground.

The Indians galloped in a circle around him. The night was getting darker and John could no longer distinguish objects at a greater distance than fifty yards.

John fired three shots at the shadowy savages in as rapid succession as he could manage. The White Eye's reloading speed caused the Indian to decide against rushing their prey. The savages knew cavalrymen carried Colt's six-shooters, also. They decided their victim could not be rushed with impunity.

For about an hour the Apaches continued circling. John directed intermittent fire, shooting, usually, in the direction of sounds their horses made. Everytime John fired, the Indians shot at the Sharps' muzzle blast. In the meantime, his horse had died.

The trooper knew his best course of action was to kill the leader, but such an event seemed quite unlikely. The rascal in charge seemed to be at least six feet, six inches tall; his torso was immense, his head was extremely large, and his arms appeared to be long and powerful. He was a giant in comparison to his companions. John was not aware of the big Indian's identity.

THE APACHES became so quiet John wondered what they were up to. He strained eyes and ears for evidence of movement or sound. Nothing. He could not smell "Indian" either. He was certain he could smell them if they came close, for the night was calm and they had no opportunity for slipping up on him from downwind.

A noise. John fired a round from the Sharps. Consternation followed. The Indians' conversational tones were indicative of extreme concern. They barked questions and orders one to another. John heard them assemble in one place. More conversation, then all noises told of their departure eastward. John did not know he had wounded Mangus Colorado. His carbine ammunition was expended.

(Continued on page 60)

Apache Pass as seen from Fort Bowie—1868. Note the cannon mounted on the bulwark. Courtesy Arizona Historical Society.

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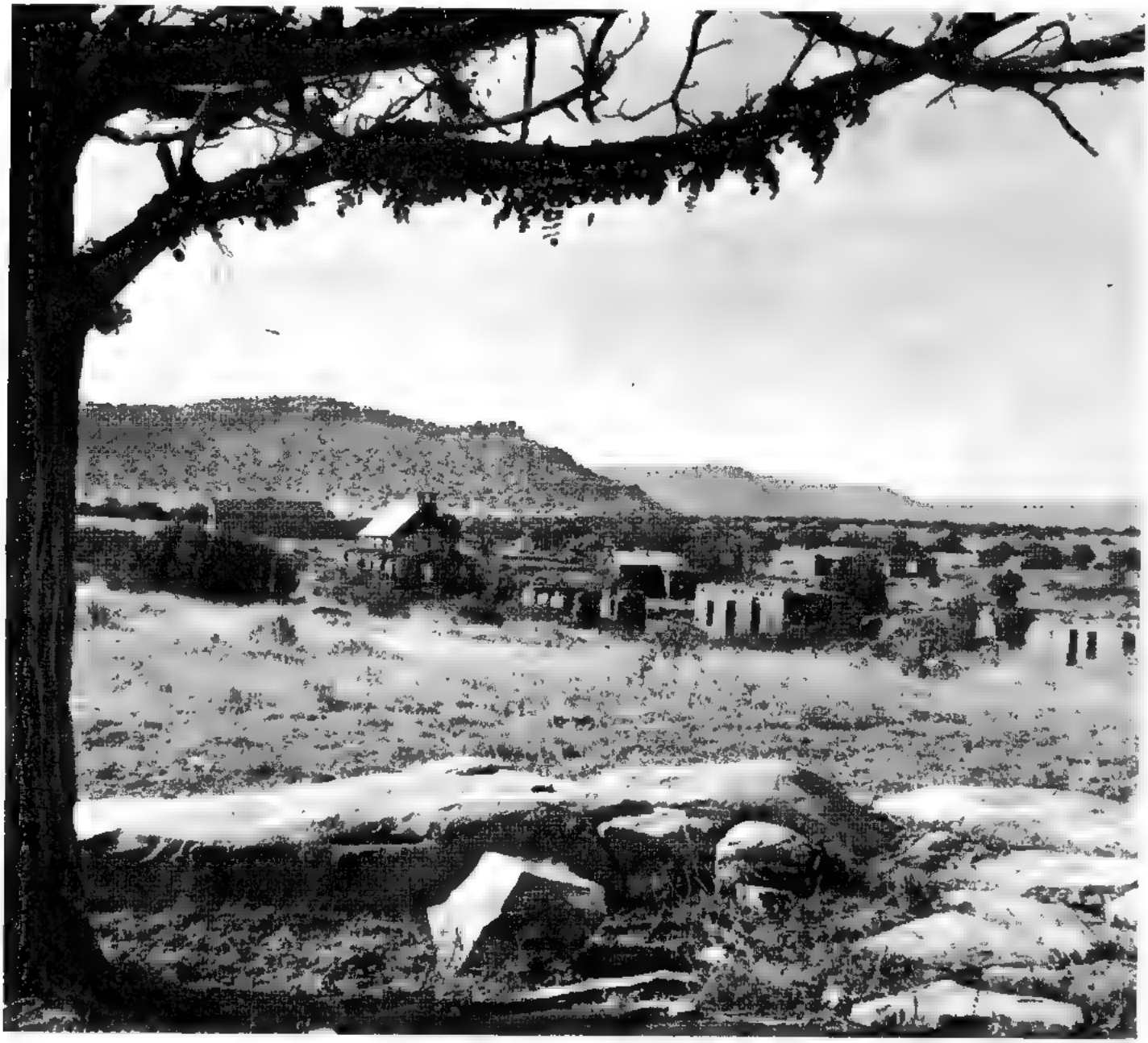


THE MOST *Mysterious* GHOST TOWN

Few ghost towns have a future—but this one seems to go a step farther— it doesn't even have a past!

By PATRICIA MELESKI

Photos Courtesy Author

The Protestant church (above) bears the inscription (inset) "—uido a la memoria de Santiago Blea y Juanita Blea, 1912." Most of the roofs have collapsed (below), leaving bare vegas to shield the vegetation which grows from the old floors.

TIERRA ENCANTADA has many ghost towns. Given a little knowledge of the state's history, even the most awed visitor can generally determine the reason for the existence of one of these abandoned communities—gold was discovered nearby, or the railroad had a loading spur there, or it was a stage stop on the Butterfield or Santa Fe Trail, or it marked a fording place on the Rio Grande.

But Trementina seems to be a mystery unto itself. Located on a rocky ridge fifty miles east of Las Vegas, New Mexico, near State Road 65, it lends few clues as to its reason for being. The name Trementina is a Spanish word meaning "turpentine," which apparently was obtained from the pinon trees in the area. Could pine oil have been the industry which maintained the community? None of the ruins suggest an office, or shipping and storage buildings. The railroad is far away. Main roads are far away.

Possibly a farming community, the visitor muses. Yes, there is the tiny valley of Trementina Creek below the settlement. But all those ridges covered with pinon, cedar, cholla, bear grass, mesquite, and above all, the formidable rocks—all surrounded by the familiar mesas—not very much usable farm land to support a community.

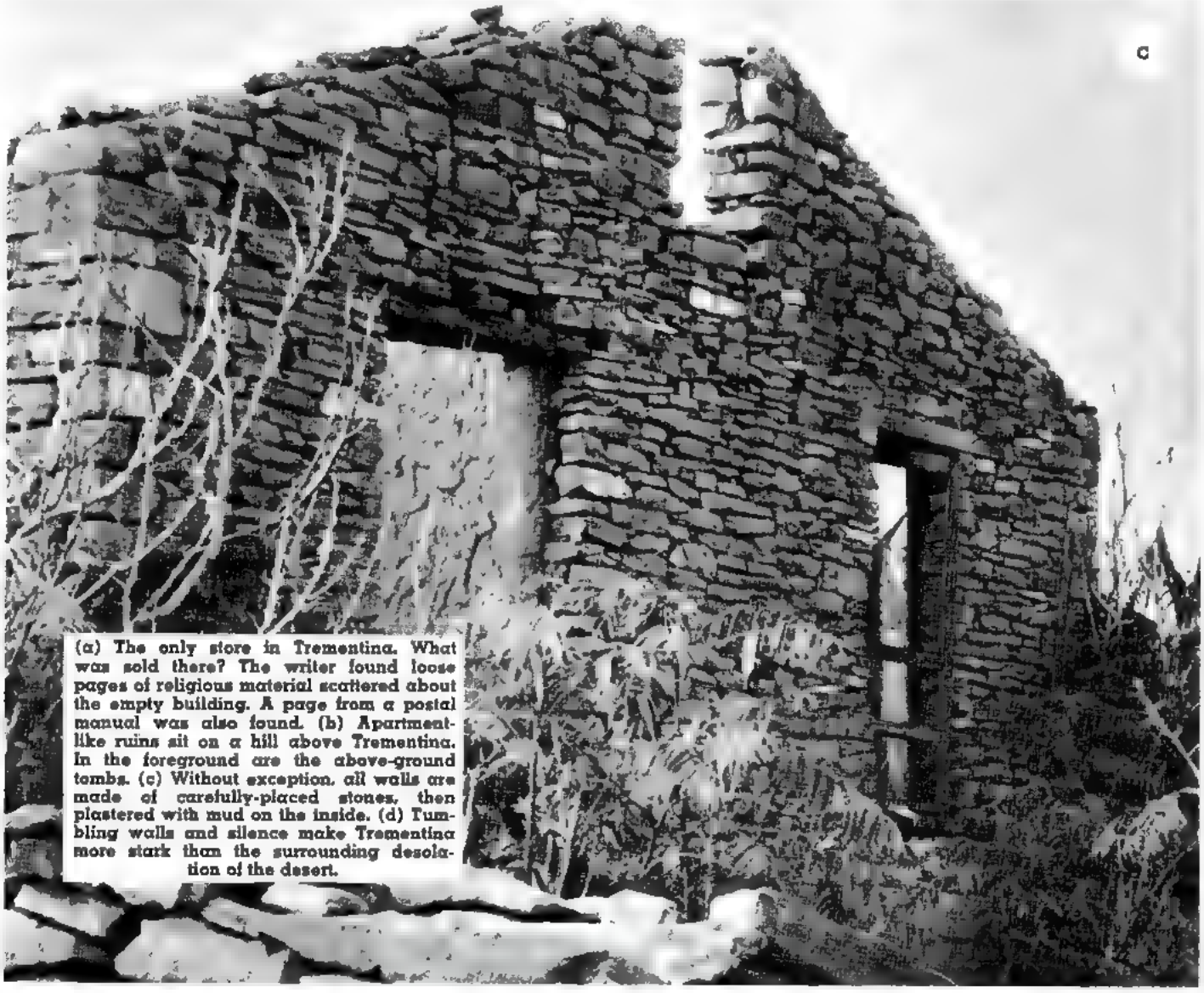
Well, then, meditates the viewer, since there is no main travel route, no railroad, no mine, no industry, no farm land, perhaps religion was the mainstay. There is the church, obviously not Roman Catholic as in so many little outlying settlements in the state. A Protestant mission established here in the middle of nowhere? On the far ridge, away from the town proper, are the ruined walls of an apartment-like dwelling, each room having its outside entrance. Did missionaries abide here, serving the faithful?

The strange graves nearby pique the viewer's curiosity. It is unusual to see above-ground burials in New Mexico, neat monoliths, with decorations on the

tops strangely suggestive of Indian art—suns, clouds, animals—crudely designed with red paint. There are only a few of these odd graves scattered around the apartment dwellings. With a town of this size, surely there were other deaths, yet there is no apparent graveyard. If religious leaders lived here, why did they build a home so far from the church, which itself lies in the center of town? And supposing religion were the centrality of Trementina, still there must be economic support.

When the reason for its existence becomes established, then one can perhaps determine when Trementina was built, and why it was abandoned. There are probably many reasons why it became a ghost town . . . speculatively, an epidemic, economic depresssion, or the death of religious leaders.

So there is another ghost town. The rock walls, a few remaining *vegas*, a rusting car, a chair losing its padding to the wind, a sagging gate, the church, the strange graves, and to complete the picture, the silent visitor who wonders—why? Who can answer that why? Perhaps no one, for perhaps nothing of Trementina survives in the lives of men of the Southwest except what remains on the rocky, wind-swept hill with its ever-so-slight modulation.



(a) The only store in Trementina. What was sold there? The writer found loose pages of religious material scattered about the empty building. A page from a postal manual was also found. (b) Apartment-like ruins sit on a hill above Trementina. In the foreground are the above-ground tombs. (c) Without exception, all walls are made of carefully-placed stones, then plastered with mud on the inside. (d) Tumbling walls and silence make Trementina more stark than the surrounding desolation of the desert.

b

d

Photos Courtesy National Archives

MAN on the Run

Murphy's hitch in service meant just one thing to him—a place to hide. There were too many other hiding places for him to take much "lip" from a lowly shavetail

By PAUL L. WEST, M.D.

Submitted by W. B. West

THE DAY had been an unusually tiresome one. Things had not gone well at the hospital in the morning, and my patients at the office had seemed more perverse and trying than usual. Added to it all, a steady downpour of rain for the past week—as it can rain only in western Washington—had got on my nerves and made me cross and irritable.

As I made my round in the evening, splashing through rain and mud, a vision of old Sergeant John Curry's cozy cottage—the big roaring fire in the grate, the cordial welcome I knew would greet me, and a chance for a quiet pipe with an old friend—rose before me. Since it was only a few blocks to his place, I turned my steps in that direction and was soon in the cheery sitting room, with chair drawn up before the blaze and pipe in mouth.

We smoked awhile in silence—I, glad for the chance to throw off the cares and worries of the day, and my grizzled friend seeming in no hurry to disturb my quiet mood. After awhile, however, he slowly turned his head my way and in a tone that I knew from experience meant a reminiscence, asked, "My boy, did I ever tell you about Murphy?"

On receiving my reply in the negative, he lazily exhaled a cloud of tobacco smoke and drawing his chair closer to the fire began: "Well, it ain't much of a story, but in ways, it has some features that, if worked up in proper language, would make *quite* a tale! It was 'way back in '78 when the Paiutes and Bannocks under old Buffalo Horn was makin' things lively for the settlers over in the eastern Oregon country—and Uncle Sam's boys was hot-footin' it over the sagebrush desert in an effort to head the old murderer off and get the Injuns back on their reservation.

"My company, with two others of the old 2nd, had been stationed for several months at Fort Harney. When the news come of Buffalo Horn's outbreak, our Captain was laid up in the hospital with a bullet in his leg, that he had got about two weeks before in a little brush with the Injuns, a few miles out on Harney Plain. Consequently, the command devolved on a young shavetail called Baxter, just out from West Point, and what he *knew* about the theory of conductin' campaigns ag'inst the noble redman, and what he *didn't know* about handlin' men and chasin' Injuns over the desert, would fill a good-sized volume!

"Of course us men looked mainly to the First Sergeant to keep us out of trouble and to make things as easy as possible for us. And a fine man was this same Tom Lofton! Tall and straight and big in the shoulders; every inch a soldier and the men all swore by him! There is no use to weary you with the details of that two weeks. It was in July. The weather was hot as blazes and it was pretty bad.

"A wily old chief was old Buffalo Horn, and he kept us guessin'. Once he took us as far south as the Malheur on a false scent while he was far to the north, burnin' lonely ranch houses, drivin' off stock, and murderin' women and children. Finally, however, with the help of two companies of the 1st Cavalry, the Injuns was dispersed and Buffalo Horn hisself captured. We found ourselves just outside a little town called Canon City and it was decided we would make camp and rest up a few days.

"OUR little Lieutenant had learned a *few* things on our two weeks' campaign but the hard marchin' and the poor grub had wore him out and made him more peevish than ever. He was an overbearin' little cuss and had showed a yeller streak once or twice, and the boys despised him. We was expectin' a bunch of raw recruits soon, and that was one reason we was camped at Canon City instead of pressin' on to Fort Harney where we belonged and where they was short of men and needed us.

"Well, one day, here come them new recruits in charge of Sergeant Smith of the 2nd. There was nothin' unusual about the dozen or so new men—just the ordinary lot, fresh off the farm and out of the backwoods and all lookin' mighty forlorn and lonesome, and eyein' us old campaigners plenty distrustful. But there was one man in the crowd that took my eye at the start. He was about medium height and heavy set, but there was somethin' about the set of his jaw and the quiet way he looked after hisself without askin' no favors or advice from nobody that kept me watchin' him. He give his name as Murphy to the Lieutenant, and maybe it was. At least nobody made any objections when he said it was, and as Murphy he was put on the company roll.

"A surprisin' thing about this man Murphy was that he could go through

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A cavalry troop returning to the fort—1887

the manual about as well as the Sergeant that was put in charge of the awkward squad to pound the rudiments of Army sense into 'em. And one day, when a few of us went out for a little practice shootin', Murphy hit the bull's eye nine out of ten at 200 yards, off hand!

"Well, one night—about a week after the rookies joined the outfit—a bunch of lads got leave to go to town, Murphy along with the rest. I reckon they had a tootin' good time, for long after I'd turned in, I could hear 'em stragglin' in to camp—some of 'em quarrelin' and some tryin' to sing and generally carryin' on free and scandalous in a way common to a lot of soldiers when they aim to unbend and have a special good time. I couldn't help chucklin' when I thought of that little Lieutenant—him layin' there in his tent and wonderin' what he was up against, and havin' all his theories of proper camp discipline and respect for officers and the like upset by a lot of hard campaignin' Injun fightin' savages like us!

"Mebbe an hour after they had got quiet and I was just settlin' down to sleep again, I heard a couple of whoops, and stuck my head out of my blankets. And here comes Murphy, loaded to the muzzle, wavin' his hat and lettin' out a string of joyful yells that would make a cougar ashamed of hisself! This here little Lieutenant I was tellin' you about comes out of his tent just then to see what was the cause of all the racket. I scents trouble ahead, so I gets up and walks over to Murphy and, takin' him by the arm, tries to quiet him down. Would of done it, all right, only he spies the officer lookin' at him. Steadyin' hisself as well as he could—under the load he was carryin'—he bawls out before I can stop him, 'What you lookin' at, you bowlegged, sawed-off, gold-braid West Point runt shavetail? Didn't you never see a man enjoyin' hisself before? Git back into your tent before I comes and bites you! Whoop! Whoopie!! I'm a man I am, and no little runt like you is goin' to boss me—nary a little bit!'

"Well say! I was sorry for that officer boy and I couldn't hardly keep from laughin' neither. Honest, I thought for a minute he was goin' to *explode*—he sure looked it, his face gettin' red as fire and him kinda chokin' up.

" 'Sergeant,' says he to me, 'Put that man under arrest until morning and then bring him to my tent and I'll deal with this case as seems fit and proper.'

" 'Oh you will, will you?' says this Murphy. 'Never mind waitin' 'til mornin', we can settle this here case right here and now! And looky here, young feller, don't put on no frills with me.'

"The officer, he squares hisself up. 'Sergeant,' says he, 'call the guard and tie that man to a tree and tie him so he won't get away before morning, too!'

"Murphy kinda sobers up at this and his face turns a dirty white and his steel gray eyes gets little and hard. 'Nobody'll tie me to a tree and not suffer for it,' says he, and his words come through clenched teeth.

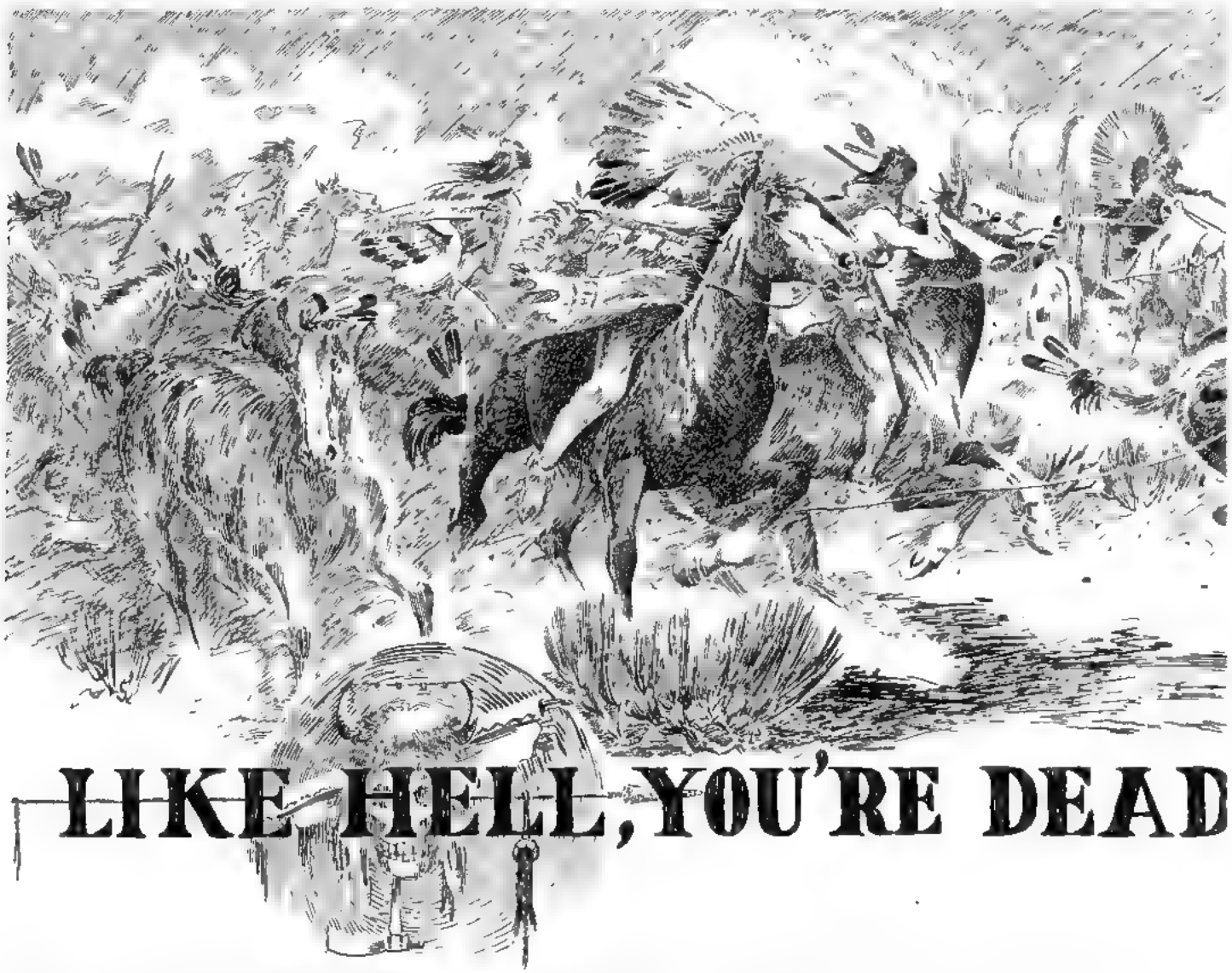
" 'Tie him up!' orders the officer.

"WELL, it was a nasty mess, for all of us had got to like Murphy by that time. But orders is orders, and he sure had gone too far in his talk and would have to take his medicine. He fought like a fiend, cussin' and swearin' frightful and it took four of us to hold him down. It was only when Lofton stuck the muzzle of a carbine in his face and told him he'd 'blow his brains out if he didn't shut up' that he quieted down. We got him tied to the big cottonwood hard and fast, the Lieutenant standin' lookin' on—pale and sayin' nothin'.

"When we got through, some tired and out of breath with our wrassle, Murphy looks hard at Baxter and says,

(Continued on page 48)

Fort Harney, Oregon—1872



LIKE HELL, YOU'RE DEAD

WILLIAM J. MILLER, big, bluff, and hearty, took over the reins of the four-horse freight team while his companion and neighbor, A. W. Morrow, hopped down off the covered wagon to walk the kinks out of his legs. They were headed for their homesteads in San Saba County (Texas). It was January, 1868.

Morrow's feet had hardly touched the ground before he halted, listening. Above the rumble and grind of the heavy wagon wheels he'd caught the sound of running horses.

"Hold up, Bill," he called. "Sounds like trouble!"

Billy Miller leaned out to see past the bulge of the wagon sheet. He grunted.

"If you could see what I see topping the last rise yonder," he said, "you'd know damned well it was trouble. Climb back in this wagon, Morrow. It's Comanches!"

Morrow saw them then, some fifteen of the savages, riding lathered ponies and bearing down upon them with whoops and yells. He lost no time piling back into the wagon.

Billy Miller whipped the big-footed, stocky freight horses into a run. But it was a lost race from the start.

There had been no Indian trouble in that section of Texas for some time, and the frontiersmen had grown careless. The sole arms of the freighters were two dragoon pistols. Morrow took them and crouched at the rear opening of the wagon sheet.

One warrior, riding fast, came within range. Morrow shot him in the chest. The Indian's horse shied and whirled as his dying rider slid to the ground. That halted the rest for a moment, giving the freight team a little lead.

But not for long. The savages swept on up again, yelling triumphantly. This should be an easy kill. They fired at the lumbering wagon with Winchesters, pistols, and two old "Long Tom" rifles. Several squaws rode with them, yelling and fighting as fiercely as the men.

"Give 'em hell, Morrow!" shouted Miller and kept lashing the rumps of the running teams with his blacksnake.

Morrow gave them hell, but he couldn't stop them. He held them off 'til the Indians ran out of ammunition. Then he saw them unslinging their bows and shifting their arrow quivers into place. He knew the scrap had just started. The Comanches were notably poor shots with white man's weapons. But with bows and arrows—that was a different story.

THE FIRST arrow struck Morrow in the hand. The Indian who shot it tumbled from his horse with a hoarse yell and a bullet in his stomach. Then bowstrings twanged in earnest and arrows hummed. The feathered shafts sliced through the wagon sheet. Some skipped off the wagon. Others stuck into the rear endgate, where they hung and quivered.

Then a lead horse went down with an arrow in the back of his head. The wheel horse piled up over the leader and the wagon rode up onto the wheeler, turning sideways. It crashed into a ditch beside the road.

Neither man was hurt. But when they came to their feet inside the overturned wagon, they found they had less than a dozen cartridges left between them. The savages began circling the wagon.

The Texans crouched inside and made every bullet count. The Indians charged again and again, often coming within eight or ten feet. The Texans never fired at one farther away. Still, they missed some shots.

The leader of the raiding party came within six feet of Miller, who shot him through the hips. The Indian yelled, clutched his saddle and galloped away. Then a howling squaw let fly an arrow that caught Miller in the right cheek and protruded from behind his ear. Another struck him in the head. The metal point was soft, and bent against Miller's skull, instead of penetrating. But the shock and pain almost blinded him.

Three arrows lodged in his body in less than a minute. Miller yanked one arrowhead from a thigh. Another struck him

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Surrounded by a band of screaming Comanches, both men were seriously wounded, their lead horse was, down, the wagon overturned, and they had just one bullet left—but they still wouldn't give up

By FRED GIPSON

Illustration by Al. M. Napoletano

squarely in the chest, sticking into the bone and standing out straight, as if shot into a tree. Worst of all was the one that slipped between his ribs. When he jerked at the shaft, the head came off, remaining in his left lung.

Morrow, too, was in a desperate fix. An arrow struck him squarely in the left ear. It felt like the shaft had passed entirely through his head.

"My God, Bill, I'm killed!" he cried out.

Before Miller could explain, an arrow hit Morrow in the left eye and glanced under the skin to his ear. Blood poured down his face, covering Miller's hands.

"They've shot my eye out!" groaned Morrow.

"No, it glanced!" Miller yanked the arrow free.

All the time, the howling Comanches were circling the wagon, sneaking in from every side to launch more of their deadly shafts. It was always Miller's contention that the Indians were at too close range for their arrows to acquire speed, else both men would have been shot through and through. As it was, it looked as if their number was up. They were both horribly wounded and Morrow had only one bullet left. Billy Miller's gun was empty.

But the Comanches weren't aware of this fact. In their excitement, they'd shot away most of their arrows. They had the chuck box bristling like a porcupine. Shafts stood out all over the wagon. The ground was littered with them. Suddenly the Indians withdrew for a parley. They were afraid to close in for the kill, afraid the two Texans still had ammunition.

"Now's our chance," said Miller. He jerked out his knife and slashed the harness traces. He leaped upon the back of one of the freed horses, and Morrow mounted another. Morrow still clutched the loaded pistol.

But the Indians saw the move and charged again, loosing a rain of arrows upon the Texans. An arrow struck the horse Morrow rode, driving deep into his rump. The horse dropped his head and started pitching and bawling. The wounded Morrow was thrown high into the air. He landed with a thump.

Miller hauled his running horse down and circled back.

"Go on, Billy!" called Morrow weakly. "I'm killed!"

"Like hell you are!" said Miller, leaping from his horse.

AMID A HAIL of whizzing arrows, Miller loaded his companion across his mount, then leaped up behind him. They headed for the brush. Behind them the Comanches poured a steady stream of arrows.

The Texans rode some three-quarters of a mile before reaching cover in the timber. There they fell off the horse, too weak from pain and loss of blood to ride longer.

Then an odd thing happened. Miller was never able to explain it afterward. Later reports showed that they had killed seven of the Indians. Now the rest came galloping up within some fifty feet of the fallen Texans—and stopped. The leader rode up and looked at the two men, and silently returned. Each of the remaining Comanches did the same. Then the whole band rode away and disappeared over the ridge.

Maybe they were afraid the Texans still had guns. Maybe they thought the white men bore charmed lives which no arrow could kill. Or did they ride off out of sheer admiration for the fight two men had put up?

Miller never knew. Right then, he didn't care. He and Morrow were in too much pain. Fearing the Indians would return, they crawled deep into a thicket, where they lay nauseated and burning with fever.

Earlier that morning, Jack Flood had been cutting cedar posts in a canyon when he heard the Indians coming. He hid in the brush till they passed, then ran to the farm of John Fleming to give the alarm. Flood knew the appearance of a Comanche in Texas meant war.

Flood and Fleming rounded up a posse of about twelve men. They rode up to the overturned wagon about an hour after the raiding Comapches had left, then began the search.

By this time, Miller and Morrow were wild with thirst. They tried to make it to Brady Creek, but Miller became so sick that he could go no farther. Morrow went on and returned with his boots filled with water. On the trip, he'd seen the searching party at a distance, but he was reeling and half-blind with pain. He thought the riders were Indians; he kept to cover. Miller drank so much water from the boots that he was unable to walk. The searching party failed to find them.

About daylight the next morning one of the searchers found an arrow sticking in the ground. A few steps beyond was another, then another. The trail led to the wounded men.

The rescue party got a wagon and hauled the men home. They were in a serious condition, but both recovered after a number of surgical operations. Miller was compelled to use crutches for more than two years. He carried a steel barb in his right thigh until 1874, when a Dr. Dowell at Galveston removed it. But the arrowhead in his lungs was still there when he died in 1902.

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FORGOTTEN INDUSTRY OF THE FRONTIER

By NELL MURBARGER

Photos By Author

Charcoal kilns near the ghost town of Ward in White Pine County, Nevada

IN THE DECADES BETWEEN 1860 and 1880, when countless ephemeral boom camps were being sired by silver, there came into being in the Western United States a gigantic industry without whose aid the fabulous era of the silver moguls could not have been realized. Even then little heralded, and now virtually unknown, this important adjunct to early Western mining was the production of charcoal as fuel for the smelters.

It was not an exalted calling. Except for the men in charge of operations, it was work that demanded neither skill nor exceptional intelligence, and those so employed were looked upon as the dregs of the Western labor barrel. Receiving less than half the wage paid to common mine laborers, the charcoal camp employee lived in crude, ill-equipped hovels or dugouts, under bad conditions of sanitation and health. And in the towns where he squandered his $10-a-week wage, he was scorned by every man from the gamblers and hop merchants, who seized greedily upon his purse, to the muckers and mill men whose very livelihoods depended upon his continued labors.

Sweeping over the West like a pestilence, leaving behind it tens of thousands of acres stripped of their timber, the charcoal industry left also in its wake a black record of bloodshed, racial strife and corruption, as well as entire Indian tribes rendered hostile and threatened by starvation through ruthless destruction of the nut-pine groves which had provided, for untold centuries, their principal food.

But even though charcoal burning was a *mean* business, it still was *big* business. It was an industry so profitable and powerful that in the space of comparatively few years it poured into the pockets of its operators many millions of dollars, and by its stranglehold on the smelter fires of the West, cast over the entire structure of Western mining a menacing pall and constant threat.

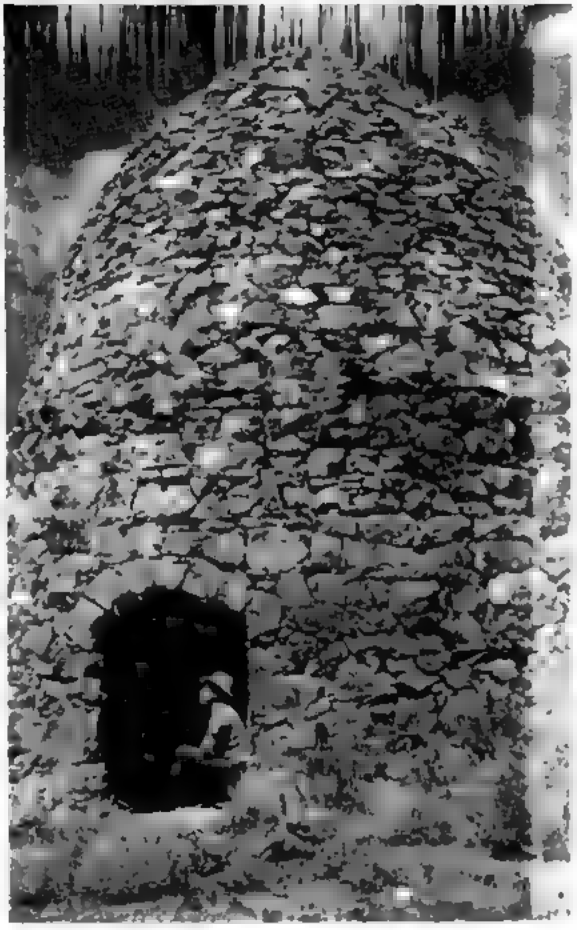
FOLLOWING the custom established generations before in the Old World, the first charcoal produced commercially in the West was burned in pits which might hold as much as 100 cords of green wood. Ignited and allowed to burn to a certain proper degree before being smothered with earth, the cargo of such a pit would smolder flamelessly for fifteen or twenty days before burning itself out. One firing in a pit of such size would produce from 2,500 to 3,500 bushels of charcoal—the black, porous residue of wood from which all organic matter has been burned leaving nearly pure carbon. Fed into the smelter furnaces in admixture with ore and certain fluxing materials, and re-ignited under forced draught, this charcoal-carbon burned without smoke and produced an intense white heat.

One cord of green wood—four feet high, four feet wide, and eight feet long—when burned by the pit method, yielded approximately twenty-five bushels of charcoal. The price of the finished product was contingent upon quality, hauling distance between pit and smelter, and that greatest of price regulators—supply and demand.

The lowest quoted price for charcoal I have found in thousands of old mining reports and cost records is the eight-cents-a-bushel rate paid by Oregon Iron Works near Portland, in 1867—a price that would have yielded only two dollars for cutting an entire cord of wood, processing it into charcoal, and delivering it to the plant! Lead smelters at Oreana, Nevada, at that same time, were buying charcoal at sixty-five cents a bushel. The average price paid throughout the West was twenty-five cents a bushel. Even at this rate, charcoal represented the smelters' largest single item of expense.

Lead-silver smelters at Eureka, Nevada, ordinarily required about thirty bushels of charcoal to reduce one ton of ore. During the last six weeks of 1872, however, Ruby Consolidated Company at Eureka used fifty-nine bushels to each ton, and Winnamuck Furnaces in Utah (that same year) used charcoal to a value of $24.45 for every ton of ore smelted. But what appears to have been one of the all-time records for costly

It swept across the West like a plague and left in its wake a record as black as the product it spawned



The author pauses at a stone charcoal kiln near the ghost town of Frisco, Utah.

smelting is that of Utah Silver Mining and Smeltering Company at Bingham Canyon where, in 1872, 111 bushels of charcoal were used for each ton of ore processed!

THE QUANTITY of charcoal used throughout the West between 1860 and 1900 is impossible to know. Not even a vague estimate is possible, but isolated figures available are sufficient to stagger the imagination. During the palmier years of its operation, for example, Eureka Consolidated Mining Company consumed charcoal at the average rate of 4,600 bushels daily, and maintained a constant stockpile of 120,000 bushels—only thirty days' supply.

Richmond Consolidated, also of Eureka, kept stockpiled 216,000 bushels of charcoal, and by 1874 was using 4,500 bushels daily. During one twenty-two-month period (1873-75) this same company expended for charcoal the staggering sum of $880,000! At their peak of production, the dozen furnaces at Eureka were purchasing charcoal to a value of $600,000 each month. With this situation prevailing throughout the mining country, it may be imagined what was happening to the tree crop.

With larger timber far more valuable for construction purposes and mine timbering, the charcoal woodcutters' lash fell mainly upon the scrubby woodlands comprised of pinon pine, juniper, and mountain mahogany. Mature trees of these species are frequently no more than a dozen feet in height, with trunks a foot in diameter; about the best wood-yield they may be expected to produce is eight or ten cords to an acre. Therefore, each filling of a large charcoal pit required the total tree crop from *ten or twelve acres!* When such desert woodlands were set upon by the swinging axes of the woodcutters, their brush-timber disappeared almost as fast as if swept by forest fire.

In some sections of the desert mining region, the supply became so limited that woodcutters were seizing upon almost any wood-like vegetation. At White Hills, Arizona, even the spongy wood of tree yuccas was pressed into service; and silver smelters at Candelaria and Tuscarora, Nevada, were fed with charcoal made from sagebrush.

This growing shortage of fuel materials throughout the Southwestern mining country was largely responsible for the change that began creeping into the charcoal industry about 1870.

Where, previously, all charcoal had been burned in earthen pits, the new trend was to beehive kilns stoutly constructed of stone or brick. Offsetting the original cost of $500 to $1,000 each was the fact that such kilns could be used almost indefinitely, and by producing charcoal of a higher quality and with less dross than was possible by pit-burning, the resultant saving in fuel material soon repaid the initial cost of construction. As effectiveness of the beehive kiln became apparent, they began sprouting in groups of three, five, ten and more. Wherever built, they became a point of local interest. On Sept. 2, 1877, the *Eureka* (Nevada) *Sentinel* reported:

"Henry Allen . . . has just finished a work of considerable magnitude at Hot Creek. Last summer he was employed by Tybo Consolidated Company, to build fifteen kilns in which the company proposed to burn the charcoal necessary to supply their furnaces at Tybo. He finished the work about a week ago, and some idea of its magnitude may be gathered from the fact that 600,000 bricks were used in building the kilns. They are oval in shape, having a diameter of twenty-five feet. Each one has a capacity of 1,400 bushels, turning out that quantity of coal to each charge, the operation consuming five days. . . ."

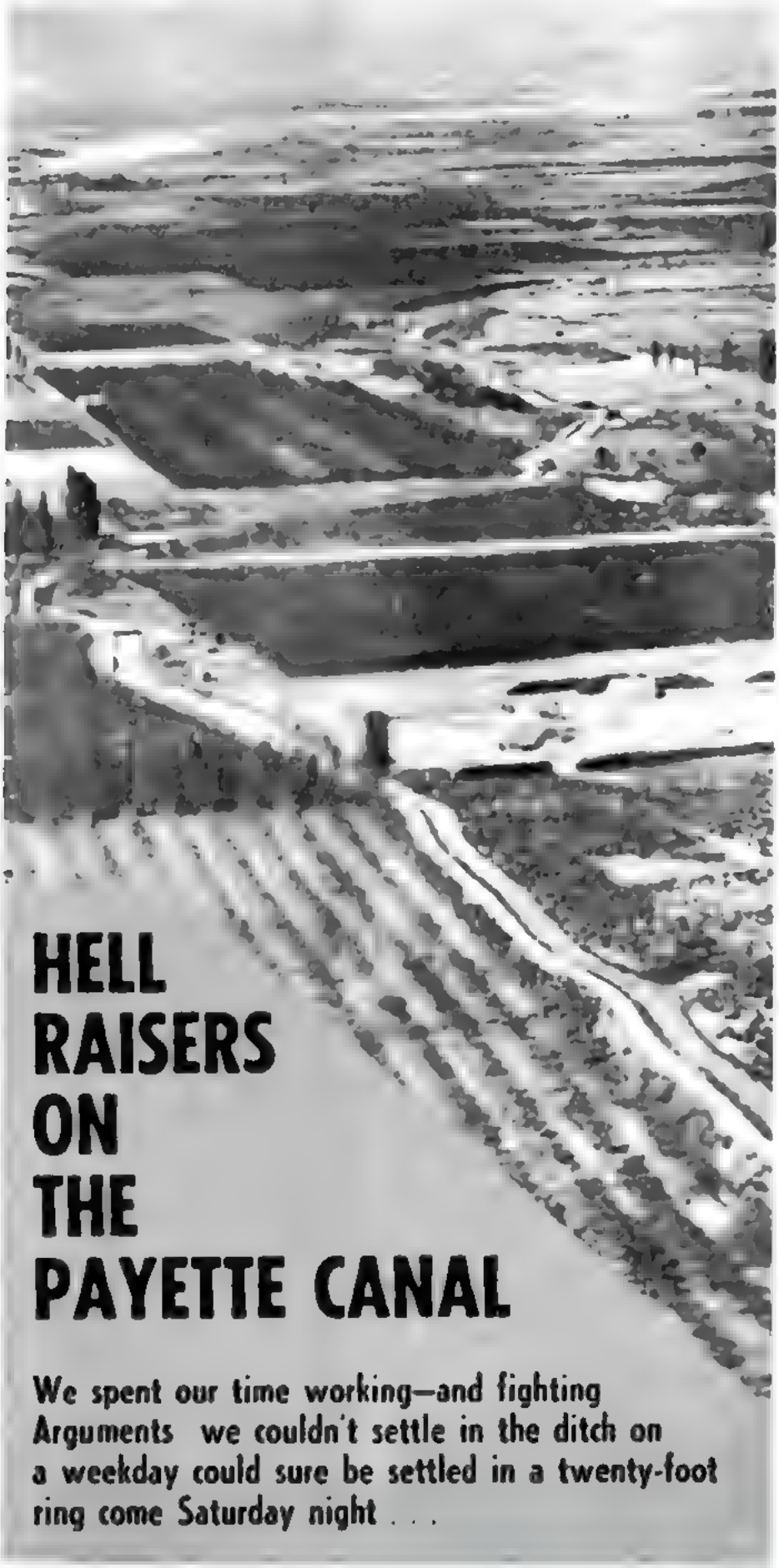
MEANWHILE, a squeeze play was developing, with the mills and smelters in the middle. As surface ores were depleted and mines deepened, production became more costly; and with exhaustion of timber resources forcing upon the charcoal contractors an ever-lengthening haul, the price demanded for this important commodity crept steadily upward.

Thus were conditions ripening for the notorious "Fish Creek War" which broke upon Eureka, Nevada, in August, 1879.

Contending that mining conditions no longer enabled them to pay thirty cents a bushel for charcoal, Eureka's smelter operators united in slashing the price to twenty-seven and a half cents. The Charcoal Burners Association, numbering several thousand men at Eureka, alone, rejected the reduction, refused to permit any further deliveries of charcoal to the plants, and on August 11, took possession of the town of Eureka. Alarmed

(Continued on page 58)

Adobe and stone kilns at Gold Hill, Utah. Note the effects of exposure to the elements.



HELL RAISERS ON THE PAYETTE CANAL

We spent our time working—and fighting Arguments we couldn't settle in the ditch on a weekday could sure be settled in a twenty-foot ring come Saturday night . . .

By ALMA HANSON

THE WEST was growing; some railroads had been built and dust was flying in places where large irrigation canals were being constructed. Fertile sagebrush lands were being put under cultivation. Water was the paramount problem for developing these arid regions into fields of hay, grain and orchards.

Nick Nielsen, a railroad and canal construction contractor, who had left Hyrum, Utah, early in the spring, 1892, with a few other men, had come home from the Boise area and put up a notice in the Co-op Store window.

June 14, 1892
Men and teams wanted to work on the Payette Canal, near Boise, Idaho.
Wages:
Single hands—$35 per month.
Teams—$1.00 per day.
Working day—10 hours.
Board and feed for men and teams furnished.
(If interested consult Nick Nielsen.)

Ten days later, as a result of this advertisement, a caravan of six covered wagons, four horses on each; four married men with families at home; and twenty-one boys, seventeen to twenty years of age, this writer among them, were on the 300-mile trek to the Payette Valley, Idaho, region where the huge canal was being built.

Traversing the Boise Valley heading north, we passed through Emmett and on to Falk's Store, a trading post, then two miles farther to the construction camp under the bluffs, below the canal.

Falk's Store, we noted, consisted of a large, frame farmhouse and barn, two or three saloons, a couple of stores, a few dwelling houses and some tents. It was Sunday, high noon, the Fourth of July. Our country's flag was flying in the breeze when we rolled into camp, after ten days on the trail.

We were a motley looking bunch, I'm sure, when Nick and the other Hyrum men greeted us. After putting our horses to feed, we were hustled to the dining tent, cleaned up a bit, and filled with simple but good wholesome food, which we enjoyed greatly.

Among the twenty-one boys of the caravan, the twenty-year-old Pete Ericksen was outstanding. (He was christened Peter Erick Hartvigsen, but there were so many Petes around old Hyrum town—Pete Sheepherder, Long Pete, Pete Potter, Pete Calf and Pete Sonkey, that we always called Pete Hartvigsen by the name of Pete Erick. Hyrum was a Scandinavian community with so many names just alike that it was necessary for nearly everyone to have a nickname.) He was six feet tall, and weighed 180 pounds. His lithe, husky form was pleasing to observe and he had no bad habits. Years before, when his mother died, he and I had been friends and neighbors, though I was three years his junior.

Pete's home life with his dad and younger sisters was broken up because of his father's unreasonable brutality toward him. Pete finally ran away and was gone for four years. This time was

spent mostly with his dog, horse and gun, on the sheep ranges of Wyoming.

Pete saved his money. At the camps and shearing-pens he had practice in the art of defense in the form of wrestling and boxing. His athletic prowess gave him confidence and self assurance. Although never seeking trouble or friction, he was not afraid of men—especially the bully type who pushed people around. He brought to the caravan a young team, new harness and wagon.

THE PAYETTE CANAL was being built by the Payette Irrigation and Water Power Company. Diverted two miles above Emmett from the Payette River, the water was to be carried about forty miles to serve about 30,000 acres of land. During the year 1892, two construction camps operated, with about seventy-five men and forty-five teams in each.

We were with Camp Two. A heavily traveled, dusty road ran below the bluffs and through the camp. The tents were set up in no particular order; some of them were boarded up three or four feet from the ground, affording more protection from the wind.

The largest tent was the dining hall; it consisted of a skeleton frame of timbers boarded up four feet. The entire roof was canvas. It was about sixty feet long, and large enough for a long table of rough boards with the necessary space for passage around it. Adjoining it on one end was the kitchen.

Other important structures were the company commissary and the tent occupied by Mr. Catts, the boss, and his wife. Farther away were the feed yards where the animals were kept. Between the dining hall and the yards was the community pump, which satisfied the needs of man and beast in short order. It gave forth a warm, salty potion that soon was enough for all comers. It must have had some secret underground connection with the Pacific Ocean.

A diverse group of human beings made up the camp. Among them were the two cooks, a pair of Irish brothers, tall, slim young men with hot tempers, fast in their movements. They had to be, serving seventy-five men. The boss, a calm, dignified man, always better dressed than the rest of the tent dwellers around him, had his pretty, dainty wife with him.

There was one more woman in camp who occupied a tent with a tall, lean man with a trimmed yellow beard and a sombrero hat. He was armed at all times with a large six-shooter and a belt full of cartridges. This first Sunday evening he sat outside his tent with his young lady on his knee, displaying his lady-killing prowess. The scene continued for several evenings.

What we called the "Gang" was a foursome of young Irishmen as exclusive as a Long Island tea party—Paddy Kelly, Boots Sullivan, Jack O'Brien and Dean Kearns. That group was always together, scuffling, playing tricks on each other or practicing strong arm holdups. (In this latter sport there was more seriousness than met the eye. Some months later a newspaper reported the shooting of Paddy Kelly up at Pendleton, Oregon, when he fled from a store robbery.)

Another man who stood out was the good-looking yard master, who always greeted everyone with a smile. Then there was Norway, a well set up foreigner, going about his business with independence, asking favors of no man.

Courtesy David Vahlberg—President
Sons & Daughters of Gem County Pioneers

Main street of Emmett, Idaho—June 2, 1900

MONDAY MORNING, at 7 a.m., saw us boys assigned to our teams, headed through the dust toward the canal, a fourth of a mile above camp. I was given an old bay and grey, a real pair of crow-baits.

The boss came riding past me on his pony and shouted, "Say, kid, feed your team up a bit and I'll take you into Boise and let you give the mayor a buggy ride!"

Up at the canal were the different kinds of scrapers we were to hook onto. Mine was what we called a slip. Of course, the depth varied, but roughly speaking, the big Payette ditch was forty feet across the top, twenty to twenty-five feet at the bottom. Three men and a six-horse team dragged a large, heavily ironed plow to loosen up the rock and gravel for the scrapers.

The plow horses were in good condition; it looked like a snap job for man and animals. We leg-weary kids following the scrapers envied them. They were a Hyrum crew who landed on the job a month ahead of us. They were old hands in building canals and railroad grades and could be depended on to do the job right.

There were five or six scraper divisions, with four or five teams and scrapers in each. The whole outfit was strung out about a third of a mile, with dust flying while in operation. About

There was nothing like a horse-drawn grader for keeping a man in fighting shape.

Idaho Historical Society

Idaho Historical Society

Saloon in Emmett, Idaho—date unknown

half of the teams drew a wheel-type scraper (two wheels carrying a scraper with a long adjusting handle). They could be lowered while being filled, and raised while pulling out onto the bank and dumping. They carried more load than the slips.

That long handle was dangerous. Under certain conditions it would fly back and strike your head or shoulder, if you weren't watching. One could ride while traveling empty, but it was hard on the trousers.

The slip scrapers were more primitive. They had two handles which were thrown back to fill the scraper. Carrying a shirtful of dirt they were dragged out onto the bank, losing part of the load in transit.

There were no regular rest periods. We boys soon learned how to take a rest for a few moments by pulling aside into the sagebrush two or three times during the day to simulate a natural demand. Five hours was a long time for both man and beast to be constantly on the move.

Three or four foremen moved about along the banks to see that all went according to plan. Before the close of the morning and afternoon periods a timekeeper would be on the job to give each one credit for being there and in action.

The canal ran high up along a bench with the broad Payette Valley below—an expanse of heavy greasewood and sagebrush which was an ideal home for rabbits and rattlesnakes. The only signs of human habitation were along the streams. Here, in spots, large ranches operated. I was helping to build a canal that would bring into existence the marvelous rich farming area of western Idaho—about the finest fruit-raising section in our country.

The signal for noon was finally given. We had long awaited it. We turned out, unhooked our teams, and made a rush for camp. The feed of hay, and a box of rolled barley for the horses after they had been watered, had been taken care of by the yard boss. Then there was a race to get washed and get a good seat at the long table.

As the food passed, one had to be as alert as a hungry cat, or be passed up. There was plenty, but if one missed the first passing, he was compelled to wait for awhile. The clatter of the tin plates and cups made a din like a runaway steer with a bunch of cans tied to his tail.

At one of the first meals, Pete was getting settled on a box when Paddy Kelly passed by. He gave the box a jerk and Pete landed on his back in the dirt. The crowd roared with laughter. Pete rose, angry and embarrassed, but Paddy moved on with the Gang and out of reach.

"Look out, Paddy, that Reuben will put his big meathooks on ye the first chance he gets," Boots jeered.

"Ah, that would be interesting, don't ya think, Boots?" Paddy replied tauntingly in his rich Irish brogue.

"He looks a purty solid sort a kid, Paddy, a real cub just out on his own away from his mither," Boots replied, among general laughter.

THE TROUBLE with Paddy subsided, but a few days later out on the canal-dump it revived. Pete dropped his lines and sat down on the scraper to remove the dirt from his shoe. Paddy, in the bottom of the canal filling scrapers, saw the situation. He picked up a rock, threw, and hit one of the horses. Surprised, the horse gave a snort and a jump, frightening the team and dumping Pete hard on the rocks.

But Pete was up and in hot pursuit with one shoe gone. Others joined in and the team was soon stopped, no damage done. Paddy laughed heartily.

"That's a helluva trick, Paddy. That young fellow ought to beat the brains right out of you," said Nick, the foreman of this section of the works.

"Let the Rube try it once," Paddy told him.

"Here, Rankin," called Nick to another foreman who was coming along the bank. "Take Paddy with you over to fill scrapers and send another man over here and save a little trouble."

"I know what you mean, Nick. I saw it. Come with me, Kelly."

Experienced men were in short supply; Kelly was not fired. Pete was boiling mad and Paddy Kelly kept his distance.

The next day at noon all hell broke loose in the kitchen and dining tent for a period. Seated at the officers' table, a foreman not too well thought of in camp insulted the cooks by making sneering remarks about the food being served. In a fraction of a minute he was grabbed by the throat, punched in the face, kicked in the seat, and flung into the corner like a bag of rags. The boss, who was eating at the same table, quickly intervened. At that, the fire-eating cooks threw down everything and began packing up. I saw one of them remove a six-shooter from his pack and put it in his hip pocket, just in case.

"Fire the s-o-bs—I'll do the cooking!" came a shrill, angry voice from the boss' tent door. It was his pretty wife, getting in her thirty cents' worth. To many of us boys of the caravan that was the first time we had ever heard such rough language from a nice, cultured woman.

When the cooks, with their baggage on their backs, were leaving, the boss stopped them and patched things up, making a few concessions. We were all glad when things quieted down and the cooks remained.

A few nights later there was titter and low laughter in the camp. The good-looking corral boss had been making love to the yellow-whiskered man's wife while the supposed husband was out on the works. Now they had eloped on a pair of saddle horses for parts unknown. The corral boss had come into camp a couple of months before with his own two horses. Now there was only one woman in camp.

Coming in from the works, the be-whiskered man with the artillery at his hide, found himself deserted. He knew he had the secret contempt of the camp,

(Continued on page 38)

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RESTLESS SHADOW OF SHIPMAN PARK

Could it be the ghost of a man who died alone in feverish agony while he waited for help that arrived too late?

By FAY EMORY SMITH

The fireplace (above) in Shipman's cabin as it appeared to Jim Hardman in 1909. Shipman's grave (below) with buffalo skull markers—1877

"DID YOU see that?"

"See what?"

"Somebody just went by the door, didn't stop, and here it is coming on dark and beginning to snow." Grabbing his rifle he went to look. "Nobody there. Bring the lantern. Funny, no tracks either. I wonder—I wonder if I just saw 'The Ghost of Shipman Park?' I've heard there is one."

The speaker was a rancher named Frank Farmer who had a spread down lower in the foothills. The man with him was one of his hands. They were up in the Park in the early fall cutting corral poles. The date was 1890.

Farmer was intelligent and not the type to panic and see ghosts in snow flurries. He was about forty years old at that time. He, and his ranch hand, saw this "ghost" several evenings during their stay in the cabin. They were not the scary kind, and did not move out as some might have done because they saw a ghost every night.

They said it was a sort of grayish-cloudy color and looked like the form of a man. It seemed to glide or float by the open door. There was no door to close; it was gone and so was the window.

They were just camping there because the cabin was better than living outside in that kind of weather. The crude rock fireplace was adequate, even good, for with the dirt floor they did not have to chop firewood. Long logs could lie on the floor with one end in the fireplace and be shoved on into the flames as they burned away.

SHIPMAN PARK is in the Roosevelt (Teddy) National Forest high up on the Medicine Bow Range in northern Colorado, ten or twelve miles as the crow flies but a long haul for a horseback, as this is rough country, south of the Wyoming state line. It is a beautiful mountain meadow about a mile long and a half mile wide surrounded on all sides by a forest of lodgepole pines. Always virtually uninhabited, it still is, because of deep snow and rugged winters; the elevation is about 9,000 feet. It would be a honey of a ranch, otherwise, as it is well watered; the drainage is to the Laramie River.

A man by the name of Johnson was the first known white man to enter the Park. Johnson hewed a trail of sorts up there in the early 1860s; he moved in with a team of horses to cut and deck railroad ties for the Union Pacific then building across southern Wyoming.

In the summer of 1876 Shipman and his partner, Green, entered the Park to build a cabin and establish trapping headquarters for the coming winter. Winter started early; blizzard followed blizzard month after month, and snow piled many feet deep.

The only part of the little cabin that showed above snow level was the top of the chimney, but the blue smoke curling straight up was a welcome sight to a tired and hungry man returning home from a day on the trap lines.

Trapping was good—mostly marten, mink and beaver, with a few fox and bobcats. Storms had driven the coyotes, wolves and mountain lions, along with all game, down out of the hills. The bears were all asleep.

But along toward spring, with little fresh meat obtainable, their food was almost gone. To complicate matters, Shipman was taken seriously sick. Green decided to go for help, medicine and food. He could make the nearest ranch, Forrester's (after whom Forrester Creek is named) in one day, being all down hill and easy traveling on snowshoes, and return the following day.

When he stopped at the corral gate to take off his webs, he saw Forrester at the barn doing his evening chores. "Why, Green, what you doing way down here?" asked the rancher.

"Shipman is sick, bad sick. I come

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A KAW COULD HAVE BEEN

Photos Courtesy
Kansas State Historical Society

Charles Curtis
as a young man

PROBABLY few people today realize that Vice President Charles Curtis, who served under President Herbert Hoover, 1929-1933, was part Indian and spent some of his boyhood years with the Kaws living in tepee fashion on the Kansas prairies.

Charley, as he preferred to be called, was born in a log cabin near North Topeka, Kansas, January 25, 1860. His mother, Ellen Pappan, was a soft-spoken French-Indian; his father, Oren Curtis, was of French descent, also, his family being prominent in Massachusetts in the 1600s. Oren was a frontier soldier, typical of the adventurous men of that period.

He had been married once and divorced before he met Ellen Pappan. Their courtship began after he met her on a ferry operated by her father. Oren was Louis Pappan's employee, and Ellen used the ferry to get to school on the other side of the river.

She was a laughing, light-hearted girl, often playing with children along the banks of the river where the Topeka business district now lies.

Courtesy author

Sometimes identification of the old photos were in conflict. The above has been variously labeled Washunga, Chief of the Kaws and Pahuska or White Hair, Chief of the Osages, and great-great-grandfather of Senator Curtis.

Oren Curtis had roamed considerably already, having been born in Indiana and drifting ever westward, except for a return trip to Indiana before he came to Topeka. He was a protagonist for freedom for the slaves in a period when Civil War clouds were black and threatening, and some of his sentiments led him into dangerous situations in the pro-slavery States. So it happened that he came to Kansas.

Kansas was pretty much a wilderness in the 1860s. Not yet a state, it was part of that flat expanse known as the Kansas-Nebraska territory and was the home of semi-civilized tribes driven west by the whites. Besides the Kaws there were the Delawares, Wyandots, Shawnees and Senecas.

The West was being settled by peoples of all nationalities and Frenchmen frequently married Indian women. Oren fell for the dark-eyed, black-haired beauty of the Kaws.

Charley Curtis' great-great grandfather was Pahuska or White Hair, head chief of the Osage tribe. His great-grandmother was the daughter of White Plume, a Kaw Indian Chief. She married a Frenchman living near St. Louis. The offspring of this marriage was Julie, who married French trader Louis Pappan, and the Pappans moved with the Kaw Indians to the Reservation. Ellen was their daughter and Julie, Charley's grandmother, was to play an important part in his life.

Charley was justly proud of the two chiefs in his ancestry. Pahuska, respected by whites and Indians, had made his mark on several treaties between the races from 1818-1825, and a town in Oklahoma bears his name. White Plume, the Kaw, carried his years so well that he boasted coal-black hair at seventy, and was referred to as the "Gallant Old Chieftain." He wore no paint and liked modern Western hats along with his array of feathers, wampum, brass armlets and blankets. Often he sat under the American flag, near his stone "Government House," and complained that his home was flea-ridden.

CHARLEY'S mother, loyal to the Indian life, wished to rear her son in the tradition of her tribe. She gave the boy a pony named "Kate" and taught him to ride bareback, clinging to the mane to keep from falling. At three, he could ride fast and his spunky mother taught him to swim by dropping him in the Kansas River and letting him splash around by himself. He wasn't quite four when Ellen died, and for two years he lived with his Grandmother Permelia Hubbard Curtis. But little is known of this short span, and at age six, Charley was back on the Kaw Reservation sixty miles west of Topeka, living with his Grandmother Julie Gonville Pappan.

Young Curtis enjoyed the Indians, was happy with their easy, relaxed ways. Perhaps the tepees were not always spic and span, nor were there many fruitful crops or organized projects. The Indians made little use of the modern implements the Government gave them. They were of a romantic, wandering nature, not given to toil. The little boy no doubt thrilled to the great rumbling wagon-trains that came through Council Grove, long a way station for rest and refreshment on the old Santa Fe Trail. Travelers found the Kaws peaceful, wearing breechclouts, leggin's, blankets and moccasins; they smoked the pipe at their ceremonials and fished and hunted, though the game supply had been badly depleted.

Luckily for Charley, his grandmother was wise; she sent him to Quaker school and kept him clean. He played games and raced Indian ponies with the other boys and became an accurate marksman with bow and arrow. It was a life he might have preferred forever if Destiny had not nudged him off the Reservation.

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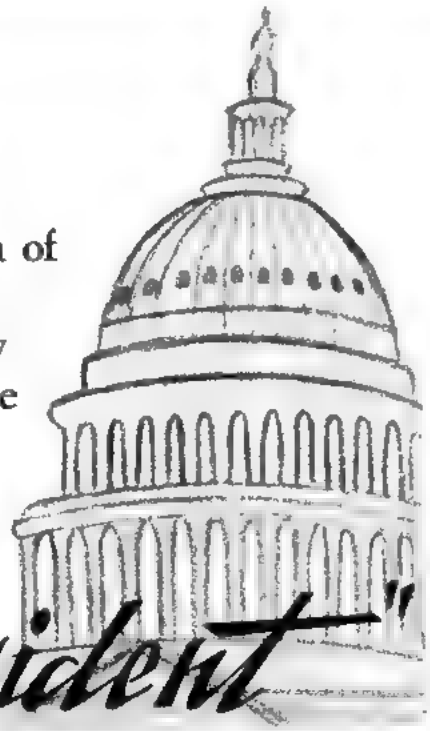
By JEAN EHLY

For four long years the son of an Indian woman was just a heartbeat away from the Presidency of the United States



Mr. President"

One day Charley and some playmates came upon some Kaw braves in warpaint crossing a creek. The Indians told the children they were going out to face the Cheyennes who had raided them earlier, and the boys were asked to spread the alarm.

The Kaw women and children gathered in a big barn at the Agency where they could see the Cheyennes under Little Robe circling on their horses in the distance. Shots were exchanged and the enemy failed to advance. Taking advantage of the stalemate, the Kaws decided to send for help.

Charley knew the road to Topeka since his grandparents lived there, and he could speak English. So this courageous nine-year-old boy said he would go for help. He slipped out of the barn at dusk to travel the fifty-seven miles to Topeka on foot and it must have been a lonely and fearful journey for even the most stout-hearted of youngsters. Charley arrived in Topeka the next day and his Grandmother Curtis prevailed upon him to remain. It spelled the end of his life as an Indian.

Charley, implementing the family fortune, became an Indian boy jockey and rode for the owner of Tilden, a famous Kansas race horse of that era. He rode in county fairs and always enjoyed telling this story of a race down in Texas that he was mighty happy to win.

The man for whom he was riding called him for final instructions. He was seated with a rifle on his knees.

"Son," he said, "the last dollar I have in the world is on this race. If you don't win, don't stop when you cross the finish line. Keep right on going!" Charley won!

Another time Charley's backer drove 700 head of cattle home as a result of Charley's skill on a mare, Brown Bess, which he raced against a Chocktaw Indian jockey.

The quarter-mile dash was the favorite form of racing as both pony and rider were keyed to high pitch. Once he was riding a horse, Headlight, at the Kansas City Fair with 30,000 people present, when a cry of "Bandits!" sent Charley to cover with his horse, lest it be taken by thieves. The three young robbers shot revolvers in the air and snatched the gate receipts of $6,000. Two of the bandits were reported to have been Jesse and Frank James and the third, one of the notorious Younger Brothers.

WHEN Charley was fourteen, he very nearly returned to the Reservation. His temptation to take the easy life challenged him in late 1874, when some Kaws, including Charley's Grandfather and Grandmother Pappan, stopped by Topeka en route to their newly assigned home in Oklahoma. The tribe had lost over half its number in a little over twenty years. The men persuaded Charley to go with them to the Territory and the youth, with a yearning for the carefree days of his Indian childhood, consented to join the Kaws once more.

On their first encampment outside of Topeka, Grandmother Pappan discussed Charley's future with him under the stars. For a long time they talked beside her wagon. She loved him and would like to keep him with her, she said, but her love was greater than that of self. She believed he should return to Topeka and devote himself to getting an education.

The boy, always cooperative and respectful with his elders, listened and, the next morning, packed his belongings in a sack and turned back toward Topeka. It was the beginning of a life of self-discipline and effort that would culminate in his holding the second highest office in the land. Grandmother Curtis welcomed him back, realizing the boy's potential, and he finished Common School in 1875.

Charley, to earn his way through school, did just about anything that came his way, selling popcorn in theaters, peddling newspapers, driving a hack.

He had given up racing. Some say it was because his Grandmother Curtis cautioned him on the folly of racing horses instead of studying books—others contend that he was getting too large and heavy for the profession.

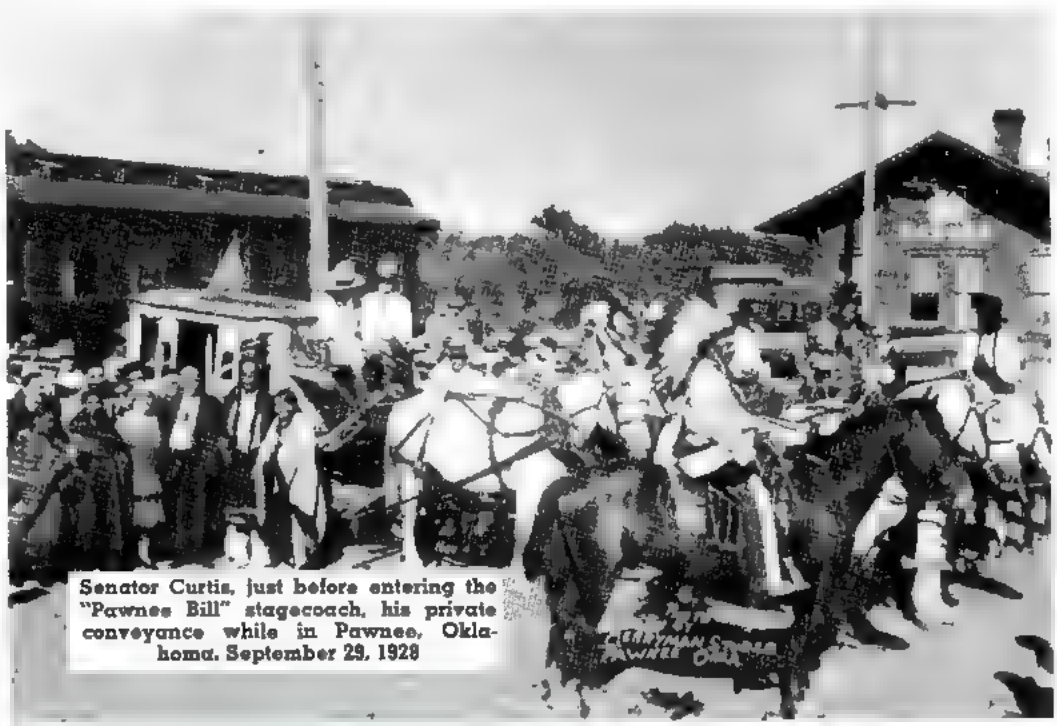
When he graduated from high school, Charley drove the hack until he went to work in the law office of A. H. Case, a respected lawyer in Topeka. He read law there, along with being a general flunky, and after two years of actual experience was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. Within three years he had begun making a name for himself in criminal law, had married, and had been elected county attorney.

Curtis' reputation as a smart legal mind sent him to Congress in 1893; in 1907 he went to the U. S. Senate. He became the first native-born Kansan to hold the office.

DURING the years Charley served in the Senate, he was always loyal to the cause of the Indians who often visited him in Washington and told him of their problems. He never failed to take them on a tour of the Capitol and to introduce them to the "Big Chief."

(Continued on page 58)

Courtesy author



Senator Curtis, just before entering the "Pawnee Bill" stagecoach, his private conveyance while in Pawnee, Oklahoma, September 29, 1928

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Mark OF THE

By GEORGE E. VIRGINES

The lawman's badge was made of anything from lowly tin to silver and gold. The important thing was the mettle of the man who wore it

Part of the author's badge collection which contains specimens dating from the 1880s to the present.

BESIDES having a knowledge of regulations and the law, the badge toters had to be well armed and have know-how. Their records speak for themselves. A peace officer's arsenal usually consisted of a Winchester rifle which was his saddle gun, and the sawed-off double barrel shotgun, which was perhaps the meanest gun of the Old West. It was the most feared weapon a man could carry. The lethal effect of the scatter gun at close range was devastating. A gunfighter usually thought twice before risking a showdown against a shotgun. Last but not least, invaribly a lawman's handgun would be the famed Colt Single Action Army revolver, the gun with many names—"Peacemaker," "hogleg," "six-shooter," ".45" and others. It was the best life insurance a lawman could carry on his hip.

One of the most significant mementoes of any lawman, aside from his personal gun, was his badge. They came in many shapes, forms and sizes, such as shields, stars or both. They were made from such material as tin or solid silver and

Frontier Times

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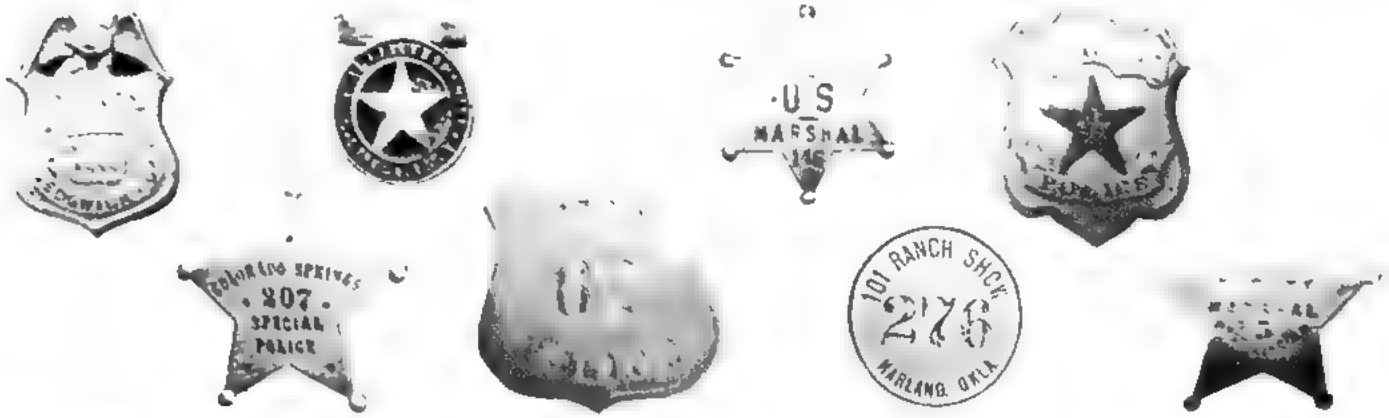

LAW

gold. But regardless of the material, this piece of metal represented an important part of our frontier history and identified the men who were known as the badge toters—up to the present day. In many police headquarters throughout the country the stars or shields, worn by policemen killed in the line of duty, are displayed in showcases. A badge is just a piece of metal with perhaps a number, rank, or city seal on it, but to policemen all over, who pause to look into the cases, the badges recall men they might have known.

One special badge was described in the Globe newspaper, May 6, 1884. This particular $40 badge was presented to City Marshal Bill Tilghman. It was solid gold and engraved on the face, "Wm. Tilghman. City Marshal," and on the reverse side, "Presented by your friends, May 2, 1884." He was a great lawman who was a credit to his profession.

Another and very significant badge that represents one of the most famous law enforcement agencies in the world, is that of the Texas Rangers. Their first badge was carved from a Mexican silver dollar. It was round with a five-pointed star in the center symbolizing the Lone Star State of Texas. The Ranger badge underwent changes, but in 1962 the Texas Rangers permanently adopted the original design.

Today badge collecting has become a very serious and interesting hobby. These collections vary in size from a few to thousands. Many have a story behind them. The champion collector is Monte Hale, Western movie and singing star who has over 7,000 badges in his collection. The gold ones alone are said to be worth $10,000.

Deputy Sheriff Joe Berume of Arizona, although with a much smaller collection, has some very interesting specimens that represent the legends and history of the Southwest. Among the famous badges in his collection is one that was worn by Lone Wolf Gonzales, famous Texas Ranger. Another from Tombstone, Arizona, dates back to the 1880s. This one is made from tin. Incidentally, very few old badges have a town name on them; most only say "Marshal," "Sheriff," "Deputy" and so on.

In my own collection, which numbers well over 200, I have several that I prize greatly. One is from the old mining town of Hamilton, Nevada. It is now just a ghost town, but it represents a very important era of our frontier. Another very plain and ordinary star has simply "Sheriff' inscribed across the front. This was once worn by Sheriff Bill Burns of Bandera, Texas. He was sheriff of Bandera for more years than any other person to hold that office. He figured in several shoot-outs and was instrumental in cleaning out the moonshiners in that country. His star is plain but it represents a man who was quite a personality.

(Continued on page 51)

A group of Perry, Oklahoma, citizens posed by the Palace Drug and Patterson's Jewelry Store. William Tilghman is fourth from left on the front row.

Photos courtesy author

LICENSE
ELECTRONIC

YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO YESTERDAY

By EMIL C. TANBERG

Photos Courtesy
William David MacBride

A sourdough "washes up" the morning of August 23, 1900

BEING of an adventurous nature, I had a strong desire to join the gold rush to the Klondike in 1898 but was prevented from doing so by duties that I had undertaken. In 1902 I saw my way clear and in company with my friend, Victor, set out for the gold fields. In Seattle we boarded the steamship *Bertha* for Valdez, which was the main point of entry to the interior of that part of Alaska.

This steamship used what is called the Inside Passage. We were rarely ever out of sight of land as we wound in and out between the mainland and the islands. For me this was a wonderful trip, but poor Vic was so seasick that he didn't care whether we floated or sank. On May 17, we landed at Valdez and were greeted by the remains of the seventy-eight-foot snowfall of the previous winter. There was considerable of it left; in fact, so much that when walking on the sidewalk on one side of the street we were unable to see people on the opposite side due to the pile of snow shoveled from sidewalks and buildings.

The northward trek of the mushers (an Indian word adopted and generally used by the whites to describe a man afoot with a pack on his back) had already started. After getting outfitted with a pack, blankets, and food, we joined them. Our destination was Slate Creek 235 miles north. The greater part of those starting out on this trek were "sourdoughs," with a sprinkling of "cheechakos." Sourdough and cheechako were terms commonly used in Alaska. Sourdough indicated an old-timer or one who was experienced on the trail. He derived his name from a small handful of sourdough that he had tied in the corner of his flour sack for baking purposes. A cheechako was a newcomer, or an inexperienced man. The hardships and dangers did not impress me so much as did the strange times of silence. One of these experiences took place in the mountains of Alaska.

The discovery of gold in the area of Slate Creek was made by a group of eight men who pooled their efforts and resources. Finding traces of color along the Copper River, they were intent on finding its source. They worked upstream to where the Chesna River entered the Copper and found that the gold came from this stream. Following up the Chesna and examining the streams which entered it, they continued until they came to where Slate Creek entered.

In the far north there is a silence that seems to get into a man's very soul. In that lifeless land it stalks the mountains and shrouds the canyons. No one who has heard it "talk" can ever forget . . .

Camped for dinner on a sand bar

A party of four went up this creek; three went up the Chesna to check it; and the eighth man, by the name of Miller, took the boat and went across the river to explore a small stream that they saw entering.

The men who went up Slate Creek found the source of the gold, and according to agreement, each one staked a claim. The agreement was that no one should stake more than one claim before all of the party had a chance to stake. After staking their claims, a man was sent down to notify the others of their success. Those who went up the Chesna were reached. They hurried back to stake. Miller, being on the other side of the stream, and having the boat, could not be reached, so a note was scribbled informing him of their good luck and left where it would be seen upon his return.

When Miller arrived at Slate Creek, all of the gold-bearing ground along the creek had been staked and he was seemingly out of luck. He decided to locate his claim above the others in what later became known as Miller's Gulch. Miller's claim became more valuable than all of the other seven put together because as the gold had been washed from the mountainside into this gulch, it left the coarser gold there while the finer stuff was washed down to the claims staked by his companions.

SLATE CREEK was in the mountains well above the timber line. Even the firewood had to be transported by dog sled many miles. It was a bleak place as far as vegetation was concerned. The only wood-producing plant was a little bush which grew a few inches high and had a stem the size of a pencil. The roots of this plant were about as thick as a man's thumb and no larger than the stem above-ground. These bushes and their roots were gathered and dug for firewood, but there were not enough to go very far.

There was one peculiarity that we had not expected—the profusion of flowers that grew in this barren place. A snowslide of the previous winter had piled up snow so deep that one summer's thawing could not remove it, but its edges gradually retreated and as they did, the brave little plants advanced and took over the ground abandoned by the snow. It was but a few days till they raised their colors, which were the most delicate and beautiful I had ever beheld.

The working season here was short, as placer mining could not go on after the ground and water froze. The season this year was about seventy-five days, after which a majority of the miners started back to the coast. A few who had provisions stayed in for prospecting or trapping. My friend Vic was one of these. When two partners and I prepared to depart, we left all possible provisions, blankets and so on with those who stayed. They would be sorely needed by spring.

We had a choice of two ways to get to the main trail. The longer and easier one was to follow the creek down to the river, then the river down to the trail. The shorter and harder one was to cross over the mountain. This was the one we chose. Our ascent was started in the early morning and our attention was so focused on the climb that we paid little or no attention to the view or to the

(Continued on page 64)

Schwabacher Wharf in Seattle, Washington—1898. Berths on boats to Alaska were at a premium. Three-berth staterooms were often occupied by nine people sleeping in eight-hour shifts.

TREASURE

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Hell Raisers On The Payette Canal

(Continued from page 30)

but he roared and strutted about.

"I'll follow up and kill them skunks if it takes a lifetime or my name ain't Cole Younger!"

I pondered about that name. I had read plenty about Jesse and Frank James and the Younger Brothers holding up trains and banks. But that had happened twenty years before. I decided this man must be a relative of the Youngers, or an outlaw who had stolen the notorious name of Cole Younger, the Missouri bandit.

He settled up at the commissary and the next morning one of Pete's horses and the old corral saddle were missing. The loser in love was the suspected horse thief. Word was sent to the deputy sheriff at Falk's Store. He claimed to have noised the incident about pretty well, but there was no wire service except along the railroad lines and no more was heard about the incident. It was a severe loss to Pete. He was given a company horse to use in making up a team.

NEWS was afloat about the sports and hell-roaring times down at Falk's Store every Saturday night. Some of us boys were curious. Norway told me, "If you like to see trouble, fights, and all dat rough stuff, dar is plenty of it down dar. Bote of de camps come down and som'times raise a leetle hell dar."

That was Norway's version of it, as he and Pete were riding in from work. (Of late he had hovered around our caravan boys, having discovered most of them were of Scandinavian descent.)

"What do you say, Al? We've been around this dump for weeks now. Let's see some fun for a change," Pete suggested.

"That's a good idea, Pete, I'll go you on it."

"Vel, Pete," Norway cautioned, "maybe you run into de Gang down dar. De ben runnin' tings purty much, de say. You haf had a bad time vid dat Irishman, Paddy Kelly. Maybe you meet him dar."

"Yes, Norway, he has pushed me around some. If he keeps at it, I'll have to do something, I guess. I don't like trouble."

"You tak too much from 'em. Dat Gang tink de run de vorld."

"Yes, they act like a tough bunch to tangle with."

"Oh, de are not so many. I haf seen dem kind in de seaports, and de loggin' camps in Norway. I not 'fraid."

Pete and I walked the two miles over to the Store. We were not looking for a drinking spree, just out seeing the sights.

Both of the canal camps were well represented; a strong feeling of rivalry was in the air. At the first saloon we entered, we soon discovered some kind of plot in progress. Norway was already there; he sat against the wall smoking his pipe. A strongly-built young man with a .45 at his side (a deputy sheriff, they said he was), he was framing something in the way of sport.

He went over to the bar, "Let's have your gloves now, bartender, so we can have things going when they come."

"Okay, Officer, they're brand new six-ounce gloves. Take care of 'em."

"We'll do that. This is a new man—Mike Galleger, Nebraska." The bartender acknowledged the introduction.

"They tell me he's seen a few gloves before," the deputy said. (Mike was the 160-pound champ of Nebraska.) "He's here looking for a friend in the upper camp."

We guessed that the sheriff was going to exploit Mike's wares on the Gang from Camp Two. He put a pair of gloves on the pugilist, then turning to the crowd, said, "Would any of you boys care to try this man out a bit? Here, big boy, you put 'em on with him."

"Not on your life," said Pete. "Al, you put 'em on with him; you've been boxing quite a bit."

"Nothing doing," I said.

Pete and I both knew this was not the time or place to display our talents in the fistic line. We were suspicious of the heavy-set, barrel-chested man from Nebraska.

"Well, I'll have to put 'em on myself, then. We got to get things going." So the sheriff put on the gloves.

He and Mike squared off and made a few friendly passes; they had to get things moving. The Gang and its followers were coming up the street singing *The Hat Me Father Wore*. The fake contest was on as they broke through the door.

"Oh, gloves! boxing! Let me put 'em on with that guy, sheriff! Fighting is my line!" yelled big Boots Sullivan.

"Okay, Boots, he's your baby. Take 'im if you can."

"Oh, Boots kin take 'im," Paddy bragged. "Ten dollars on Boots, want to bet?" He paraded around the room challenging for bets. No takers.

Soon the sheriff had the gloves on the big fellow. Paddy was still calling loudly for bets, as they squared off and began the fight. Boots pushed the fight from the start—he meant to finish him early.

Mike made but few passes but maneuvered his opponent into a position directly in line with the open door. Then it came—a cat-like spring, with all his weight back of it. Mike's left glove found the mouth, knocking his head back; then landed a terrific right on the chin. Boots went through the door, sliding on his back in the dust of the street.

Turning quickly, a right jolt put Paddy into a corner. Mike looked around for others of the Gang—they were gone—vanished through the most available exits, and now in the street with Boots. Norway continued to sit, unperturbed, smoking his pipe.

Mike's one-two was lightning fast, impact and climax terrific! The crowd was aghast. Nothing like it had ever been seen before! The sheriff was laughing heartily as he called from the door, "Well, boys, come back in and be sociable. I want you to meet my friend." The Gang sheepishly struggled back in.

To save face Boots said, "Up to the bar, boys, drinks on me."

"Okay, Boots," the sheriff agreed, "but before we drink I want you to meet Mike Galleger from Nebraska. He's on his way to Butte to meet the Montana champ in a few weeks. He just stopped off here to see a friend. Boots, this is Mike."

"Pleased to meet you," Boots replied, shaking hands. "You're really a scrapper. But by G— I wish you hadn't stopped off here. I guess everything goes, though, with another Irishman."

Mike smiled, nodded, but said little. They were busy with their drinks. A messenger appeared at the door.

"Is Mike Galleger here? I have a message for him."

"Yes, he's here. Come in and have a drink," invited the sheriff.

"I'm Mike Galleger. What's the trouble?"

(Continued on page 40)

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Bonanza at Six Bit Ranch

Photos courtesy author

Henry wasn't a miser—he just had a wife who didn't share his ideas on thrift. Chances are he buried his gold where a fastidious lady would never look—right under the pig pen!

By ROBERT P. NASH

Above left. Stage Coach House, built in 1878 and still going strong. Above is a part of Six Bit Ranch. "Xs" indicate where barns once stood and the dotted line indicates the path made by Smith's burros.

ONE MILE north of Wolf Creek, Oregon, on Highway 5, lies the golden hoard of the late Henry Smith. Estimated at more than $100,000 in gold coins, this treasure has never been found.

It lies in a strongbox, and is supposed to be buried on the Six Bit Ranch originally owned by Smith. This ranch now belongs to Pat Hastings of Wolf Creek, and permission to search may be had by just asking him.

Several people, including myself, have searched for this treasure, but time and limited funds brought my search to an end. So far, no one seems to come up with the right answers.

Henry Smith came to Wolf Creek in 1844 with his wife, Phoebe, and stepdaughter, Zelma. There they built the Stage Coach House, the General Store and, later on, a lumber mill. The Stage Coach House was well known from Portland to San Francisco, California. It had a large dining room, and sixteen bedrooms were located upstairs. Henry was a teetotaler, and no liquor was permitted in his hotel. Both the General Store and Stage Coach House were so well built, both places are still doing business today.

Henry bought land cheap and sold high to the early settlers who were just arriving from the East. He bought gold from the miners, and also financed various projects. His business interests finally became so great that Henry was forced to send to Eugene, Oregon, for a business manager, a Mr. Nelson, who from then on, managed most of Henry's affairs.

In 1856, Phoebe died and was buried in the Smith plot at the Wolf Creek Cemetery. She was quite a young woman, only thirty-five years of age. After his wife's death, Henry's main interest was the Six Bit Ranch and his store. His hobbies seemed to be raising hogs and cattle, and accumulating gold coins.

A few years later, Henry decided to marry again, and this time for the worse, or so it seems, as the second Mrs. Smith was quite a spendthrift. Henry finally decided he needed a hiding place for his gold. He went to Grants Pass, Oregon, and bought two strongboxes. One was to keep his personal papers in, and the other, to keep his gold in; the latter box he buried.

ABOUT this time, Henry had a very good and close friend, a Mr. Joe Dysert, of Wolf Creek. Joe was a prospector, and was noted in that territory as one of the best. He was also a contractor for water ditches which ran for many miles around the mountains, and enabled the gold mines and placer mines to operate.

Joe Dysert had just received a contract from the owners of the famous Greenback mines to build a water ditch to their mine. This ditch was to cost around $75,000. Not having the capital to proceed, Joe went to see his old friend, Henry, having borrowed $35,000 before, which he had repaid in full. Henry assured Joe that he had $100,000 on hand, and that he could borrow any amount he needed.

While Joe was busy surveying the Greenback water ditch, and getting a crew of men together, Henry became very ill and was taken to the hospital at Grants Pass. His illness took a turn for the worse, and a hurried call was put through to Wolf Creek for Joe Dysert to come at once to the hospital at his friend's request.

Before Joe could be located and informed of this turn of events, Henry Smith died. Joe arrived at the hospital the following morning, and the doctor told Joe that Henry had called for him all night, and refused to see anyone else.

Joe Dysert has passed away, but his grandson, Hap Fitzpatrick, who now operates a large placer claim on Coyote Creek, Oregon, a short distance from Wolf Creek, says that someday when he has the time, he, himself, may make a search for this treasure.

It is an interesting sidelight that the Grants Pass *Courier* printed an item in their newspaper March 14, 1892, stating, "Mrs. Henry Smith of Wolf Creek, was in town today to settle her late husband's estate, which amounted to $68,000 in real estate, and very little cash."

A friend of Hap Fitzpatrick, Hank Speaker of Wolf Creek, who also operates a large placer mine on Starvout Creek, Oregon, took time one summer to make a short search for Henry's gold. Hank took his caterpillar and pushed the dirt around where the old Six Bit barns once stood, but gave up as he was too busy on other projects.

While visiting with Hap one cold night on his placer claim, he told me that the Greenback water ditch, which Henry Smith failed to finance, due to his death, and which was later financed by a large wholesale grocery firm in Portland, paid a water pail of gold from the Green-

(Continued on page 50)

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Hell Raisers On The Payette Canal

(Continued from page 38)

"I have the boss' team and buckboard out here and your ticket for Butte via Pocatello; you're to be there without delay."

"Where do I catch the train?"

"I'll have you at the Payette Station in the morning at 9 o'clock."

Mike began shaking hands and saying goodbye. They all wished him good luck. The prevailing remarks were: "Mike, we're sorry to see you leave. But punch the gizzard out of 'im! We know ye can do it."

"Thanks, boys, I'll do me best. I'll be thinking of ye. Be sure and get the big ditch finished before winter."

Waving from the doorway Mike was gone. The sheriff saw him out to the rig. There was another round of beer, only the Gang participating.

A ROUGH-LOOKING man approached the bar, evidently drunk. He mumbled something to Paddy. Like a flash Paddy swung a right smash to his face. He fell straight backward, like an inanimate thing, hitting the floor with a thud. He lay quiet. Everyone looked on in horror, it was so unexpected. Paddy stood at the bar with a gleeful grin, proud of his fistic display.

"Let's put him outside, boys. He'll probably be all right when he sleeps awhile," said the bartender. The man was dragged out back of the building.

"Ye were a bit hard on the man, Paddy. He was just a drunk," chided Boots in a soft, patronizing way. Paddy kept his exultant, evil smile.

"Yes, it was a cowardly trick, Paddy. The man was drunk," yelled a man in the crowd, who wished more to be heard than seen. He was standing in the background near Pete. This attracted the attention of the Gang—they saw Pete.

"There's Reuben, the cub, over there, Paddy! His mither has turned 'im loose," exclaimed Boots in high humor.

"Ho, ho, Rube, me boy, have a drink!" It was spoken in loud, sarcastic tones by Paddy Kelly.

"Thanks, Paddy, but I don't often drink. And when I do, it's with friends," Pete replied coldly. At the same time he stepped forward a pace, feeling himself in for trouble.

"Oh, I get it. Bring the milk bottle, boys. Rube comes from down Utah way —the Poultice Route!" (Because of milk and bread served to tramps, Utah was called the Poultice Route.)

At this point, Norway, putting his pipe away and wiping his mouth, strode to the center of the floor. Norway was known and respected by the sheriff.

"Sheriff and Yentleman: Paddy has pushed dis boy around up at de camp, now let dem settle it—no von bodder dem." The crowd was surprised, taken aback by the new situation.

"Like Norway says, guess nobody is objecting to a good fight—let them proceed," said the sheriff, taking over.

"It'll have to be rough and tumble, no holds barred." That brought the house alive. "Let 'em fight—give 'em room!" yelled the boys lustily.

Pete didn't want to fight—now he had to. He was known only to a few of the crowd present; everybody knew Paddy Kelly, a 175-pound hunk of pure viciousness

Pete was slightly pale as he handed me his hat and tightened his belt. His mouth wore a grim determined expression. Norway whispered to him, "Look out dat he don't foul you."

Pete had studied such a possibility, in the event of trouble with any of these rough men. He was alert, watching every move of his opponent.

Glaring at each other, they were quickly in fighting stance. Paddy, feinting, led with a terrific jab to the stomach. Pete bowed back slightly and countered with a right fist to the neck which nearly floored Paddy.

Paddy straightened up, feinted, then came up with a vicious kick to the groin. Pete was expecting that one, the most deadly foul of all. It didn't land well, but angered Pete. He tore in with lefts and rights—giving no chance for kicks. Pete's ability with his big fists became apparent; they pummelled and mauled about.

Paddy was soon winded. He was on the floor twice. By all the rules of roughhouse fighting, Pete should have jumped onto his face with his big shoes and kicked his opponent in the head, ribs, anywhere—to finish him. Pete scorned to take such inhuman advantage.

Finally, in a clinch, he got a vice-like grip on Paddy's throat. Held tightly against the bar, Paddy could not squirm or kick himself free. Pete, with his right hand, was making short work of him, punishing Paddy's face severely. The end was near when the sheriff grabbed Pete's arm.

"That's enough, boys! You've both had plenty. You've given us a good show. It's time to go home now."

Norway had been policing the fight to see that there was a fair deal for Pete, with no interference.

"Who is this foreign s-o-b who's had so much to say about the fight?" savagely inquired one of the Gang.

"Oh, dat be me, I guess you mean," Norway said quickly. "I been here any time you vont to find me." Another battle was fast shaping up.

The sheriff broke out strongly. "No more fighting tonight, boys. We've seen enough." The sheriff's word was law. They had great respect for him; he had a fighting record on his own account. A great evening!

"Hold everything!" a member of the Gang called out. "This has been too damn one-sided. Boots and Paddy have taken a helluva lot of tripe here tonight. I'll bet $25 that Boots or Paddy can lick that kid here next Saturday night. Who wants to bet?"

"Paddy is me friend," Boots spoke up. "I'll take that cub off his hands; we're about the same weight. I'll put me own cash on the deal."

The sheriff once more took over. "If a settlement here next Saturday night is what's wanted, okay by me. These two men will make a good fight. Anyone want to call these bets on Sullivan?"

There was silence for a moment, then Norway put in a word, "I vill call all de money de Gang kin put up." He knew the Gang were spenders and had but little money. He had savings.

"Yes, you would, you foreign bum!" This from the Gang member who before had challenged him!

"Dar should be a prize for de winner." Turning to his tormentor and pointing a finger at him Norway exploded, "I vill fight you for noddings, any time, any var!" The men began to square off.

But the sheriff broke out, "No more of it, I tell you. Do you hear? No more fighting tonight! Now, let's get this thing straight. Boots Sullivan and Pete, the Kid, will fight here next Saturday night with six-ounce gloves. During the

(Continued on page 44)

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DRY SPELL on the ST. REGIS

It takes more than a $20 bet to keep a lumberjack "dry" from July 4th to Labor Day

By GARRETT B. HOLLOWAY

DURING the spring of 1914, having finished a year of college, I decided that I would secure a business position. However, after spending several weeks looking for an opportunity, I found that employers, to a man, were visibly unimpressed by my qualifications and, disgusted by their lack of discernment, I took to the road, spending several days in the Kansas wheat fields, a short time on a Colorado cattle ranch and, gradually moving to the northwest, by late June was at Taft, Montana, where a small lumber mill was then in operation on the St. Regis River.

The plant was typical of many then in that section. The mill had something like a dozen employees with perhaps the same number in the woods crew obtaining logs. Living quarters consisted of a couple of bunkhouses accommodating most of the men, and a few small houses where some married couples lived. There was a cookhouse for the bunkhouse residents, presided over by a Montanan of French descent, of whom the state had a large colony not far away.

I do not believe that I ever knew the real name of any one person, except the owner of the operation. The others went by such titles as Big George, Wobbly Bill (so-called because of his adherence to the Wobblies, or Industrial Workers of the World, as some of its members preferred the organization to be identified), Little Chuck, Black Jack and Ozark Sam. There was also a slender teamster called the Peerless Kid, a term which had no relation to his status but merely denoted that he was in the habit of continually chewing a cud of Peerless tobacco. For myself, on my first day someone immediately christened me "Blondie." Since the comic strip of that name had never been heard of, the name was not meant to imply that I was effeminate.

During my stay, Black Jack and Ozark Sam engaged in a bet which at the time seemed to me completely fantastic. Black Jack was in the woods crew on some job whose title meant nothing to me. As for Ozark Sam he was what was called a "sawdust monkey," that is, he placed a wheelbarrow under a chute leading from the saw and, when it was full, pushed it over a plank trail leading far away where he dumped the sawdust. It was a hard job. Once I heard him say, "I'm keepin' a team of horses and wagon out of a job."

Shortly after my arrival at the camp, which was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the Taft Hotel and a few other buildings comprising the settlement, the plant shut down for a few days around the Fourth of July and most of the men took the train over the mountains to Wallace, Idaho, to enjoy a few days of its saloons and "cribs." I was in no financial position to leave camp and with a few others remained there, sometimes wandering along the river, or reading for at least the tenth time a copy of *David Copperfield*, which was the only book I carried with me.

AT THE END of the holiday, Black Jack and Ozark Sam entered the bunkhouse, each in a deplorable condition, with black eyes and scratched faces. It was obvious from the manner in which they held their heads when they seated themselves on the bench beside their bunks, that they were suffering from the aftermath of a too liberal patronage of Wallace's saloons. Neither said anything for a long time, then Jack spoke.

"Ain't we a couple of damned fools, Sam?" he inquired.

"We sure are," Sam agreed, "spending every cent we've made for weeks, then back here with nothing to show for it but a headache."

"Well, why don't you two guys swear off if that's the way you feel?" Wobbly Bill inquired.

"Now you've said something," Jack agreed. "I'll do it if Sam will."

"How about a bet on it?" Sam asked. "First one to take a drink before Labor Day has to hand over a $20 gold piece."

"It's a bet," Jack said.

At that time gold coins were as easily obtainable in that section as the silver dollars which dazzle the tourists these days.

Wobbly Bill shook his head in disbelief but made no comment, although he later confided to me that he considered the likelihood of a long dry spell to be infinitesimal. However, it began to seem that he was wrong.

When the men left the bunkhouses late on Saturdays and walked hastily to the Taft Hotel, Jack and Sam stubbornly placed themselves at a table with a cribbage board between them and said nothing during the evening more convivial than such phrases as "Fifteen two," "Twenty with a pair," "Go," and the other terms common to the game. This weekend routine continued through most of July.

Courtesy author

Taft Hotel in the early '30s

One Sunday evening, at the hour when life at the Taft Hotel was usually approaching its height, Black Jack started shaving the dark stubble from his face (from which stubble he had evidently acquired his name).

"What are you up to?" Sam inquired.

"Just thought I'd go down to Taft and look around," Jack answered.

"Guess I'll go along and see if I have $20 coming," Sam remarked, a trace of belligerence in his voice.

"Oh, nothing like that," protested Jack. "I'm just a little tired of staying in the bunkhouse all the time."

I did not observe the events which followed but they were soon the talk of the entire camp and I am sure that I can relate them as accurately as if I had spent the entire evening in the barroom at Taft.

WHEN the two reached the hotel, there was the usual line standing at the bar. At the opposite end of the room was a small table carrying a cribbage board. Black Jack made his way to it, pulled a deck of cards from the pocket of his red Mackinaw, and motioned to Ozark Sam to join him. They played listlessly for a time, with an occasional furtive glance at the crowd at the bar who seemed to be whooping it up somewhat in the manner of Robert W. Service's characters in the Malamute Saloon shortly before the shooting of Dan McGrew.

Jack and Sam did not notice Wobbly Bill whisper an order to the bartender—did not notice him, in fact, until he stood beside their table, a glass of whiskey in each hand. He held one out to Jack.

(Continued on page 60)

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NUGGETS

THE TOWN BUILDER

By Mary E. Allen

THE TURN of the century was still a time when a man with farsighted dreams could turn them into reality as long as he was willing to "put his shoulder to the riggin' an' give a mighty shove." And if he had the perseverance and money to back him, he could even build a town.

C. W. Post was one of these newfangled pioneers—not one of the gun-toting, pistol-popping town blazers of the "Wild West" days, but a man who left his mark on the Panhandle of Texas through his concern for his fellow men and his consequent humanitarian efforts.

After founding General Foods Corporation, in Battle Creek, Michigan, and making the first of his millions, Post turned to his old dream of owning a town in Texas and making it possible for more farmers to settle on the Texas plains.

He bought three ranches in 1906, totaling some 300 square miles of ranch land for $700,000. They were located in what is now known as Garza County. Then he sent his agent about surveying the purchase.

Puzzlement ran rampant among native Texans, and one cowhand asked the agent, "What on earth is he going to do with all this land?"

"Why, plow it up and plant Grape Nuts," came the reply, so the story goes.

Originally, the cereal magnate planned to sell this land to farmers in parcels of 80 to 160 acres. This necessitated a county seat with county government to register the deeds, so the breakfast food king built the town of Post to accommodate this need and fulfill his dream.

After discovering that law required a county seat to be within a certain distance of the center of a county, Post had to abandon his original townsite of Close City, which had progressed no further than the tent stage, and choose the present location of Post City, at the foot of the Caprock plateau—that high level stretch of prairie comprising the major portion of the Panhandle.

By hauling lumber from Fort Worth, stone from a quarry on the Caprock, and hiring a Scottish stonemason, Post and fellow businessmen and homesteaders erected enough buildings to open the town for business on July 4, 1907, with a slam-bang celebration. A barbecue was held, and some 2,000 people were reported to have consumed quantities of beef, and danced the clock around.

The town, at that time, consisted of a half-completed block of stores and offices, known as the Double U Block, a small building with a bell tower for alarms, and a cottage for Post and his friends.

Sale of farm lands wasn't too profitable since Post wanted $30 an acre for land that had cost him $3.50. The first year he sold only three farms. But eventually, by extending long term credit, he enabled many settlers to become Texas landholders.

Keeping his promise to put the newly established town on the railroad, Post, according to associates, persuaded the Santa Fe, with the inducement of $50,000, to extend their line to Post City from Lubbock. On November 18, 1910, the last track was laid, bringing the now growing town of Post into rail contact with other towns on the Caprock and stimulating agriculture in the Post area.

To further entice farming settlers to the region, Post established a cotton gin in 1911 and built the Postex Cotton Mills the next year, this latter venture costing him $650,000.

REPEATED droughts were a constant plague to agriculture, the land often getting so dry farmers had difficulty breaking it with a plow. But Nature's obstacles didn't daunt the cereal king and city-founder. When cotton farming was drastically hit in the summer of 1912 and Post's newly built cotton gin seemed doomed to failure from lack of business, this enterprising fellow decided to make rain with dynamite.

Deafening booms, followed by clouds of dust, constantly startled visitors to Post City that summer. Settlers grinned and took it in their stride as they explained that "ole C. W. was jus' tryin' ta make ah mite o' rain."

These rain battles, as the experiments to draw moisture from the clouds were called, took place when the humidity was around seventy-five per cent and there was little or no wind. At these times, shots of dynamite were fired at each of fifteen stations west of town, in attempts to force the humidity near the surface to higher altitudes where it supposedly would condense to produce rainfall.

Of the thirteen noisy, dusty battles launched during 1912 and 1913, seven resulted in rain. Since the tests were abandoned with Post's death in 1914, their positive value was not conclusive and no one has determined whether or not this "Rain King" made any lasting contribution to science.

Post speculated at drilling for oil, but abandoned the venture at 2,500 feet, just 600 feet above the Garza Field that came in on his property twenty years later.

Among Post's social ideas was the attempt to study mental illness among farmers' wives, which he felt was caused by the loneliness of life on the plains. Therefore, he advocated building the farm houses in a group, and actually set up a model with houses on each corner of a crossroad. But for practical farming reasons this did not work out, and the houses were moved farther apart.

When C. W. Post died, at the age of

Gateway to Post City, looking east into the new town. 1907.

Courtesy author

60, Post City lost not only a revered citizen but also a unique western pioneer-humanitarian, lover of man and art, and dreamer of dreams which he turned into reality through hard work and determination.

Folks predicted his town wouldn't survive its first years, but today, Post City is a bustling town of nearly 5,000, and one of the most promising textile and oil centers of its size in Texas.

THE COURT THAT NEVER ADJOURNED

By Virgil L. Kellogg

THE SMALL courtroom was in an uproar—filled with shouting, fist waving men. Some of them were rough, bearded miners, some of them well dressed townspeople—but all of them were shocked and angry after hearing the sentence just handed down by the circuit judge.

The sentence pronounced was for five to eight years in the state penitentiary. The crime was murder and, to say the least, the sentence was an unpopular one except, of course, to the defendant, a local man by the name of Hoover.

Colorado Territory in 1880 was just getting used to statehood. Fairplay, its origin that of a typical gold rush camp, had also settled down somewhat, and a few dwellings and stores had been established. One of these more permanent places of business was the general store with an adjacent saloon, run by John J. Hoover.

Hoover had the reputation of a man who did pretty well as he pleased, and was entirely self-sufficient. These are desirable traits for one who lives in any frontier town—but in Hoover's case, they had led to commission of murder.

Fairplay was irrigated by water brought down into the settled area by means of open ditches or flumes. One of these open ditches ran close by the back of Hoover's store and saloon, and we are told that it became his custom to clean and empty the brass cuspidors used in his place of business into this stream of water. Some of the townsfolk objected to the smell and debris occasioned by this practice, and the town marshal had several talks with John about it, but apparently to little avail.

Hoover's disregard of the marshal's orders caused a growing bitterness between the two, with the result that on an evening early in April of 1880, a flurry of shots outside Hoover's saloon ended in the death of the marshal. Local citizens called it murder, and Hoover was immediately confined in the jail, then located in the basement of the local courthouse.

WHILE John Hoover languished in the cool basement, awaiting the arrival of the circuit riding judge, the people of Fairplay hashed over the circumstances of the shooting and became convinced that it had been a case of premeditated and cold-blooded murder. Most of them took it for granted that the prisoner would get short shrift and be given the death penalty—or, at least, a life sentence.

However, at the end of a brief trial, and for reasons unknown at this late date, when the jury of six good men and true rendered a verdict of guilty, the judge pondered but a little while and then passed the comparatively lenient sentence of five to eight years at hard labor.

This mild punishment did not set well with the crowd in the courtroom, and they lost no time in letting the judge and the prosecutor know how they felt about the matter. Nevertheless, court was adjourned, and the prisoner taken back to his basement cell to await the trip to the penitentiary.

There was to have been another session of court the next day, but it is a matter of history that the morning meeting became known as "The Court That Never Adjourned."

It was a bright and sunny morning. The judge had eaten a hearty breakfast, and sauntered slowly toward the courthouse. He was enjoying the crisp April air—his mind at ease. All was well.

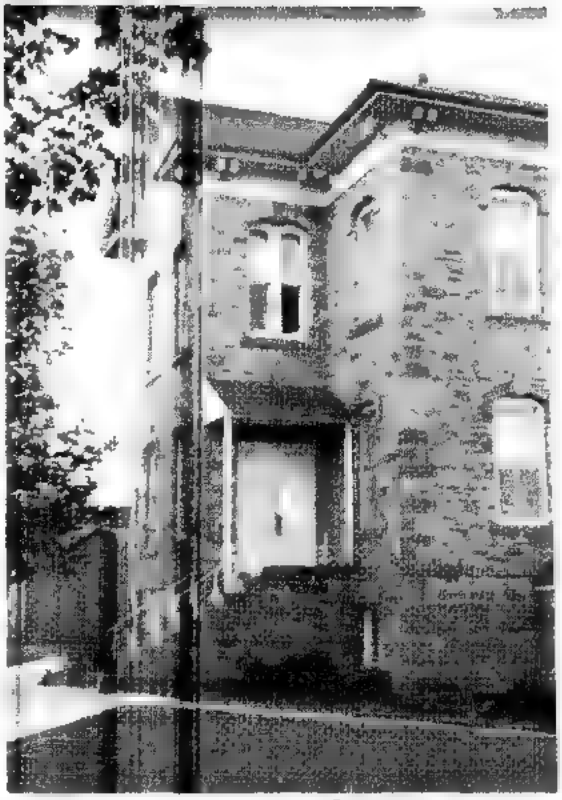
All was well, that is, until the judge turned from the main walk to go up the steps leading into the courthouse. In mid-stride he halted, his face white and, in confusion and uncertainty, he sidled past the body of John Hoover, which was swinging slowly to and fro on a rope stretched over a beam thrusting out of the window of the courtroom, just above the steps of the entrance.

Sometime during the night a group of "unknown persons" had seized the night jailer, unlocked the basement room where the prisoner was confined, removed a rafter from overhead, and in the matter of a few tense minutes had administered "Lynch Law."

The judge hurried on into the courtroom, but his stay there was brief. Going to his desk, he saw coiled neatly on top of the scarred surface another rope formed into a noose at the end. On top of the noose lay a penciled note—"For the Judge." On a smaller desk nearby, used by the prosecutor, a similar rope lay coiled with a like note—"For the Prosecutor."

We are told that neither the judge nor the prosecutor wasted any time but made all haste to the local station—there to anxiously await the first transportation to Denver or other parts.

At any rate, neither of them ever came back to Fairplay and it is a matter of history that the court was never adjourned! Frontier justice had been done by persons unknown, and the case was closed.



Courtesy author

The old stone court house at Fairplay, Colorado. "X" marks the window of "the court that never adjourned."

AGNES YELLOW ROBE

By A. Liberator

MRS. AGNES YELLOW ROBE, a Sioux Indian who is in her younglike eighties, is one of those few living survivors of the rugged and trying times when men measured up as men and the women were thankfully proud of it.

Today, a few miles east of the present Cherry County Seat town of Valentine, Nebraska, lies old Fort Niobrara, now a National Wildlife Refuge, replete with the symbolic remnants of the Old West such as buffalo, prairie dogs, elk, deer, antelope and Longhorn cattle. It is surrounded with bluffs, canyons, river brakes, flats, and rugged hills yet unchanged by time.

Fort Niobrara was established in the spring of 1880, having Cavalry and Infantry units for the protection of settlers in that area. It was an era still somewhat unsettled and hostile. At old Fort Niobrara, Agnes Yellow Robe was born in 1883. In the ensuing years Agnes Yellow Robe left the fort and moved into Valentine, and for years was a cook and housekeeper for a Doctor Compton.

As was the rule by Government treaty in those days, every Indian child born

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Agnes Yellow Robe

Courtesy Valentine Newspaper

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Busy day on the streets of Emmett, Idaho—date unknown. Courtesy Idaho Historical Society.

Hell Raisers On The Payette Canal

(Continued from page 40)

week a prize-purse will be collected in both camps. One-half of the money won on the bets will be added to the purse. Winner take all." The sheriff had been thinking fast.

"Is this clear?" he continued. "The bartender here will make a record of all the betting. So make your betting arrangements with him. The record and the money will be in his custody and kept back of the bar."

A great evening ended with another one in sight for next Saturday night. The barkeeper was busy. He produced a strong pouch and a record book. Business in making bets was brisk. Boots, older, heavier, seemed to be the favorite. Odds were given on him.

DURING the week there was great interest in raising the purse for the coming battle. Bets, with odds on Boots, were going on all over the place. Nick Nielsen worked quietly, saying little, but always ready; when Boots' admirers were clamoring for two-to-one bets on their idol, he snapped up all such odds on the spot.

Norway also was busy. The place for depositing his money was changing. The secret places for carrying his money on his person were opened in favor of the long purse back of the bar at Falk's Store. Intense pressure was on; good attendance at the fight was assured.

Work was stopped thirty minutes early that Saturday night and we had just eaten supper preparing to leave for the store. A man approached Norway, Pete and me in a friendly manner. He had been drinking.

"Say, boys, have a snort with me before we leave. I have some good whiskey here. It will sharpen us up a bit before the fight."

"To hell vid de viskey, pardner. Ve don't drink." At that we walked away, Norway leading, heading for Nick's outfit which was about ready to leave.

"Dat skunk dink he kan dope us before de fight."

"Was that his game, do you think?" inquired Pete.

"Sure, dat be ol' stuff!"

Pete had a few things to learn.

Nick's outfit was loaded with Pete's fans. On arrival at the store the sun was just going down. The fight had to be pulled off before dark. The bustling sheriff had been busy and everything seemed in readiness. A piece of ground by the side of the saloon had been smoothed off and a twenty-foot square ring erected by firmly planting four posts with a rope tightly stretched between them.

Boots and his retinue had already arrived. He was surrounded by his well-wishers. Many ranchers, traveling long distances, were on hand with their hired men. They had created gallery positions by removing the horses and placing their rigs about the ring, twenty feet back.

The barkeeper was busy recording bets; his assistant was busy serving the drinks. Both pouches back of the bar were filling up. There was talk among the fans; two of them were talking back of me.

"I think Boots looked bad with that pugilist here a week ago. He was awkward, lasted no time at all."

"He was too doggone drunk that night. It'll be a different story this time. He'll knock that kid out of the ring, if he lands at all."

"I don't know about that. The kid is purty fast. Look at his big paws. He can use 'em too—has a great punch. He's strong and tough; he don't drink, they say."

"Yes, Boots is a booze-guzzler, but he's bigger. He's been in a lot of fights and knows the game. If he ever lands, it'll be curtains for the kid."

"That's it, I don't think he can hit 'im. He's too slow. Paddy couldn't take im; he's faster than Boots. If the sheriff hadn't stopped the fight, he'd a-killed Paddy!"

SO the argument went while they were putting on the gloves. The men were now bare to their waists, ready to go. They were both fine specimens of physical manhood—Boots the heavier by about ten pounds. It was understood the fight would go on until stopped by the sheriff—no rest periods. The sheriff would decide the winner.

Everything now ready, he stepped to the center of the ring and announced, "Attention, please! We have two young men here who will put on a fair, decent fight. A sizable prize and purse is up, winner take all. On my left is a boy from down Utah way: the Kid, Pete Ericksen. Give him a hand." There were some cheers and hand-clapping in Pete's corner.

"On my right is a young man from the devil knows where: Boots Sullivan. It's reported to me he's a cousin to the great and only John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy."

Whoops and cheers went up at this introduction. Boots was surely the favorite in the public opinion. (John L. Sullivan was knocked out a few months later by James J. Corbett.)

All the Sullivan money had been covered; Norway and Nick had seen to that. The battlers had stepped to the center of the ring and were shaking hands. Seeing everything in readiness, the sheriff drew his .45, shot into the air, and the battle was on.

Boots led with a left jab and a vicious right swing.

Pete took some of the jab on his arm; the haymaker went over his head. He had countered fast with a one-two to the stomach which made Boots wince—evidently a sore spot. He continued in and out with more bread-basket punishment. Pete was ducking quite successfully the hefty swings that were intended to finish him. The top of his bushy head took some glancing blows, mostly ineffectual. The left jabs he caught largely on his arms and gloves.

Pete was lithe and elusive, using all the tricks he had learned around the sheep camps and shearing pens. Boots

(Continued on page 48)

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Charley Cannon

There's no doubt Sam had a fortune that he didn't have time to spend before he made that fatal trip to Round Rock. Here's the story of where it was part of the time...

By MALCOLM WEBBER

Photo Courtesy Author

Sam Bass' GOLD

DURING the Seventies and early Eighties, the Moon Ranch, with headquarters in Denton County, ranked with the largest in that part of Texas, and made a lot of history. Owned by Charles Cannon, it might have become the biggest of them all but for the untimely dry-gulching of Charley along in the middle Eighties. He was shot from ambush by the disgruntled loser in an all night poker game.

Charley and his young wife, Kate, had built up the Moon brand from one cow and calf. He did it by hard work and plain old cow savvy, for Charley was not the ruthless cattle-baron type. He never packed a running iron, either. A good neighbor and a loyal friend, he was one of the most popular and respected men in the community. Always ready to do a favor, he sometimes found himself involved, through no fault of his own, in unexpected and embarrassing situations. Such a one was the "Sam Bass gold affair.

I got the story from my mother, and I think this is the first time it has ever become public property. You see, my mother was Kate Cannon. She married Tom Webber some years after Cannon's death. This is the way her story went:

"Late one evening in the fall of '77, an old ramshackle buggy pulled up at our headquarters' ranch house and a couple of rather seedy looking individuals piled out. Charley recognized one as Sam Bass, generally regarded as a ne'er-do-well cowboy, whose sole claim to fame at that time had been his ownership of that fine little quarter horse, the Denton Mare. Charley was a great admirer of Little Denton and had tried to buy her from Sam, but the deal fell through and she was sold elsewhere.

"Shortly after that Sam disappeared. They said he'd gone to the Black Hills to hunt for gold, for there'd been a big strike there. No one had heard from him directly, and it was something of a surprise when he came drifting in, driving that old buggy instead of riding a horse as a proper cowboy should.

"He and his friend, who was introduced as Frank Jackson, were, of course, invited to stay for supper. After the meal, Sam remarked that he had a 'keg of nails outside' that he wanted to leave with us. The two men went out to the buggy and brought in what looked like an ordinary nail keg. Sam pried off the lid, raked over a layer of nails, and invited us to take a look. That keg was filled with newly minted $20 gold pieces.

" 'There's $10,000 there, mebby more,' he said, and grinned at our astonished looks. I was absolutely speechless, for never before had I seen such a heap of money—all gold, too.

"Sam gave the keg a playful kick that didn't budge it, then he said, 'Charley, we want you to take this money an' buy cattle for me an' Frank here. You get us a good bunch of cows an' keep whatever you want for your trouble. We know you're square. We struck it rich up in th' Black Hills and turned our dust into coin. Now, we wanta get into th' cattle business, somethin' we know about. Will you do it?'

"CHARLEY was known far and wide as a shrewd businessman, as well as an honest one. It was no new thing for folks to bring their savings to him for investment. It had happened several times. But $10,000—in gold. Even our banks didn't keep that much hard money on hand. And banks weren't trusted much in those days, either.

" 'You take care of it, Kate,' Charley told me. 'It'll be some time before I can buy up that many cows. The market would shoot sky high if I did it all at once.' So I became the worried and uneasy custodian of the gold.

"That awful money! I took it out of the keg and spread it in rows between the mattress and the bed clothes. I tried to get it as smooth as I could but there were lumps here and there. Charley never seemed to notice it, but I'd wake up, feel that money under the quilts—then I wouldn't sleep another wink the balance of the night.

"I tried to think of other places to hide it. I thought of burying it in the ground, but that's what they always do with money, and too often someone else finds it. I even had an idea that I might dump it down the cistern, but in the end it stayed right there in the bed. This went on for several weeks.

"Then, one day Charley came home with disturbing news. He'd just heard about the big Union Pacific train robbery at Big Springs, Idaho Territory. They said six holdup men had taken $60,000 from the express car—all in newly minted double eagles.

"Of course, Charley had no real proof; he didn't notify the authorities, but he hunted up Sam Bass and told him to come and get his money—at once.

" 'What's th' matter,' Sam demanded, 'do you think I stole it?'

(Continued on page 58)

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Hell Raisers On The Payette Canal

(Continued from page 44)

stood his ground, seemingly unused to the art of avoiding punishment. He was puffing hard and battered up. The heavy jolts to the midsection were wearing him down.

It was a struggle of attrition and Boots had received the most punishment. In disgust he called out angrily, breathing hard, "Come in and fight, kid! Don't be bashful. You dart around like a darn coyote!"

"Sorry, Boots, I'll call on you soon." Pete let go with a terrific right—a sneak blow over Boots' guard. The big man was staggered, his legs wobbly. Blood flowed from a cut on his cheek, and his stance was shaky.

Pete's stiff jab to the body doubled up his opponent. Then came a stinging right to the chin that bore all the strength Pete had left—a message that seemed enough. The weary Goliath sank to the ground. He tried to rise—no use.

The crowd was wild when the sheriff rushed in saying, "The fight is over!"

As he led Pete by the glove back to his corner, he turned and shouted, "The winner and the new champ is the Kid, Pete Ericksen." Aside, he said to Pete and his friends, "You fought a great fight, Kid. We'll have to get Mike back here to match you. Fine, Kid, good luck."

The outcome of the fight caused a lot of consternation around the ring. Then the barkeeper, who had stood in the door watching the fight, yelled, "Catch 'im, there goes the money! Sheriff, get 'im! He's headed down the street with both pouches!"

There was real bedlam. The crowd parted as the sheriff, gun in hand, pushed through and down the street on a run. It was getting dusk, and the bandit had nearly reached his horse. The sheriff shortened the distance between while the outlaw was trying to mount and still hang onto the bags.

The sheriff stopped, leveled his gun, and fired. The man was hit and a second shot tumbled the thief to the ground. The horse ran on down the street, but was later brought back—it was Pete's stolen horse and the camp saddle.

The sheriff grabbed up the two pouches and went back to the bar, his reputation as a crack shot remaining untarnished.

A settlement there was finally worked out, with all parties satisfied. Pete's winnings and prize amounted to nearly $300—some money for those times. Pete was bruised and sore from the fight, but was happy and trying to live with it.

IT WAS a jubilant bunch riding back to camp in Nick's wagon. I rode along back of them on Pete's horse. The horse had lost weight, but his return lent an extra happy note to the big fight.

Boss Catts was waiting for us. He seemed pleased to get the glowing details of the bout and to see the return of the horse. "I had no idea we had a scrapper in camp. Congratulations, Kid."

Then Pete held up and jingled the money bag in his face.

"Good, Pete. We'd better take that bag of kale and put it in the commissary safe. You can get it when you want it—it'll be safer there."

"That's a good idea, Mr. Catts." They went into the commissary where the treasure was to be locked up. I could easily hear their conversation.

"Pete, there's a matter I been thinking about lately. I see that you have your horse back again. That's wonderful luck you're having all at once. Is the horse all right?"

"Yes, he seems so—a little thinner, but you'd expect that."

"That's right. It's hard to tell where the scoundrel has been with him. That guy always carrying the artillery was a real outlaw. I never did like the looks of him. Glad that he never caught up with his runaway female and the corral boss. There would have been a killing."

"Yes, that's right," Pete agreed.

"Well, here's what I wanted to say—the company needs your horses, wagon, an all for lumber hauling. We'll make the price right. You'll get a new job. We'll make a good six-horse skinner out of you, hauling lumber from Payette to the canal. We need a lot of lumber for flumes and headgates. You'll make more money that way than with your team. What do you think of the idea, Pete?"

"It sounds fine. I'm not much in love with following the scraper."

"A good reliable skinner who can handle a string of horses or mules is worth real money. We want you to help finish the canal. You will be largely your own boss."

"That part of it sure suits me," replied Pete.

We had just finished dinner Sunday when we saw a team and wagon raising lots of dust entering into camp. There was a rough lumber box tied onto the rear running gear, and a man riding astride.

"What do they have in that box, anyway?" asked Pete.

"Dat be de outlaw de sheriff shot in town last night," replied Norway.

"Are they going to hold a funeral or something out here?"

"No, de sheriff say, 'Yist a darn outlaw. No von knows 'em. Yist put 'im over on dat hill by camp, som vare. If any von vants 'im, he'll be dar.'"

After the burial on the highest bluff, 300 yards above camp, I strolled over to see the job they had done. There was a fresh mound with a short rough board for a head marker, but no inscription. At camp, and all the time since, it is spoken of as "Dead Man's Point."

On his new job, hauling lumber, Pete was away from camp a good deal. I met him one day at mealtime. Afterward we strolled over to his outfit.

"Say, Al, they tell me you're going home soon. Wish I could go with you." He looked quite sober, serious.

"I leave camp tomorrow morning for Nampa; will take the train home from there. Dad has invested in a band of sheep and wants me home to help run them. He's tried to be all right with me, so I thought I had better go."

"That'll be a new experience for you, Al, I hope you'll like it."

"What should I tell your folks, Pete, about your coming home?"

"When I'll be home again is hard to say. Mr. Catts has offered me a good thing to stay with him till the job is finished. I make more money now than I did at first. I've arranged with Mr. Catts to send a $700 check to Dad. That'll about pay off the lien on his ranch. I'll send him more if he needs it. My sister, Emily, will let me know about that."

"That's real big, Pete, after his rough treatment of you as a kid. It's too bad he's never owned up to the kind of son he's got."

"You know, Al, I have had no home there since Mother died. Unless one or the other of us was made over, I could never get on with Dad. Tell the girls whatever you think about me, Al—that

(Continued on page 50)

L D TO UI
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Thomas Ilstad

Probably the West's most fearsome crimes and most tragic deaths will never be known because there was no one to record them. That's certainly the case in Vancouver Island's

TOMB of the UNKNOWN

By T. W. PATERSON

Photo Courtesy Author

OF ALL Pacific Northwest mysteries, certainly one of its most intriguing and least known is that of Raft Cove's Skeleton Cave. Situated between Kyuquot and Cape Cook on Vancouver Island's west coast, the isolated cavern is about forty miles north of Cape Cook.

The cave was discovered in 1905 when Quatsino pioneers, Thomas Ilstad and Philip Nordstrom, were trailing a wounded cougar along the rugged shoreline of Raft Cove. After an agonizing hour of traveling on hands and knees along narrow game trails in dense wilderness, the hunters stumbled upon the entrance of a limestone cave. When their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, they were astonished to note that the cavern was a veritable charnel house of human remains.

Lighting a fire, the men searched through the scattered bones, estimating them to be the remains of at least thirty-five persons—men, women and children. The late Mr. Ilstad, a prominent Quatsino resident widely known for his fine private library, made some even more startling observations—the remains were not aboriginal.

He observed that the skulls did not resemble those of Indians, and that the teeth were not ground flat through the abrasion of sand in food, as was common with native remains. He also noticed that the bones were encrusted with limestone-like crystals, indicating that they had been there many years.

Taking four skulls back to Quatsino, they discussed their unusual find with schoolteacher Carl Christensen. He sent one of the skulls to the province's capital, Victoria, for examination by the late Dr. C. F. Newcombe, anthropologist and Indian expert. Dr. Newcombe found, according to newspaper reports, that the skull was that of a male Caucasian, about nineteen or twenty years old, who died from a blow to the head, probably made by an axe!

It was also learned in Quatsino that apparently neither local whites nor Indians had known of the cave's existence prior to its accidental discovery by Ilstad and Nordstrom. So whose skeletons were in the cave?

JUST TO the south is a deadly stretch of Vancouver Island's west coast that was once known world-wide as the "Graveyard of the Pacific." Here treacherous currents, sudden storms, and Indian attacks have accounted for an unknown number of ships since Captain Cook first sailed along these shores in 1774. But in the scant records of marine disasters, none gives a clue as to the possible origin or identity of those in the cave. If the remains are Indian it is likely that they were victims of a long-forgotten massacre—many have occurred in the Northwest.

Mr. Guy Ilstad, son of the cave's co-discoverer, said recently, "The skeletons are still in the cave. I think there can be little doubt that *if* they were whites, it was the work of Indians, who murdered some shipwrecked people and then put the bodies there to hide the crime. (The Royal Navy provided swift and severe justice in those troubled days and the Indians well knew the result of their handiwork if caught—author's note.) And if they are the skeletons of women and children it would help date the time of the kill, because the Spaniards (first to take active interest in this region) had neither women nor children with them when they were on this coast.

"A man I know," Mr. Ilstad continued, "was in the cave in 1938. He said the skeletons at that time were only a scattered jumble of bones, with not a single skull left. It seems that one of the settlers living a few miles from the cave made a number of raids.

"Another man I know, who has been in the cave, Mr. Willie Hecht, does not believe the cave floods, although he said there was sand on the floor, so at one time it must have been flooded. It was quite dry, the entrance is rather low, but fairly large when the portal is passed.

"There is strong doubt in my mind that the skeletons were white. I recall one skull was sent for examination in 1905, and reportedly it was Indian, although, of course, it's risky for me to hark back almost sixty years. Besides, at that time I was not interested in anthropology. My chief concern then was rigging the skull on a makeshift ghost and setting it up in my sister's bedroom to scare her!

"But I underestimated the 'power of a woman.' If it did scare her I never knew. She tossed skull, white sheet and all out of the upstairs window!"

Mr. Ilstad added an interesting footnote to the mystery. "In 1917, a timber cruiser I knew was in Raft Cove. He later told me of an oak keel half-buried in the sand bar. He thought it about eighty feet long.

"And what deepens the mystery of the cave is the fact that it is in such an unlikely area for a dwelling place. There is no decent shelter for miles around Raft Cove, and the cove itself cannot be entered except on high tide—and in good weather.

"In all my years on the coast I have never seen an Indian village site that did not have protection from the open sea, where canoes could be launched. Since the natives derived their living from the sea, it is rather obvious that they would never select a place where they could not launch a craft for weeks on end because of winter storms.

"What I mean is that there could not have been an Indian village in Raft Cove. Nor is there any sign that there was. These sites are revealed by a pile of clam shells. In the Quatsino village the clam shells are over ten feet in depth. So it makes one wonder why thirty-five persons would be assembled in such a remote and very unlikely place for a village. And if the victims were killed elsewhere it would mean a fairly calm day with high tide to convey the bodies to the cave.

"If indeed these people were shipwrecked and had sought shelter there this would solve one phase of the mystery to me."

Asked about the story, Mr. J. L. Angel, Curator of the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Physical Anthropology, replied, "The specimens in our collection which most closely fit the description are two skulls which according to our files were collected by Mr. H. O. Bergh (one-time Quatsino postmaster) in the neighborhood of Quatsino, British Columbia, and presented to this museum through Dr. A. K. Fisher of the Biological Survey. The specimens were accessioned here on October 21, 1905.

"One of the skulls is an adult, probably female, and the other is a child about eight years old. Neither one of them shows any signs of violence or injury which could have resulted in death. They are both covered with stalagmite, which would seem to corroborate the story that they were found in a cave. *(Continued on page 65)*

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Man On The Run

(Continued from page 23)

'I'll *kill* you for this! I'll be lookin' at you over the sights of a six-shooter yet!'

"Baxter didn't say nothin'—just turns on his heel and walks back to his tent but we could see he'd heard all right and it bothered him.

"Well, next mornin' early, I went out to see how the prisoner was, and there was the tree all right, and the rope we tied him with, but no Murphy! Whether he worked hisself loose, or had a pal in camp, I never found out. I reports to the Lieutenant and he didn't say much but I thought he looked sorta relieved, and we was soon busy gettin' ready for our three days' hike to Fort Harney.

"The sun had come up by the time we got underway and the long trail through the sagebrush gleamed silvery-white and dusty as it led over the desert toward the distant mountains.

"About two miles on our way, one of the scouts who was a little ahead of the company, picked up something that was layin' across the trail. It was a strip of dark blue cloth about two feet long and a couple of inches wide and it didn't take a tailor to tell it was cut from an Army blouse. He showed it to Baxter and by the look on the Lieutenant's face, I could see he hadn't forgot what Murphy had vowed to him the night before.

"Four times more durin' the march that day the same thing happened, and we all could see it was makin' Baxter feel mighty concerned. That night the four ambulance mules was stampeded but the guards swore they hadn't seen nor heard nothing out of the ordinary. In the mornin', the Lieutenant found another one of these strips of blue cloth tied to his tent flap and three times more that day we found the same sign across the trail. I began to wonder just how it all was goin' to turn out. The next night, Baxter doubled the guard and nothin' happened but I guess the Lieutenant didn't sleep much hisself.

"LATE in the afternoon of the third day, we pulled into the little town of John Day that lay just outside the fort—mighty glad to get back to barracks where we could get something to eat besides camp chuck and a chance to lay around for awhile without bein' on the lookout all the time for fear some Injun would lift your hair. I guess Baxter was more relieved than anybody.

"John Day was the county seat, and next mornin' the Lieutenant goes downtown and, on meetin' me on the street, impresses me as his orderly. He goes straight to the sheriff's office—a little one-room frame buildin' just off the main street. The sheriff was a dark, slim, mild-lookin' man and there was nothin' in his appearance or manner to justify the reputation he had as a fighter that no number of badmen could bluff, once he'd made up his mind to put a job through. But you can't tell nothin' about a man by his looks and the mildest appearin' of 'em is often the best hand in a scrap.

"Well, as I was sayin', we went to this sheriff's office; he offers Baxter a chair and asks him what he can do for him. The door was left open, bein' a sizzlin' hot day, and from where I stood, in a patch of shade from the building, I could hear the conversation.

"'Mister Sheriff', says Baxter, 'I wish to report to you a deserter named Murphy. He left my command three days ago on the Canon City trail. You know the Government offers a reward of $50 for the arrest of deserters—and, for reasons of my own, I will give you another $50 if you capture this man.'

"'What sort of a lookin' man was he?' asks the sheriff.

"Baxter goes on and describes Murphy and from the way he draws a verbal picture of him, you can tell he ain't forgot him none. He tells the whole story, even to the tyin' of Murphy to the tree. As the description goes on, the sheriff gets more and more interested and when Baxter gets done he turns to his desk and pulls out a picture and hands it to the Lieutenant.

"'Does he look like that picture?' he asks.

"'Why, that's *him*!' Baxter replies, excitedly. 'It looks just like him—only Murphy didn't have a mustache!'

"'And,' says the sheriff, 'you offer me $100 to capture that man, do you?'

"'I certainly do,' says Baxter, very firmly.

"The sheriff leaned forward mighty impressive, and tappin' Baxter on the knee with the picture, says, 'Lieutenant Baxter, I'll make you a better offer than that! I'll give you, or anybody else, a lot more than $100 for that man—dead or alive! Why, man, that's Jim Marshall, wanted from Spokane Falls to Albuquerque. There has been a reward out for him for two years—and the man who takes him will earn it, too!'

"Well sir! I couldn't help it— I stuck my head in the door and took one look at Baxter's face. You should have seen it!

"'Where do you suppose he is now?' Baxter asked at last.

"'I just wish I knew,' declared the sheriff. 'But you can be sure of one thing, Lieutenant. He's a long way from here by this time and if I was you, I wouldn't worry about him—at least as long as you stay here,' he added.

"'About two weeks ago,' goes on the sheriff, 'they was a stage stood up about twelve miles from here, in broad daylight, and by one man, too. And that stage wasn't loaded with pleasure passengers either—it was comin' down from the new strike up Eldorado way and there was twelve men in it and all of 'em was armed and they wasn't the kind to give up easy, either.

"'This man Marshall—or Murphy as you call him—stood that whole outfit up in a row and went through 'em like it was a Sunday school picnic and cleaned up close to $20,000 in dust and coin, then made 'em all climb back into the coach and ordered the driver to hike out. The last they seen of him, he was standin' on the ridge where he stopped 'em and still had 'em covered with his Winchester!

"'Well sir, they come swingin' and rattlin' into town about an hour after, madder'n ol' Nick. I swore 'em all in as deputies and we lit out on a chase. But we never once got our eyes on Marshall. He knows this whole country like a book and was under cover in no time after the holdup.

"'How do I *know* it was Marshall?' continued the sheriff, 'In the first place, he's the only man in this neck of the woods that's got the nerve for such a job as that. Jack Packard, the stage driver, had seen him once before and knew him in a minute.

"'And I have no doubt, as you seem to recognize his picture, that it was this same man—with a clean shave—that

(Continued on page 51)

Cavalry troops of the 1885 Indian fighting army in review formation on dress parade. Plumed helmets were typical of the ceremonial dress during this period. Photo courtesy National Archives.

Low pay, a high death rate, and poor chow made the Indian fighting army

NO PLACE for the GLORY BOYS

By FRANK LOVE

THE TEMPERATURE hovered around 120 degrees the day Private Joseph O'Leary died of a fever in 1873. A few of the men at Fort Yuma, Arizona Territory, wiped tears from their eyes. The sad notes of *Taps* wafted mournfully across the muddy Colorado meandering beneath the fort.

"We'll never see Old Joe again," said Sergeant McIntyre with a sigh.

McIntyre was wrong. As the men were bedding down that night in their adobe barracks, O'Leary walked in. He went straight to his bunk, pulled off the blankets, tucked them under his arm, and headed for the door.

The sergeant blinked. Convinced finally that he wasn't seeing things, he yelled at the departing soldier, "Hey, O'Leary. What in hell are you doing?"

"Nothing, Sarge," was the reply, "but it's cold down there so I came back for my blankets."

I heard that story a few months ago from a soldier stationed in the desert at Yuma Proving Grounds. His post is about thirty-five miles east of the site of the old fort. He had been commenting on the difference between soldiering in the old days and in the modern army.

"We have air-conditioned barracks here at the Proving Grounds," he said with a grin. "I'll bet it was hell in the old days when the thermometer hit 116 as it has today."

I mopped my brow and agreed.

The Indian fighting army of 1865-1898 was no place for the faint-hearted. For $13 a month, troops were expected to put up with a combination of heat, disease and unpleasant duty that sent many to an early grave. It is a wonder that anyone would volunteer for duty in such an army.

Temptation to go "over the hill" was great since wages of mechanics and laborers far exceeded the paltry amount paid an army private. And desertions did occur, but they were not as frequent as might be imagined.

There were times when soldiers could not even count on getting the $13 monthly they had been promised. When the 54th Congress adjourned in 1876 without passing an appropriations bill for the Army, all of the officers and men went unpaid until November, 1878. The next law-making session corrected the oversight but the Government refused to pay interest for those who had been able to borrow money. Most officers got along by getting loans at interest rates up to six per cent but the enlisted men usually had to go without funds.

Food and housing were provided but they were nothing to brag about. Beans and pork appeared with monotonous regularity in the mess halls. Some frontier outposts were as far as 2,000 miles from supply sources and received shipments of fresh foodstuffs only a few times a year. When the old-time minstrels kidded the soldiers by singing, "Forty miles a a day on beans and hay," they were not wrong by much.

One old Army legend concerns a mess sergeant at Fort Yuma who used to tell his K.P.'s that he had hens that laid hard-boiled eggs. When a dubious private dared question him about it one day, he said, "Crack one of those eggs in that box over there and see for yourself."

The K.P. did as he was told. Sure enough, the egg did seem to be hard-boiled.

What the sergeant didn't tell the dumbfounded soldier was that the dry desert atmosphere at Fort Yuma had a way of shrinking foods. Eggs lost all their liquid and appeared to be hard-boiled after a week or so.

WATER was a problem at many Army posts. Fort Buford on the Missouri River took its supply directly from the "Big Muddy." Soldiers assigned to the water detail were instructed to "Mix six grains of alum with each gallon of water. Let it stand for at least twelve hours or until the water becomes clear."

Plumbing facilities were practically nonexistent. Fort Laramie on the North Platte, one of the most important western Army posts, had only one bathroom on the entire post. It was in the hospital and contained a single tin bathtub. It is not hard to imagine the discomfort of the soldiers when temperatures plunged to twenty below zero as they frequently did in that part of Wyoming.

Entertainment was strictly a "Do It Yourself" project. Officers and enlisted men often joined together to perform a play or minstrel show. On occasion, officers' wives took part in the performances.

Mrs. Ada Vogdes, a lieutenant's wife at Fort Fetterman, wrote about the Army

(Continued on page 61)

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Hell Raisers On The Payette Canal

(Continued from page 46)

I love them and think of them always."

Then he handed me a $65 check, the last of his account in the Logan Bank. "Give this to Emily to spend on herself and the kids—buy whatever she wants with it. Maybe I can see them again sometime."

"Goodbye, Pete. Do take care of yourself."

"So long, Al. Hope you get home okay."

We shook hands warmly and parted. Pete headed for the commissary, brushing his face with his bandana.

Bonanza At Six Bit Ranch

(Continued from page 39)

back's first production, on interest from the loan.

It is my contention, after some research and footwork on this treasure, that Henry's strongbox of gold could have been buried on the Six Bit Ranch, or in back of the ranch, or it could have been buried in back of the General Store. Henry's ruse was (whenever Joe needed money) and I quote: "Watch the store, Joe, I'm going to the ranch and slop the hogs."

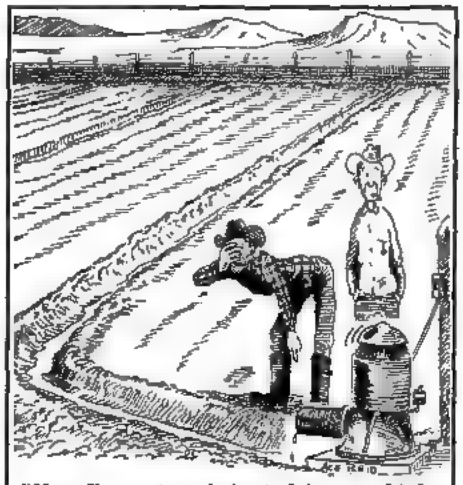
Getting on his burro, Henry would go to the ranch. On returning to the store, he would go to his safe and make believe he was getting the gold coins from the safe. He would say, "Here is the money you asked for, Joe."

Using two detectors, Doug Nash of Everett, Washington, made an unsuccessful search for the strongbox. Doug found the old burro path used by Henry, and the tracks pointed right toward the woods. I told Doug he should first try to find the old hog pen, and leave the ground around the barns alone. As the tracks indicated, Henry very rarely went around the barns. Doug had to go in the Navy, but says he wants another go at Henry's gold.

Another place to look is where the General Store once stood. This store is still operating, but has been moved back from its original site. Henry was a cagey old rascal; he could have fooled his close friends into believing he buried his gold on the Six Bit Ranch, when instead he probably buried it right where he could watch it. However, when Henry had any large bills to meet, he would always go to the Six Bit Ranch for the money. It would be my guess that anybody looking for this treasure should try to locate the old hog pen. This, so I'm told, was back of the Six Bit Ranch in a draw, and shouldn't be too hard to locate.

Mr. Keeto, who runs and operates Keeto's Garage which is located across from the Six Bit Ranch, told me of an old prospector who made a search for Smith's treasure. This old man was always observed walking toward a canyon in back of the Six Bit Ranch, carrying a long steel rod. Mr. Keeto's curiosity was so aroused that one morning he invited the old man into his house for coffee. At first his visitor said that he was only doing some prospecting; later on, however, as he became more friendly with Mr. Keeto, he told him this story.

"I used to know Henry Smith and I knew he had a large amount of gold buried somewhere on his ranch. Whenever possible, I would observe him from a distance. On all the trips I ever saw Smith take, he would always go up the canyon. But he would vary his route on every trip so that it was impossible to pinpoint his cache. I never was able to get close enough to see just where he went."



"Now I've got an irrigated farm, a high-powered pump, a big note on both and and not one drop of water!"

Here, then, is a treasure, and a true one worth going after. Very few people know of it. No one around Wolf Creek, Oregon, has shown any sudden prosperity, so with a little patience and luck, you may come up with Henry's gold coins.

Keeping Up With The Joneses—Indian Style

(Continued from page 15)

offer to "sell" him his copper.

Once such an offer had been made, a clan leader could not refuse to accept it without losing face. However, he would know the history of the particular copper and recognize that it had previously been exchanged for, say, 2,000 blankets. It then became his responsibility, and that of his people, to amass the necessary number of blankets to have a return gift to offer at the exchange ritual.

On the appointed day, members of the two clans would meet, and again the offer would be duly made. Some anthropologists say that according to custom, the involuntary buyer would submit an insignificant bid; which the owner would immediately accept, showing his disdain for his rival's possessions. Then, however, the owner's clansmen would object loudly that the copper was worth more, and a strange bidding process would take place until a new high price was established for the copper.

This system, of course, produced a spiraling condition, and by the end of the 19th Century, coppers were being exchanged for fabulous sums of blankets. One fifty or more years old which had been traded many times might be worth more than 7,000 blankets.

In their hey-day, these coppers were not plentiful, and after a few trades, they received individual nicknames. One of the most valuable was Ma-xts'olem, which meant, roughly: "All other coppers are ashamed to look at it." Another was L'a-xolamas: "It glides out of one's hand like a salmon."

In his over-powering quest for prestige, the Northwest Coastal Indian had another strange custom. It amounted to the same thing as a big-spender today lighting a cigar with a ten-dollar bill.

The destruction of property supposedly proved to all that the clan leader had more wealth than he knew what to do with, and often an over-zealous village head would temporarily bankrupt his

people to prove how rich he was, a most unique contradiction.

During a potlatch, a leader might destroy a canoe, burn a stack of blankets or—with the grand gesture—kill one or more slaves. Coppers were similarly destroyed or thrown into the sea.

Today the coppers in some museums have large pieces broken from them; these fragments obviously played a role in some clan leader's show of affluence.

Although several special studies have been made, there are still many unanswered questions about these odd-shaped unwieldy artifacts which played such an important role in the lives of a primitive people.

Man On The Run

(Continued from page 48)

joined your company under the name of Murphy, aimin' to keep out of sight for awhile, as the Army would be about the last place anybody would think of lookin' for him. And they say he did serve one enlistment a long time ago. *You* got off easy, with only a scare, when you was tyin' such a mean varmint as Jim Marshall up to a tree!'

"The Lieutenant was past speech, and him and me ambled silently back to the fort.

"WHATEVER became of Murphy? How do I know? The old Sergeant eyed me quizzically and continued, 'There is a lot of people who would like to know, but as far as I ever heard, Company B of the old 2nd never laid eyes on him again and I guess Baxter—a colonel now—don't never want to."

I thanked the old man for his story and we smoked awhile in silence.

"Along in '98," he presently remarked, apropos of nothing in particular, "just before my time was out, I was bringin' down a batch of prisoners from Fort Skagway, Alaska, to Vancouver Barracks. The old tub we was on pulled up to the dock at Metlacatlah one mornin' early. I stood by the rail watchin' a bunch of Injuns unloadin' salmon onto the dock. There was one boat bigger'n the rest, two sticks in her, and lookin' a sight cleaner than the others.

"Bossin' the Injuns in a domineerin' sort of way was a heavy set, gray-haired, active lookin' sort of man, about my own age. There was somethin' mighty familiar about the way he carried his head and moved his shoulders when he walked that set me thinkin'.

"Just as the last lot of fish was throwed up on the wharf, he looked my way, and it all come back to me. Take twenty years off him and it could have been the same black-haired, gray-eyed Murphy that wouldn't stay tied to a tree!"

Mark Of The Law

(Continued from page 35)

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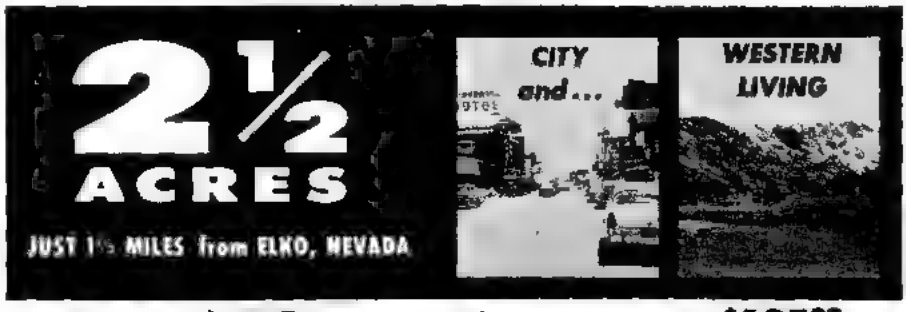

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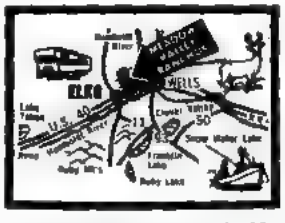

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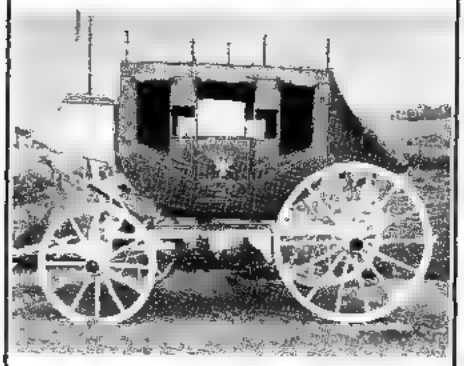

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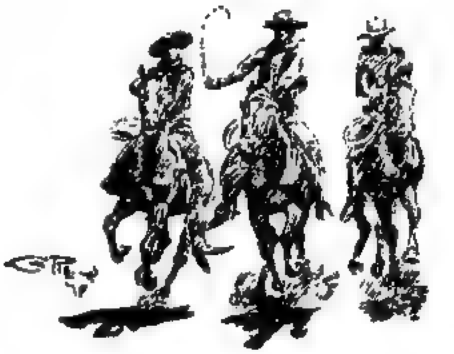

RANGE LIFE

When Ross Santee's classic, *COWBOY*, was published in 1928, J. Frank Dobie stated, "I guess this is about the best story of the making of a cowboy yet written . . . it's all so true and natural and genuine, and it brings back to me a thousand memories out of my own experience." By now thousands of readers have been captivated by Santee's friendly story about a budding cowboy. A collector's item, *Cowboy* has long been OP and the handsome reprint from Hastings House at $4.95 should find a big new crop of readers among both young and older people. Ross has made new drawings for this edition. Santee is a rare craftsman who has transferred the cowboy's lingo into warm regional literature. His distinguished western drawings capture the moods of the desert and the range and animate his writings with living realism. Highly recommended.

American Wild Horses (McKay, $3.95) is a highly informative book for young readers and it will be enjoyed by many oldsters, too. B. F. Beebe (Mrs. Johnson) and James Ralph Johnson are the authors and Mr. Johnson did the quite good drawings. The mustangs of the West receive the most attention but the wild ponies of the Atlantic Coast islands are not neglected. Two chapters are devoted to the wild burros, the desert counterpart of the mustang. The establishment of a 435,000-acre refuge in Nevada for the protection and management of wild horses and burros recorded in a chapter about "Wild Horse Annie" (Mrs. Velma B. Johnston of Reno). And if you want to see the only real wild horses in the world today where do you go? The long trip to the Gobi Desert, their native home, is unnecessary—there are twenty-one of them at the Catskill Game Farm in the Hudson Valley no more than a hundred miles from New York City. Factual and entertaining.

A book by Agnes Wright Spring and Floyd C. Bard is bound to be worth the money. A new one by this pair—*Dude Wrangler—Hunter—Line Rider* (Sage Books, $3.50) gives another chapter on Floyd Bard's exciting life on the Wyoming frontier. Wyoming author, Agnes Wright Spring, has preserved Floyd's rich cowboy idiom in this narrative of his experiences guiding high-priced dudes over the Big Horn Mountains. There are also tales of bronc busting, plus some of Flyod's vinegary experiences as a government trapper. The book winds up with a chapter on line riding, tedious chore work that cowboys would rather miss.

SHANGHAIED!

The sailors who manned the windjammers and clippers of the 19th Century have been neglected by writers of Westerniana but Richard H. Dillon has made a strong start toward correcting this shortcoming. His book, *Shanghaiing Days* (Coward-McCann, $4.75), describes the sordid environment that tyrannical ship captains forced upon sailors who were beaten and starved like galley slaves of the former Roman Empire. Skippers who plied the U. S. west coast waters to Singapore were some of the most brutish tyrants who sailed the seas. Dillon's candidate for the rankest stinker of all was Captain Robert H. (Murderer Bob) Waterman, skipper of the magnificent *Challenge*. Waterman finally was put on trial in San Francisco for murder, theft, unjust assault, brutality, and thirteen other crimes against his crew.

To escape such shipboard tyranny, crews jumped ship at every opportunity and Captains were forced to recruit new help from the crimpers and boarding-house runners who coerced waterfront tramps, floaters, citizens and all others who fell under their blackjacks or knock-out drops. Finally, an aroused citizenry fought the cause of destitute sailors and converted the merchant marine into a respectable institution where captains and sailors could enjoy mutual pride in reputable employment. Too bad that this fine book lacks an index.

Kawoo of Alaska (Sage Books, $3.50) by Gano E. Senter, a Western true adventure story, should find national interest among grade schoolers as well as older readers. As a pink-cheeked boy of 14 in 1904, Senter and 15 others were shanghaied by unscrupulous crimpers and wound up as an enslaved crew for the fishing clipper, *Agenor*, bound for Alaska and salmon. A brutal captain and first mate terrorized the untrained sailors on the way to Alaska. On his third try, Gano jumped ship and was adopted by an Indian family in southern Alaska. He survived numerous harrowing escapades in the Indian camp but the fledgling Gano learned the Indian language and arts and crafts which are described in his book. There are black and white endsheet maps but the volume has no index.

SEVEN TRAILS WEST

American pioneers moved westward over fairly well marked roads that began as dim wild animal paths which were widened by Indian nomads and later they were worn deeper by trappers and explorers. Researching and writing the histories of American pathways has become the avocation and pastime for numerous authors whose works are adding worthwhile contributions to Americana.

One of our better craftsmen, Ralph Moody, pointed his pen across the Mississippi and came up with a real stunner—*The Old Trails West* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., $6.95). Pioneering of these trails was for conquest, empire build-

ing, treasure, slaves or settlement. This book deals with seven trails, their extensions and alternative routings. The Gila, The Old Spanish Trail and El Camino Real were opened by Spaniards and The Big Medicine Trail (Lewis & Clark), Oregon Trail, Santa Fe Trail and California Trail were exploited by Anglo-Saxon Americans. With an eye for historical incident and a knack for descriptive prose, Moody has turned out American factual history that reads as easy as entertaining fiction. The tinted end-paper maps of the trails, eighteen detailed maps and authentic rare old prints enliven the stories about these old trails and the men and women who traveled them.

FURS IN OUR HISTORY

Much has been written about the fur trade and the men who trapped and traded furs. Several great collections have been formed of books on this subject but it remained for the talented Mari Sandoz to boil it down to one volume of modest size. *The Beaver Men, Spearheads of Empire* (Hastings, $5.95) is the ninth book in the American Procession Series. The author, of necessity, had to hit the high spots, choosing with care the important events that took place from the Atlantic to the Pacific on both sides of the Canadian border in 1581 to 1832.

First the French and then the English dominated the fur trade and it was only in the quarter century following the Lewis and Clark Expedition that the Americans—Astor, Manuel Lisa, and Ashley—competed to a major extent. The profit potential was so great that when the French were not fighting the British they fought one another for trading rights and after France was expelled from Canada, the two great British companies, Hudson's Bay and Northwest, battled from the banks of the remote beaver streams to the halls of Parliament for control.

If a highly condensed, entertaining account will satisfy your thirst for knowledge of the fur trade, this book is for you. If you want to know more, start with this one to get an over-all survey of the subject and then use the selected bibliography provided by the author to guide your future readings. Maps, illustrations, notes and an index enhance the book. Recommended.

THE FRIENDLY TRIBE

The Shoshonis—Sentinels of the Rockies (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Virginia Cole Trenholm and Maurine Carley is the first major history about this important American Indian tribe. This well-documented reference gives a description of the Shoshonis' Plains and Great Basin origins, their kinship with the Comanches, Utes, Paiutes, Bannocks, and splinter sub-tribes using Shoshonian dialects and provides the essential facts about their battles and friendships with whites. The authors present much interesting material on the tribe's ethnic background, its encounters with mountain men, travelers over the Oregon, Mormon and California trails and early settlers. Naturally they concentrate on the Wyoming Shoshonis, who under the leadership of their greatest Chief, Washakie, were friendly to whites who often used them unfairly. However, some of these Indians' white friends, who represented them in Congress, were able to obtain several millions of dollars in

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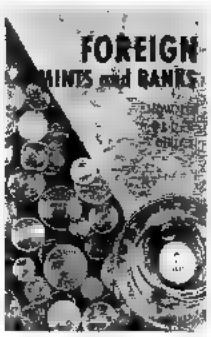

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We wish that the writers had given a more coherent biography of Chief Washakie and considerable could have been told about Shoshoni programs of land, timber, water and range conservation in effect for over 30 years. Also untold is the story of Shoshoni cattle associations and beef cattle development. This book is illustrated with numerous rare photographs and also has a large bibliography plus an index.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

An editor of rare talent, John K. Hutchens, has written an informal portrait of a state—*One Man's Montana* (Lippincott, $4.95). These thumbnail sketches of Montana's famous and infamous people should be required reading in Montana schools, and travelers going through the state will enjoy their visits more if they read the book while on tour. Since there is a chapter on Charlie Russell, his fans will also want a copy. Hutchens deals the straight hard facts from the top of the deck and his bold prose is easy to read. He describes Calamity Jane for what she was; he exhumes Sheriff Plummer's wicked past, and gives you a better understanding of hot-headed, neurotic Slade. While this book is well worth the money, an index would have helped it.

Wyoming is about as well fortified with spectacular history as any state. These background anecdotes have been ably recounted in *Wyoming Wonderland* (Sage Books, $3.00) by Mae Urbanek. The author transects the complete Wyoming panorama from the time marine fossils were embedded in primordial ooze to modern mining for uranium and dude ranching. There are numerous small but amazingly clear photos plus a cracking good index to help the reader review this brief history of the mile-high state.

The new edition of *Bodie and Esmeralda* by Joseph Wasson is a facsimile reprint of the very scarce issue of 1878 and totals 500 copies. The DeLuxe Edition consists of 100 copies, each accompanied by an original but unissued stock certificate of the Bodie Bluff Mining Co. signed by Leland Stanford and by a photo of the author, all enclosed in slip-cover folder. It sells for $15. The other 400 copies (or souvenir edition) will sell for $4.00 each. Either edition may be ordered from Theron Fox, 1296 Yosemite Ave., San Jose 26, California. The history of the Bodie and Esmeralda mining districts was well done by the author and there are two folding maps.

Ghost Towns and How to Get to Them (The Press of the Territorian, Box 1847, Santa Fe, New Mexico, $1.00) by Betty Woods is about the ghost and near ghost towns of New Mexico. Mrs. Woods knows her New Mexico and she has included enough history about each of the towns described to make this booklet a collector's item. The maps by M. T. Williams will help the buff find his ghosts.

America's Mountain (Sage Books, $1.00) by Richard M. Pearl is about Pikes Peak and the Pikes Peak Region. It is one of the attractive series of Colorado Booklets being issued by Alan Swallow and is loaded with information about our favorite mountain and the natural wonders nearby. There are three good photos and a number of drawings to supplement the text.

IN THE IDAHO WOODS

The Jack Pine Country (Exposition Press, $4.00) is by H. W. Peckenpaugh, who has done and seen many things. The setting of the book is the Panhandle of Idaho and it has the sub-title "A Saga of Long-Shorty." The love story is too full of improbables to be convincing but the descriptions of the country and of logging are well done.

UNCLE JOE, PHILOSOPHER

Dr. Milton C. Nahm, professor of philosophy at Bryn Mawr College in a Philadelphia suburb, grew up in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and he laid aside the writing of texts in his chosen field to pen this nostalgic account of his boyhood. *Las Vegas and Uncle Joe, The New Mexico I Remember* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) is an interesting volume of personal narrative, social history and in a minor way, race relations. Uncle Joe, next to the author the most important character in the book, was a professional gambler and more—wit, storyteller, mentor and natural philosopher. He taught the author many things—sometimes the hard way. The telling of boyhood trivia can often be boring but Uncle Joe's salty comments on the happenings of the day eliminate that danger. Perhaps the high spot of the book is the trial of Carl C. Magee as covered by the author as a very young reporter for the *Las Vegas Optic*. Magee, a courageous Albuquerque newspaper man, finally brought the political stranglehold of the Romeros on Las Vegas to an end. We liked this one and we think you will.

Harry Oliver, Desert Rat

(Continued from page 14)

for Whiskers, built so he could "walk in with his tail up."

Oliver has always been bitter about burro slayers and issued this set of instructions for them: "Get in your car and go to Death Valley. For practice, shoot all the road signs and power insulators on the way, along with an occasional shot at a herd of cattle or a prospector's house (he might be in it). When you see the burros, get upwind so your scent will be carried to them. Open a fresh can of tobacco and, as the burros come to eat out of your hand, you are sure not to miss."

He followed with some good advice. "Burros are the only animals with a sense of humor. We could do better without the humor-less humans who want to rid the state of burros than we could do without the burros."

HARRY OLIVER'S EPITAPH

I wish to die and turn to dust in some isolated part of the desert, and hope that years after, some rock-hound picks up my bleached skull, and puts it alongside a purple whiskey bottle in his cactus garden of Desert and Ghost Town relics.

I would like it near a set of Desert Big Horn Sheep horns. Should have a jumping cactus growing through my eye socket and a sign scratched in a rusty gold pan, saying, "This unknown old desert hermit's skull was found in a pack-rat's nest in the Calicos—nearby was a canteen with a miner's pick driven through it! His history will never be known!"

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Henry Plummer's Golden Loot

(Continued from page 8)

largest, $35,000, for the electric dredge boat *Fielding L. Graves*. On the old cabin sites many relics were found in the dredge buckets—gold rings, coins, cartridges, rusted pistols, carved nuggets, belt buckles and women's brooches.

And Plummer once *did* bury valuables in the dirt floor of his cabin. Somehow first searchers missed the leavings. The buckets pulled up timber that lined the pits. From former caches were recovered gold nuggets from pea size to as large as walnuts, twenty $1 and sixteen $2.50 gold coins, and ten $50 assayers' ingots, all dated from 1858 to 1861.

There are two legends so impossibly farfetched as to stagger the imagination. Yet hundreds of people, and probably thousands, believe they are based on indisputable facts.

In the first one, Cy Skinner, chief spy for the road agents, reported to the gang a stage carrying $250,000. A few days later he learned none of them took after it. Enraged, he grabbed Bob Zachary and pursued. On the way they picked up two others, overtaking it across the border in Idaho. During the ensuing fight, the pickups and stage driver were slain. Skinner and Zachary got away with the gold packed on the dead bandits' horses. They delivered it to George Brown.

But the story, as repeated and printed, asserts that Skinner and Zachary were so closely pursued they were forced to cache the swag on Spring Mountain in what is now Lemhi County, Idaho.

The other episode occurred during the waning days of the road agent gang. Three were assigned to hit a stage on the Salt Lake road. They did so, but hearing strange stories of vigilantes hanging desperados everywhere, they buried the loot, said to be anywhere from $25,000 to $300,000, near Romey Lake. The road agents separated and entered Bannack and Virginia City. Sure enough, some of their former companions in crime had been hanged.

Each got the same idea of making a run for Utah, stopping by to recover the gold. Two arrived simultaneously, agreed to split, and camped. The third, appearing from Bannack, discovered them and started digging alone. They, in turn, found him at work and popped him off. Fearing Indians in the vicinity, they placed the body in the hole and covered it. Then one killed the other and decided to make a try for the gold alone, Indians or not. He never got there before they bushwhacked him fatally.

Before dying, the never-identified road agent told a friendly Indian, Madison John, about the buried gold. But Madison John left the country fearing white men would kill him in the belief that he did away with the desperado.

Years afterwards he returned to the area, going to work for a rancher. They became friends and Madison John related the road agent's story. It so happened the rancher lived near Virginia City when that particular stage was robbed. Taking Madison John along, he spent the next two years trying to find the gold guarded by a dead man. No dice, so the disgusted rancher told the story. From then to this day hundreds of hopefuls have gone to Romey Lake looking.

THE detailed stories of Plummer's gold make good listening. But not one can be documented, excepting, of course,

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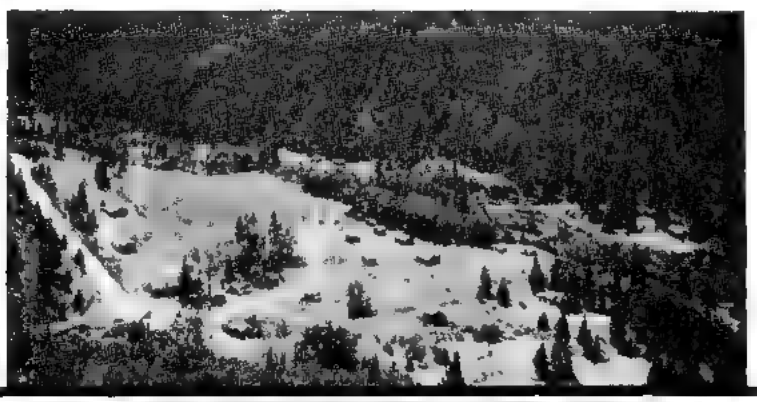

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the great unknown amount seized by vigilante ringleaders, and the Idaho slugs left on Sam Ford's ranch. Facts given by men present when it happened and public records prove the first.

There is more than sufficient evidence of a cache on Ford Creek, but stories connected with it are real weirdies.

Cleveland had talked about it and fragments of his statements were known to vigilantes. Shortly after hanging Plummer, eight appeared at Ford's demanding he turn it over to them. He neither denied nor admitted knowledge of any Plummer gold. They treated him real rough, threatening to hang him. When squawmen and halfbreeds arrived to ascertain what strange riders were doing in the valley, they chased the vigilantes and had a few big laughs at their expense. In plain sight were bundles of Plummer's currency, hanging on wires from the ceiling to prevent rodents from chewing it to pieces.

Ford left the creek, went prospecting, and returned in 1869. The next year Mrs. Plummer arrived at Sun River, then a village. Ford hauled her and an uncle to the ranch in a wagon. She had a map of the cache sent her via the Vails who had gone east before Christmas of 1863. Ford helping, they spent the summer searching.

Plummer had told and written her that his buried gold on Ford Creek was solely from his Idaho gambling and California investments. This could well be true. But they failed to locate it and, on leaving, Mrs. Plummer took the currency.

The following year, 1871, she returned with a nephew. In 1872, she brought along an eight-year-old son, named Henry for his father. The third summer's work also ended in failure. Mrs. Plummer returned home, remarried and, so far as is known, never again went back to Montana.

Henry Ford, Sam Ford's stepson, twelve years old at the time, played with young Henry Plummer on the creek while the grownups went around digging. In the following years he helped his stepfather continue seeking the lost ingots. Finally, they actually found them.

According to Henry Ford's statement they dug only to the first leather sack, which had rotted away. They estimated its value at $60,000. All such slugs, stamped with the assayer's name and contents, were flat squares of pure gold. This means that if all four sacks contained a like amount, the buried gold today would total slightly more than a half million dollars in value. They would bring three times that if sold as collector's items.

The treasure didn't belong to the Fords, but to Mrs. Plummer. So these respectable and honest people buried it right back where uncovered. They waited over the years for the woman who never returned to claim it, not knowing how to get in touch with her.

Sam Ford died in 1916. While crippled, barely conscious at times on his deathbed in 1941, several people tried to get Ford to make a map to the treasure. He couldn't read or write. During one brief conscious period he revealed the secret to his son. But the latter could never find the cache.

IN 1890, long before either of the Fords died, the gold was allegedly recovered. Jack Young came from Minneapolis to Great Falls, visited Sun River Valley, and wrote about the trip to his mother. She joined him in great excitement, revealing that she possessed a map sent her in 1863 by a brother never heard from again. It showed the location of a cabin on a tributary of Sun River, with directions how to find four sacks of gold secreted there. Until Jack wrote her, she never knew in what state the stream was located.

Mother and son outfitted, went directly to the cabin, dug up the gold, packed it all on one horse, and headed south. They took that direction because their presence at Sun River created considerable curiosity. All went well with them until crossing Dearborn River. While in midstream bullets whined around them from the timber. The horse packing the gold was killed but they managed to escape in the dusk.

The next morning they searched the river downstream, finding the horse lodged in some boulders. The gold, of course, had vanished. Young still believes it was Plummer's wealth because his aged mother's brother was a road agent with him under an alias. But it couldn't have been.

Some people in the Sun River country,

especially around Augusta, are certain the Plummer treasure was found in the late 1890s. A man living near there raised a large family in hardscrabble circumstances, always poor. Suddenly he became wealthy. Moving to a large city he bought real estate, farms and ranches. When he died a few years afterward, he was a millionaire.

The late Jean Arp, who wasted thirty years seeking the treaure, never believed this man found the stuff. Still living, eighty-four-year-old George T. Sommers, who hunted for the same Ford Creek bundle, as well as other alleged Plummer gold, is of the same opinion.

Both said to me in almost identical words, "The fact that he found the ingots couldn't have been kept a secret long. He would have had to use a bank or a coin dealer to dispose of them in a hurry. So many would have glutted the market and been commented upon by collectors. This had to be the logical source to sell them since they would bring more than twice their face value even back in those years."

What about sending them directly to a U. S. mint? Both always smiled sadly. Long ago, records of every mint in the nation had been checked.

Where to look for Plummer's Ford Creek cache? Here are important facts. The Ford cabin visited by Plummer in 1862 was long ago destroyed in what is today called J. B. Long Meadows, not far from where Ford and Smith Creeks join. Ford left there in 1867 but returned and took up range, erecting several cabin homes in the eastern end of the valley. Those are also gone.

But it isn't necessary to determine the original cabin site as a starting point. The Ford family graveyard (where Indians were first buried) rests on a rocky knoll near where the first cabin stood. From the southwest corner of the plot, Plummer walked one thousand steps toward the evening, or western, star and buried his gold.

This is what the Fords did and it is what Plummer told his wife to do with the map. Yet they, knowing more than anyone about the cache, were unsuccessful.

There is an answer and, having studied the facts and walked over the area many times, I think the reason is plainly evident. (I did not hunt the buried slugs, but sought the grave of a Pierre Choteau Company fur trader killed and buried in the valley before Ford arrived in 1861.)

On which creek did Plummer hide his Idaho fortune on a cold November night in 1862? A thousand steps from the graveyard would lead onto either one. In the long valley both streams are shallow and contained in no permanent channels. They pass through flat land in loose soil. There are no trees whose massed roots might help hold the creeks in one place. The level banks, between two and three feet high, crumble and erode continually. The streams have changed their courses at least a dozen times within the memory of people now living there. Moreover, Smith Creek has the perverse habit of sometimes disappearing straight into the ground and coming up somewhere else.

This is the only valid story of a Plummer cache. But my attitude toward it is like that of two range-riding cowboys. In a sudden blizzard they sought refuge in one of the Ford cabins before they were moved to LF Ranch headquarters. Half the floor had been torn out.

While kindling a blaze in the fire-

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Senator Curtis' Kaw cousin, Mrs. Julie Monroe, photographed by her tepee with her sister and daughter. Photo courtesy author.

place, one cowboy, a newcomer, asked the other, "Why do you suppose somebody tore up the floor?"

"Looking for Plummer's treasure."

"Yeah?" the curious cowboy strolled over, finding a four-foot-deep hole dug into the ground, and also two skunks.

"No treasure," he said on returning to his saddle pard. "But maybe we got a chance to make a couple bucks."

"How so?"

"Pair of striped cats under there."

Sam Bass' Gold

(Continued from page 45)

"He had the reputation of being a mighty bad one to cross, but Charley Cannon feared no man. 'I'm not accusing you of anything,' he said, 'but you come and get that money before tomorrow morning. Our deal is off.'

"Sam came and got the gold that very night. He politely offered me a handful for my trouble but, of course, I refused it. Never in all my life was I so glad to see anything go out the door. I got my first good night's sleep since that keg was brought into the house.

"We never saw Sam Bass again. A few days later the manhunt was on that ended when he was shot and mortally wounded at Round Rock. He didn't have the gold on him. Frank Jackson may have gotten away with some of it, but it wasn't like Sam to turn such a treasure over to a man like Jackson."

The Sam Bass legend has grown with the years. There are lots of tall tales about him, but this story is true. They even have a song about him that tells of his life from the cradle to the grave—but it doesn't tell what became of the gold, because no one knows.

A Kaw Could Have Been "Mr President"

(Continued from page 33)

He was always proud of his Indian blood and liked to retell stories of his youth with the Kaws and was amused as any when any of his cohorts referred to him in the legislature as "the Indian."

After Charley's election to the vice-presidency it is said that he became more dignified and quiet, even preferring to be called "Charles." Previously carefree in his dress, wearing a string tie and somewhat baggy trousers, he became more careful of his dress. Curtis was a most personable man; in his youth, he had big olive-black eyes under heavy brows, and a dark moustache that surely tickled his face when he laughed. Broad-shouldered and heavy-set, he became bald and grey at the temples as he grew older, and looked less and less like an Indian.

Actually, Curtis was less busy as Vice President than he had been as Senator, and some think that he felt his responsibility so keenly because of the burden he would carry should anything happen to the Big Chief. And remember, it was in Charley's blood to reverence chiefs, and he was certainly in close proximity.

Throughout his life, Charley was loyal to his Indian heritage and once said that the main trait of the American Indian is "love of truth"—that the old Indians, the men undefiled by white blood, kept their word and thus never understood why the Government habitually lied to the redmen.

When Curtis died in 1936, Chief Deerfoot presented a bow and arrow to Mrs. Gann, his half-sister, to accompany the body en route to Topeka for burial, as it was Indian tradition for a warrior to have his weapons in the "happy hunting grounds."

In 1959, Curtis' bronze bust was placed in Anadarko, Oklahoma's Indian Hall of Fame, after being unveiled in the old Supreme Court Chamber of the Topeka Capitol by Mrs. Leona Curtis Knight, Curtis' daughter. Seventeen famous Indian leaders have been so selected.

Charley's chances for the vice-presidency were difficult because of his Indian blood—blood which meant that he was descended from warriors and hunters who loved a life of little responsibility. Yet no other Kansas politician has possessed such a remarkable memory for names. The man's mind was said to have been a veritable card index, enabling him to recognize voters years after meeting them.

Charles Curtis is indeed a part of Kansas Indian lore and he was indeed a "Heap Beeg Chief."

Forgotten Industry Of The Frontier

(Continued from page 27)

for the safety of non-combatant townspeople, Sheriff Kyle and B. J. Turner, chairman of the board of county commissioners, telegraphed particulars of the war to Governor Kinkead.

"Two thousand persons, banded together, and with arms in their possession, have defied the civil authorities and refused to have any of their number arrested," stated the appeal from Eureka county authorities. "They now hold forcible possession of many coal pits in this county. By force they have prevented, and are now preventing, the owners of charcoal from hauling it to their furnaces, and they threaten to destroy other property and burn the town. Arrests have been resisted by the rioters, who are well armed and organized under the command of desperate leaders."

In accordance with the sheriff's telegraphed request, Governor Kinkead took the necessary steps to call into active service a force of state militia, and with the arrival of this well-armed military organization at Eureka, a lull in the fighting ensued until August 18. On this date, a posse headed by Deputy Sheriff J. B. Simpson and comprised of Robert Brown, William Martin, James Porter, Marshall Rice, G. H. Smith, Henry Storey, and Joseph Toomey, attacked a coal pit on Fish Creek, about thirty miles south of Eureka.

In the one-sided battle that followed, five of the coal burners were slain, six were wounded, and several taken prisoner. None of the sheriff's men suffered any damage except to their reputations, the posse having been criticized rather freely for the tactics employed. A coroner's jury, impaneled to inquire into the killings, brought in a verdict that the deceased persons had come to their deaths "from shots fired by a sheriff's posse while in discharge of their duty."

Meanwhile, the charcoal industry was eating itself out of the land. Smelters at Eureka, to cite only one mining center, were consuming 1,200,000 bushels of charcoal annually—the total tree crop from more than 5,000 acres of juniper-pinon woodland—and the hills had been completely denuded of wood for more than thirty-five miles in every direction from town!

In view of the fact that hundreds of other charcoal-fired smelters were in operation throughout the West—from Leadville, Colorado, to California, from Oregon and Washington to New Mexico—the wonder becomes only that the tree-crop lasted as long as it did.

At first, Western smelters stubbornly resisted all efforts to change over to coke; but the handwriting was on the wall. With retooling, experimentation, and increased skill in both coking and smelting, transistion to the other fuel was gradually—if grudgingly—made. As each smelter, in turn, converted to coke, erstwhile woodchoopers and charcoal burners drifted to other jobs, many migrating to the coal fields of Utah and Wyoming.

With the last charge of wood laid in the great stone ovens and the last fire grown cold, the desert wind and brush moved in to erase the black scars of the charcoal camps, and Nature began re-

". . . POSSE you fool! I told you to round up a posse!"

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clothing the mining country's denuded lands.

MANY of the old beehive kilns are still standing today. For a number of years, in the course of my ramblings, I have made a hobby of locating and photographing the old ovens and have made an effort to learn the history of each group.

Best of the ovens I have seen are those near the ghost town of Ward, Nevada, eighteen miles south of Ely. Now preserved as a State Park, these kilns are thirty feet in height with a floor diameter of twenty-seven feet. Their walls, at the base, are two feet in thickness. Built of random stone, square-faced to the exterior, with dressed stone forming the frames of the charge and discharge doors, the gracefully-arched stone roofs of these kilns, like those of most charcoal ovens, derive their sole support from the skillful manner in which the stones were fitted together. I doubt if many of today's stone masons possess the masterly technique necessary to erect such a structure, wholly without mortar or reinforcing steel; yet, these fine old kilns have been standing solidly for almost a century, and for more than half of that time have had no maintenance or repair.

At the ghost town of Iron City, Utah, second point west of the Mississippi River where native iron ore was smelted, stands one perfectly preserved kiln and the remains of two others, all built of random stone in their lower two-thirds, with brick forming the upper one-third. Thirteen charcoal kilns at Tennessee Pass, Colorado, were built entirely of brick, and kilns at Gold Hill, Utah, and Cottonwood Canyon, in California, were constructed of adobe.

All the kilns I have examined follow the same basic pattern—beehive in form, with an interior floor diameter of twenty to thirty feet, with the roof peak about this same distance above the ground. Near the top of each kiln is a charge door for receiving the wood, and at ground level a discharge door for removal of the charcoal—both openings being fitted, originally, with heavy iron doors which closed against iron frames, thereby effecting a nearly airtight seal. Air, necessary to control the burning process, was supplied through a series of small wall vents which could be opened or plugged as need dictated.

I have not been able to determine which group of kilns was last to operate, or which year saw the last charcoal fired in them. There seems good reason to believe, however, that the last charcoal oven in the West had ceased operation by the turn of the century, or shortly afterward—most of them two decades earlier.

Despite this considerable time lapse, many of the kiln yards are still scattered with fragments of jet-black charcoal—one of the most imperishable of man-made materials. These fragments, for the most part, are bits of waste dropped in loading and hauling, but a few kilns are known to have been abandoned with their last charge still intact.

In a remote section of the Stone Cabin Range, northeast of Tonopah, Nevada, several kilns which had supplied the smelters at Tybo were left packed with their final charge and, for more than sixty years, miners and ranchers in that vicinity have drawn upon this charcoal bank for fuel to fire the forges used in sharpening their tools and drill steel.

(Continued on next page)

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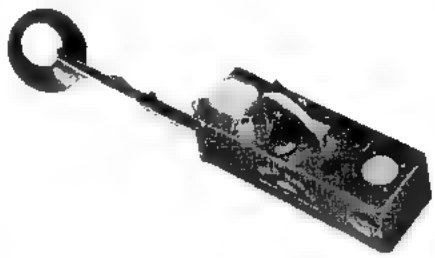

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In a few other ways, as well, the kilns have been of use to man even since their abandonment. All have served countless times as storm shelters for livestock, or have given protection and warmth to blizzard-threatened sheepherders, cowboys, miners, prospectors, Indians, and other desert wayfarers.

Today, with their builders long in the grave and the industry they served all but forgotten, the old beehive kilns still stand as fascinating relics of a Western way of life now gone forever.

John Teal, Trooper

(Continued from page 17)

Escape! John hid the Sharps in a packrat's nest, stripped his rigging from the horse, descended into an arroyo which drained southwest, and made tracks.

After walking a mile in the arroyo, John stopped. He tied bridle, saddle blanket, spurs and saber to the saddle, which he strapped to his back. Then, getting the time from *Ursa Major* (10:00 p.m.), he set his course one hand west of Polaris. He hoped to intersect the road east of Ewell's Station.

John was very thirsty. He sipped water from the canteen frugally, for there was no time to search for a new supply. He was very nearly exhausted, too, but dared not rest for fear of being caught out of camp in daylight. Teal kept on course, except when zig-zagging over the higher ridges.

When John reached the road, he could not recognize anything in the darkness. At a nearby wash, his fingers found fresh shod horses' tracks, whose makers had been traveling west. He was positive Ewells' Station lay in that direction.

A sort of high pitched "eeeEEP" sounded in the air. John stopped to listen. After waiting a few minutes he heard the sound again. A mule was braying about a mile to the west.

After twenty minutes of walking, a dark mass became visible ahead. John halted to observe and listen and decided the dark mass was his destination. The time, he estimated, was 1:00 a.m.

John removed the Colt's from the holster, cocked it, held it wavering at arm's length above his head, fired, then shouted, "Private Teal."

"Who goes there?"

"Teal."

"Advance, Private Teal, to be recognized," said the picket who was puzzled by the grotesque shape of the approaching figure.

At twenty feet the picket asked, "Private Teal?"

"Yes," John halted, struggling to remain on his feet.

"You are supposed to be dead."

"Take me to Captain Cremony."

The captain never had paid this much attention to John before. He "unsaddled" Teal personally, guided him by the arm to his own fire, and gave him food and coffee.

Private Teal could talk, but he could not stay awake—Cremony had him put to bed. The soldier had walked eight miles. He had arrived at Ewell's Station with all his equipment except his Sharps and spurs.

The young trooper is referred to in subsequent records as Sergeant Teal. One presumes he was promoted for proficiency.

Mangus Colorado recovered to live five more months. He was killed while under arrest January 18, 1863.

Restless Shadow Of Shipman Park

(Continued from page 31)

down for medicine."

"You're welcome to anything we got. What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno; it might be inflammation of the bowels (now called appendicitis). He has fever and pains in his stomach."

"That's serious," said Forrester.

"We're short on grub. I thought if you had butchered lately, we might get a piece of meat."

"I haven't butchered since last summer—a beef for the hay crew—but we have plenty to eat. I been pitching out hay to a little band of elk that has been feeding with my cattle. I figured they might as well pay for their keep; besides, a steer is money when I ship to market in the fall, but elk are for free."

"That's wonderful," said Green. "We been living on beaver tails and snowshoe rabbits. I herded a porcupine to the cabin once and killed him with the axe; one porky was enough, he tasted like a pine tree. But meat is meat when you don't have any. We also need flour and a little bacon grease, if you can spare it."

A visitor was welcome at that lonely ranch. Mrs. Forrester said that it had been more than two months since she had seen a woman. The supper she served to that hungry trapper, who had been on short rations and traveled on foot all day without food, was a banquet, or so it tasted to him; elk steak, potatoes and gravy, hot biscuits with home-churned butter, coffee with real cream and dried apple pie.

But that night the weather fouled again and Green found himself snowbound. He was so worried over Shipman that he wanted to return anyway, but Forrester pointed out, "You can't see more'n a rod or two and, with no trail to follow, you might even get lost. You'll be weighted down with a pack on your shoulders and it's uphill all the way. You can never make it in one day through deep loose snow; wait 'til the weather clears and I'll go with you. We'll get an early start, before daylight. I can help break trail, carry half the pack, and we can make it in one day."

SHIPMAN had been dead a long time. The body was stiff from rigor mortis or freezing or both. Ashes in the fireplace were cold; water in the bucket was frozen solid.

The next day a chinook blew in and the snow melted rapidly. With no preacher, not even a Bible, it was a sad task for Forrester and Green as they wrapped Shipman in blankets and buried him in a sheltered nook near the cabin.

All Green could say was, "The best pardner a man ever had."

They ringed the grave with stones and placed a buffalo skull at the head and another at the foot for they didn't have a board to use as a marker to show Shipman's name and the date of 1877.

They picked up the traps and baled the furs. The bales were cached high in a tree out of reach and safe from animals on the ground until they could return with pack horses. Shipman and Green had been on their way toward being well paid for their winter's work.

This is Forrester's story and Frank Farmer's story as he told it to Jim Hardman. Jim rode into the Park trailing cattle in 1909 and told me the cabin was just a wreck, a pile of rotting logs, but the old rock fireplace, minus the chimney, was still there. It is also the story of The Ghost of Shipman Park; for apparently Shipman's spirit was not buried with him.

Dry Spell On The St. Regis

(Continued from page 41)

"Here, Jack," he offered persuasively, "have one on me."

"Can't do it," Jack reluctantly refused. "It'd cost me $20."

Wobbly Bill extended his other hand to Sam.

"Here, come on, if you're both too tight to lose $20, drink at the same time and it won't cost either of you a cent."

Jack looked at Sam, Sam looked at Jack, two glasses rose simultaneously in the air as if propelled by the same force. Two voices said, "Here's how!" Two pairs of lips smacked and in unison exclaimed, "Powerful stuff!"

When the glasses were empty, the pair made for the bar and began ordering refills while the other men cheered them on.

After I had been asleep for hours, probably sometime after midnight, I was awakened by the sound of voices outside the bunkhouse and there was a confused fumbling at the door, after which two men stumbled inside. I recognized the voices of Jack and Sam. Suddenly Jack burst into song in an Irish brogue which he sometimes assumed:

"Begorra, I am there with the goods,
I'll go over to the Maries,
And I'll work in the woods."

Sam, not to be outdone, followed up in a cross between a squeaky tenor and mezzo-soprano, with:

"I was drunk last night, my darling,
I was drunk the night before,
But if ever I live to get sober,
I'll never get drunk anymore."

It was not until more than a quarter of a century later that I found in George Moore's *Esther Waters* a verse so like that of Sam as to cause me to wonder how a version of an English drinking song could have been learned in the Ozarks where, judging from his nickname, Sam had originated.

As Sam, undismayed by the lack of an encore, began to repeat the verse, the voice of the Peerless Kid roared out from his upper bunk.

"Pipe down, you drunken hoodlums!" he shouted.

Quiet eventually prevailed except for snores. When I arose in the morning, Jack and Sam were still asleep and no one bothered to disturb them. But when the whistle blew at the mill and Sam had not appeared, the sawyer looked uneasily at the overflowing sawdust hopper underneath the floor.

Just in time, the foreman appeared with a husky young Finn who was soon speeding along the plank trail with the wheelbarrow. Later one of the wags christened him "Kelly" and I never heard any other name for him.

When I entered the bunkhouse at the end of the day, the blankets were missing from the bunks of Jack and Sam and someone remarked that they had probably gone down the road with cans tied to them.

For several days the talk of the camp was of the pair but soon after, accounts of the war in Europe (later to be called the First World War) began to fill the

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newspapers and became the chief topic of the men. Wobbly Bill was in his glory and ended one of his long speeches by saying, "The damned fools! I don't get the sense of starting a war in the dead of winter."

"Winter?" Little Chuck inquired hesitatingly.

"Sure," Bill replied in his most positive manner. "They're on the other side of the Equator, ain't they?"

"I see," Chuck admitted, flushing deeply in the manner of one who suspects that he may have betrayed his ignorance.

No Place For The Glory Boys

(Continued from page 49)

post theatricals in her diary in 1869. She recorded that, "From the day after Christmas until New Year's Eve we were very busy here. Christmas week we had a theatrical performance and consequently we had two rehearsals daily until this came off, which was the Wednesday before the New Year, when we played 'Loan of a Lover' and 'Ici on Parle Francais.'"

When commanding officers would permit it, soldiers kept pets. Dog owning proved to be an expensive proposition for the troops at Fort Fetterman. Mrs. Vogdes reported in 1870, "An order was issued by the commanding officer to have all the dogs in the garrison shot or have their owners pay a tax of $5 which the soldiers willingly did. Seven only had to suffer the penalty of the tyrannical order. . . . I have been mad all day about such an order being published."

And there were always the Indians—an implacable, cruel foe who asked no quarter and granted none. The full scope of the Indian wars has never really been understood by the American public. We teach our school children that there was a Revolutionary War, a War of 1812, a Civil War and a Spanish-American War, but little is ever said of the Indian War that raged from 1865-1891. Beginning with the Indian uprisings in 1865, Army records show at least 12 distinct campaigns and 943 engagements against the redmen.

The fighting reached a furious intensity at times. General Sheridan estimated that Army losses during the 1876-1877 period were actually higher in proportion than losses during the Civil War. Twenty-five years of Indian fighting cost the Army 931 killed and 1,061 wounded according to official reports. Those figures do not take into account the hundreds of civilian employees or Army family members who died as a result of their connection with the troops.

When the attitude of Congress is considered, the exploits of the Indian fighting Army were almost miraculous. Economy was the battle cry of legislators during that period. Often, the Army was one of the first Government responsibilities to feel the axe. Between 1865 and 1869, Army size was reduced from 59,000 to 40,000. Boards of high ranking officers called "Benzine Boards" ruthlessly pruned the ranks until only a skeleton remained.

Troops were spread so thinly in the West that soldier strength in the Plains area averaged only one man to every 120 miles. General Sheridan complained that, "No other nation on earth would have attempted the reduction of these wild tribes with less than 60,000 or 70,000 men, while the whole force employed and scattered over this enormous region never numbered over 14,000."

(Continued next page)

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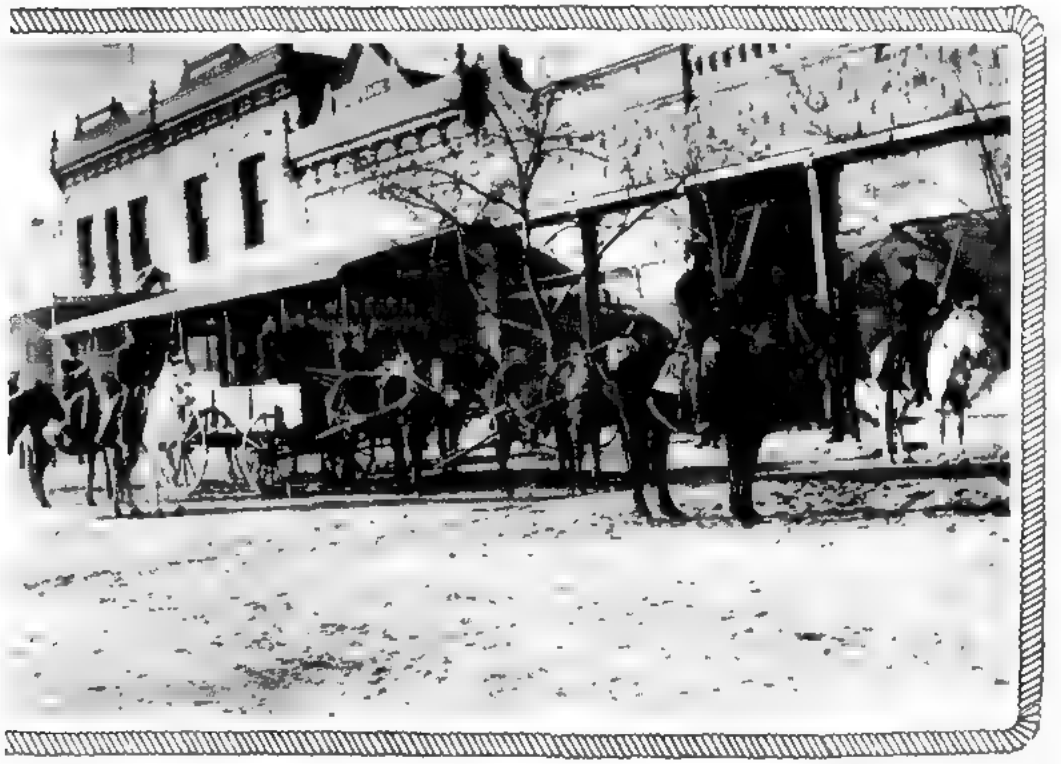

Courtesy Charles M. Eads

A wagon carrying $38,000 to Rosebud Indians is well-guarded by Indian police. Valentine, Nebraska—Early 1920s

THE INDIAN fighting Army faced military problems that were different from those encountered by most armies. The enemy was not dependent on agriculture for food as most armies are, and the Indian was a nomad with no fixed base of operations that could be attacked and destroyed.

The Army eventually solved its military problems but not without learning some costly lessons. Defeats at places like Little Big Horn, White Bird Canyon, and Peno Creek Valley convinced them that completely new tactics were needed if they were ever going to affect a lasting peace.

General George Crook was mainly responsible for developing the strategy that finally won. "Beat them at their own game," he urged. "Travel fast and light."

Crook's army obeyed but the campaigns were no lark. Troops were not even permitted to carry a knife and fork while in the field with him. Half rations were the order of the day and they were carried on mule back. "No wagons," was the General's order.

An indication of how lightly Crook's army traveled is to be found in a list of kitchen equipment for his headquarters' mess. The cook's kitchen consisted of 1 frying pan, 1 carving knife, 1 coffee pot, 1 large tin platter, 1 large and 2 small ladles, 1 sheet iron mess pan and bags for carrying sugar, coffee, bacon, and bread.

Crook realized that the Indian was weakest in the winter and so he made many attacks during that season. The strategy was wise and effective but it meant many long hard marches in freezing weather for the troops.

Some experts have the illusion that the only reason the Indians were defeated was that they had inferior arms. In the years before the Civil War, that may have been true. Afterward, the Indians frequently had better equipment than the United States Army!

It was standard practice to equip infantrymen with a single shot breech loading Springfield rifle after the Civil War. Cavalrymen usually carried Springfields that had been cut down to carbine size. The weapon had one serious fault. Its ejector sometimes failed to operate properly and the soldier would have to dig the empty shell casing out of the chamber with a knife before it could be fired again.

But the Indians often were equipped with repeating rifles. Spencers, Henrys, Winchesters and Remingtons could be purchased from unscrupulous traders. Indian agents even conspired against the hard-pressed Army by ordering repeating rifles for the reservation. "The Indians need them for hunting," they said.

Officers who could afford it purchased civilian arms, but most enlisted men had to make do with the balky Springfield. How many men were killed in engagements when their weapons jammed will never be known.

In spite of its many hardships and handicaps, the Indian fighting Army was a remarkable fighting unit. Indian casualties were twice as high as the whites'. Time after time, the Apache and Sioux were surprised by a stealthy advance and routed. As one general remarked, "The Indian is a terrible fighter when he is surprised."

What was the secret of the Army's success? It probably can only be understood in one way. Ex-Confederates bore arms with Yankees. German, Irish, Swedish, and Italian immigrants fought side by side with Negro cavalrymen. Their strength was in their diversity. The Indian fighting Army was a true cross-section of America.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 43)

was allotted a 160-acre tract of land, to which the child upon reaching eighteen years of age became full right possessor.

In 1905 Agnes Yellow Robe decided to put her allotted land on the Rosebud Sioux Indian Reservation to use. Upon this land was built a dwelling, known as the Half-Way House, which was later to contribute its share to western history.

Through a unique arrangement, Agnes Yellow Robe permitted the building of the dwelling with the understanding that she would be a paid employee. The Half-Way House functioned as a mail, freight, and stage depot, as well as a stopping place for travelers, for it was the only place available in that isolated unfenced region for one to get meals and lodging.

The northbound stage and freight teams from Valentine would meet the southbound ones from Rosebud. There at the Half-Way House trail-weary teams were rested or replaced with fresh animals and cargo was transferred or relayed. There, too, was the stopping place of the bullion cargoes carrying many thousands of silver dollars that weighed tons. It was Government cargo arriving by train into Valentine under heavy guard, Indian money consigned to the Indian Agency on the Rosebud Reservation. Met at the train depot by team freight, the shipments were escorted by heavily armed Indian guards.

It is told that one day along the freight trail, certain movements were noted in the distance by the guards. It was nothing more than a couple of youths putting up a stack of hay by hand with pitchforks, but they had recognized the bullion cargo wagons and decided to have some fun by hiding behind the haystack and using the pitchfork handles to simulate rifle barrels. They stuck part of the handles out each side of the haystack like "hold-up" men, but as they peered over their pitchfork "barrels," they discovered the Indian guards were already lined up for immediate action. The guards discovered the prank in time, but not so much "in time" that the youths didn't realize they dang-nigh had a too-late lesson taught to them.

The Homestead Act of 1862 provided settlement which did not get into full swing in the area until the early 1880s but the resulting land boom brought great changes. The horse stage was being replaced by the gas-wagon as were the team freights by the gas trucks. With these changes, Agnes Yellow Robe while yet in her forties sold her holdings and returned to Valentine. There she remains today.

During the full and trying times in the life of Agnes Yellow Robe, she has been widowed three times. Now she whiles away her time busily performing the art of sewing, embroidery, and quilting which she learned in her youth. The number of quilts she has given away, sold, or supplied to her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren is unknown. Mrs. Edith Ferron, one of her daughters, says that Agnes Yellow Robe still threads the needle and does all her sewing without the aid of glasses.

The keen eyes and deft fingers of this lovely Sioux lady will continue to create beauty as long as she lives.

GATHERING PLACE FOR THE BRAVES

By James B. Connolly

WILLISTON—more Indians from more tribes for more years than anywhere else in the West! That's the claim made for the area about the mouth of the Yellowstone River, in North Dakota's Williams and McKenzie Counties.

But where are the Indians today—the noble redskins who so intrigued the artist-author, George Catlin, in 1832; so fascinated Prince Maximilian of Weida in his ethonological studies in 1833; so annoyed the great naturalist, John J. Audubon, in 1843, and who were such a part of the great Nineteenth Century fur business?

They are all gone—gone away. The reason? Because the vicinity was visited by one tribe too many—by the Dakotas, better known as the Sioux.

Most closely identified with the region were the Assiniboine. Curiously enough, although of Siouan stock, they were deadly enemies of the Sioux.

Because the mouth of the Yellowstone was a natural gathering place, it was a logical site for a trading post. Both Meriwether Lewis and William Clark recommended it for that purpose.

The first fort was constructed there in 1822, Fort Henry, named for Andrew Henry, a partner of William Ashley, and the leaders of a band which included such famous men as Jim Bridger, Tom Fitzpatrick, Hugh Glass, Mike Fink, and William Sublette. The fort did not long survive because of Indian visits and the Indians' love for good horse flesh, especially that owned by someone else.

When Fort Union was established in 1828 by the fur empire controlled by John Jacob Astor, it immediately became a point of congregation for many tribes: Crees from Canada, Chippewas from the Turtle Mountains and the Red River Valley, Crows from up the Yellowstone and, from the foothills of the Rockies, the Blackfeet and with them their fearsome cousins, the Piegans, Bloods and the Gros Ventres of the Prairies.

Allied with the Chippewa were the Metis, a product of that tribe and the French and British fur traders—a nation unto themselves.

Up the Missouri from the east would come the Hidatsa, perhaps on a visit to their allies, the Crows; and the Mandans and Arikara, to hunt, perhaps to trade, or maybe just to lift scalps or "borrow" horses.

There were occasional visits from other tribes: the most famous Shoshone, Sacajewea, who shared Lewis and Clark's great adventure, was through at least three times; two Flatheads, returning from St. Louis where they had gone to invite a "Blackrobe" to serve their people, came this far by steamboat and when the Blackrobe, the famous Father Pierre J. DeSmet, came, he returned to the States several times by way of Fort Union with an Iroquois as guide and traveling companion.

There was a series of opposition posts at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, starting in 1833 with Fort William, built by William Sublette and Robert Campbell. Indians liked opposing posts—the competition assured them of better trades for their peltries.

On the Yellowstone, near the mouth of the Big Horn River, a trading post for Crows was established in 1807 by Manuel Lisa, a St. Louis trader. However, civilization was displacing the Sioux from their eastern hunting grounds, and the land of the Crows was fought over by the Sioux on one side and the Blackfeet on the other. In the 1850s, the site became untenable for the white traders.

SO STRONG had the Sioux become that the Crows feared to travel to Fort Union, either to trade or to receive their government annuities.

In 1864, General Alfred Sully, in retribution for the Minnesota massacre two

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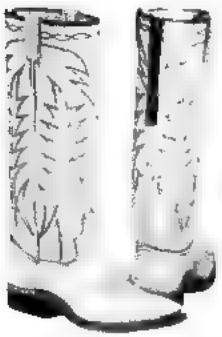

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years before, fought the Sioux at the Battle of the Killdeers and across the Badlands to the Yellowstone River. He came down the stream to the Missouri, leaving a company of soldiers at Fort Union.

Two years later the army constructed Fort Buford—a thorn in the side of the Dakotas. They showed their displeasure by keeping the establishment under siege several years, and often hostilities were directed by none other than Sitting Bull.

When the Fort Buford Military Reservation was set up, it meant the removal of commercial trading posts. Even friendly Indians were not welcome, but a few Assiniboines, employed as scouts, were tolerated.

But the Assiniboines were not too piqued. Because of the Sioux, they were trading and receiving their annuities far up the Missouri in Montana.

After the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876, Fort Buford again became a gathering place for Indians—Indian prisoners of war. Among the captives were the Nez Percé led by Chief Joseph.

Sioux and Cheyenne were held at Buford until they could be transported by steamboat to reservations down the Missouri. In 1881 Sitting Bull—last symbol of resistance for both the whites and the reds—surrendered at Buford. But since 1890 there has been a dearth of Indians in these parts.

Because of the Military reservation, Williston grew up at the mouth of the Little Muddy, twenty miles northeast, and not at one of the most famous meeting places in all the West, the mouth of the Yellowstone.—*Courtesy Greater North Dakota Association.*

You Can't Go Back To Yesterday

(Continued from page 37)

surroundings. Here was no place for an accident. Even a sprained ankle could have dire results.

When we reached the top of the mountain about noon, we sat down on a ledge of rock for a much needed rest. Now I let my eyes survey, in the light clear air of the mountaintop, the extensive view that we had from our position. The view was astounding. As far as the eye could see were bleak mountains with their peaks, canyons, gullies, and an occasional glacier. They were barren of vegetation, of animals, birds or insects. The land was lifeless. What struck me most forcibly was the complete lack of sound. The silence was so deep it seemed bottomless. It was as impressive as it was deep. I had a feeling that I had suddenly been transferred to a strange planet where sound did not exist; a planet on which creation was not completed—where the words "Let there be life" had not yet been spoken.

There is something about the stillness of the North that is different from that experienced farther south. It is more intense. I gave it a name in my mind where it has stayed for these many years, unuttered or unspoken. I solemnly named it the "hush, hush silence of the North." Science has tried to explain it by the slower movement of the rotation of the earth when nearing the Pole. This deep silence, if experienced for a prolonged time, can become very annoying. Invariably, men alone with it begin talking to themselves just to break the awesome stillness. It contributes to cabin fever.

I was aroused from my trance-like reverie by a voice saying, "We must be moving." My friend was right, there was a "must" to it. Our rations were short for the estimated time it would take us to get to where they could be replenished. If we did not make it in that time, we would simply go without.

That was exactly what happened. Nobody knows the deliciousness of food, or the luxury of rest until he has tried hunger and fatigue in excess. Our trip back to the coast was normal for those days. There were hardships, dangers and fatigue, all common experiences on the trail.

Arriving at Valdez, we were again in the commercial world. Here a variety of food, goods, and amusements could be purchased at a price. Many glad hands were extended to us. They were prompted by the knowledge that we returned with gold in our pokes. After a few days a steamboat headed for Seattle docked. This I boarded in order to fulfill a promise which I had made to my father. I was to take over the chores of the farm while he made a winter's visit to Norway, which he had not seen for fifty years.

Reluctantly I left Alaska, hoping to return soon. Why reluctantly? What had Alaska dished out to me? She had treated me to hardships, to dangers, to hunger and to fatigue, but still I left reluctantly.

In searching for a "why" I may have stumbled on what partly answers it. Alaska had rough men with big hearts and spirits unbreakable. This was contagious. It had an undiluted freshness that was invigorating; by nature it held a challenge. As sentinels on her frontiers she had jealously put obstacles in the way of the white man and his constant companion, progress. When these obstacles were overcome, men had a feeling of accomplishment. These were some of the charms that attracted people to this new land.

I WAS prevented from an early return to Alaska by a meddling little imp called Cupid. Unsuspecting as I was, I made a good target for the little archer. Up to 1964 my wife and I have together celebrated fifty-nine anniversaries.

After a long period of waiting, fate presented me with a good excuse to revisit Alaska in 1952. Our youngest son was stationed at Seward. On our way there from Anchorage, I had something denied the others, as here was terrain very similar to that I had mushed through some fifty years before.

Again I wanted to sit cross-legged by the wilderness campfire, cooking food which had such a good taste after a long day of fuel consuming activities. By its flickering flames, with surroundings unknown, lurked a certain something whose home was in No Man's Land, which lay between the real and the unreal. Here it could play without being distracted by the noises of civilization. Here was not heard the whistle of a steamboat, nor the sound of rattling wagon, nor the bark of a dog, nor the crow of a cock, nor a sound of the opening or closing of a door, nor of a footstep. Here everything was quiet, a stillness in which I could sense the nearness and feel the touch of this nameless something while it whispered of things material and spiritual, of romance, riches and many others, all of them real—while they lasted.

Half-forgotten memories flooded my mind, and I became possessed with the desire to again experience the adventures of the trail. Forgetting that I was no longer young, I again wanted to push my arms under the straps that held the pack saddle with a sixty-five-pound load

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firmly on my back. Again, I wanted to transport myself and my gear through deep snow over bad and good trails. Again, I wanted to cheat the swift merciless rivers of the prey that they seemed to lie in wait for; again I wanted to have the feeling of achievement that I had when arriving at Slate Creek with muscles so hard they would not dent, and an optimism and courage that was reckless.

As the car rounded a curve, it brought into view a deep canyon, the mountains on both sides were high and steep, their tops barely lit by the waning daylight. As I traveled downward, it became darker and darker; this darkness, I felt, shielded mysteries. The noise made by the car became offensive. It had no place in this picture. It was mechanical, artificial. Louder than the noises made by the car, came a voice from the canyon.

It was the call of the wild—"Come and communicate with me, and renew the friendships of old. Throw the heavy pack off your shoulders, build a fire, turn your flapjacks, fry bacon, make coffee strong, light a pipe and dream. The beasts of the forest will see your fire—associate it with man and shun the place. With your feet to the fire, roll yourself in blankets and tarp, and listen to the hush, hush silence of the North."

WHEN Victor and I set out for Alaska in 1902, he had a specific goal in mind which he was determined that no hardship or danger should prevent him from achieving. I wished him good luck and bade him goodbye that same fall at Slate Creek, which was to be the last time. As the years passed, we lost contact, but I was informed indirectly of his activities and adventures.

In 1952, when I again visited Alaska, I learned that for most of those fifty years, he had continued his quest until a huge snowslide buried him. His body was never found. Victor was one of the many who paid.

In due time the lights of Seward appeared. Seward is a city built on rock shoved down by an ancient glacier and deposited there. Its only soil is that which a few extravagant home owners have hauled in, in order to have a lawn and garden. Its water system is glacier fed.

Upon arrival we entered our son's modern home with its comforts and conveniences. I chose a softly cushioned chair and sat down to compare my reception on my first trip to Alaska with this one. On my first trip I was greeted by snow and many miles of mushing to reach my objective. This time I had moved from plane to car with my feet scarcely needing to touch the ground. Now we were in a house with a push-button kitchen that was not appreciated. Then we were deeply grateful to find a dead tree or bush with wood dry enough to burn. Then we sat cross-legged at a campfire, cooking our simple food that had such a delicious aroma and taste. Here we would soon be putting our feet under a table laden with such a variety of foods we knew not which to choose. Here we were protected from the elements, and a dry, soft bed was awaiting us. Then we were glad to find the shelter of a tree while a storm raged around us.

The road between Seward and Anchorage was traveled many times during the next three weeks. The voice of the canyon became less and less insistent—then there was only silence, the hush, hush silence of the North, so deep it speaks a language of its own.

Had I offended the spirit of the wilderness by letting progress lure me away from her? Did she feel spurned because I chose things tame and artificially beautiful in preference to her wild, natural charm? Or did she, like myself, finally realize that I was getting too old for the rough games of the wilderness?

Tomb Of The Unknown

(Continued from page 47)

"These two individuals are not Caucasians, however, and their skulls show definite Mongoloid features. Although there is a remote chance that they were shipwrecked Japanese, it is more reasonable to assume that they were Indians native to the area."

Today the fate of the other skulls (if those in possession of the Smithsonian Institution are from Raft Cove) is not known, adding another question to the mystery surrounding Vancouver Island's Skeleton Cave.

Rabbit-Man Of Humphreys County

(Continued from page 11)

A call for succor was always answered when addressed to Tennesseans and, with pistols drawn, they rushed in a body down to the bridge. There they found two of the town's bums, Pat Halpin and Cul Fortner, gloriously drunk. When questioned, it was learned that they had merely tried to hang on the neck of Howard to show their deep affection, and when the townsmen returned, dragging the culprits with them, he seemed visibly embarrassed. "Gentlemen," he said, "will you please forget this matter? I wouldn't want everyone to know my cowardly actions."

They assured him that they would never mention it again, and that their friendship for one who was unfortunately timid would not cool. Cool it did, however, and from that time on they were condescending toward him.

Out at his private race track the rabbit-man was called to atone one day for winning a $100 race from Jim Ward. McCutcheon, Harris, and others were witnesses to the browbeating, one of the worst they had ever witnessed. Both men were still on their horses, and all saw Howard's hand drop toward the flap on his saddlebag. However, he seemed to think better of it and, riding up to his tormentor, leaned over and laughed in his face. The men on the ground craned their necks and listened.

"I was going to kill you, but changed my mind," he said to Ward. "You are a lucky man; how lucky you do not know." He smiled a timid smile, nudged Red Fox with his knee, and rode toward the house.

"Even a rabbit will turn," Henry Harris told his fellows.

One day in Johnsonville Howard met D. B. Thomas, who lived in the lower bottoms of the Tennessee River. They were both on horseback when they came face to face, and Howard asked the other, "How about that Negro?"

Thomas had hired away one of his hands without first asking for a waiver and, when Howard braced him, he flew into a rage and cursed the rabbit-man from Big Bottom, rubbing salt into the wound by calling him by that epithet. Once again the long, tapering fingers stole downward toward the saddlebag, and then Howard said something that Thomas would repeat when he retold the story over the years.

"You'd be dead if I hadn't promised Zee," he said, and turning his mount,

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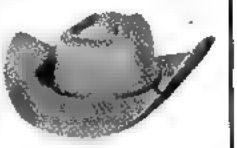

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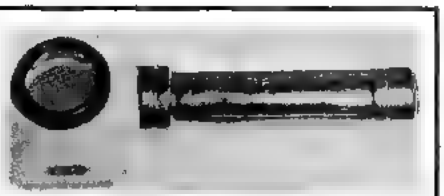

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rode away laughing loudly.

As the days and weeks passed, the Howard family became noted for their hospitality. The women of the Big Bottom had their ideas, and the men had theirs. "They are naturally fine people," the women said.

"Howard is a rabbit-man, and knows it," said the men. "He is just trying to get by without any trouble. He hates trouble."

One day when the rabbit-man was exercising Red Fox, he met J. P. White, sheriff of Humphreys County. The sheriff was on an errand to the lower bottoms, and asked Howard to accompany him. The latter accepted immediately.

"We rode together all day," Jim White told me, "and when we returned, Howard invited me to stay at his house for the night. I was tired, and thought it a good idea, and accepted. His wife was a wonderful cook, and prepared a fine meal for supper. While we were at the table, I told him I had taken on a big contract."

"What is that?" asked the host casually.

The sheriff drew a paper from his pocket and spread it out before him. Howard didn't look at it, but kept his eyes on White.

"It's a reward notice they sent down from Nashville," replied the sheriff. "They seem to think that Jesse James is around here somewhere."

There was a terrific crash, and both men looked at Mrs. Howard, who had dropped a platter of dishes that she was carrying from the room. "I'm so clumsy," she apologized, and began gathering them up.

"Now, now, Zee, that's all right," said the rabbit-man, quickly going to her assistance. "It's that rug," he told the sheriff. "I've been promising to get her a new one, but keep putting it off."

"I couldn't see anything wrong with the rug," Jim White told me, "but thought nothing of it at the time. When Howard came back to the table I handed the poster to him. He just glanced at it and said, 'By God, Sheriff, if I thought that terrible outlaw was around here, I'd leave the State of Tennessee. It would certainly be no place for a timid man to stay.'"

When the sheriff was ready for bed, Howard accompanied him to his room and when he turned to leave, the lawman pulled a beautifully engraved gold watch from his pocket and said, "Neighbor, horses and watches are my twin hobbies. Now I can readily see that Red Fox is far superior to my animal, but I'll bet you have no timepiece that can top this one." He laid the watch on the table, and when Howard picked it up and turned it over in his hand, White puffed up with pride.

"I was preening myself like a peacock when he laid the watch back down and said, 'Come with me,' and I followed him into another room," said the sheriff. "In one corner there was a small trunk, and taking a key from his pocket he unlocked it and threw back the lid.

"I had never seen so much fine jewelry in my life. Most of it was composed of men's watches and women's brooches, and many had diamonds in them. The poorest watch in the lot was much better than mine. I picked up a fine one to take a look at it, and Howard closed and locked the trunk again.

"I said, 'You locked it too quickly; put this one back,' and he waved it away and said, "Keep it; it is a present. My wife and I used to wear this stuff when we were young, but we seldom look at it anymore.'"

When the sheriff rode away the following morning, it was with the impression that the Howards were more opulent than any other residents of Big Bottom. They were regular churchgoers, and contributed more than anyone else to the collection plate. Once when services were at their height, the rabbit-man was seen to bow his head and weep bitter tears at the pathetic illustrations drawn by the hell-fire preacher.

Bud Jameson, one who was regularly outside of the law, told a companion, "He's worse than timid; he's an old woman." So, outwardly professing friendliness and inwardly scoffing, many of those who had accepted Howard's gifts tried to stack the cards against the rabbit-man.

ANOTHER summer passed, and with the coming of fall and the county fair, horse racing was again revived. Horses from other counties were entered, including a fast pacer owned by Jake Igleheart of Hickman, a dapple gray upon which its owner had bet the whole income from his harvest. The scoffers had told Jake of the weak point in Howard's nature, and when the gray lost by two lengths to Red Fox, he carried his grievance to the owner in a torrent of abusive language, ending with a flourish of his arms and a challenge to fight.

Howard had sat his mount quietly until his detractor had finished, then spurred up to him until the mounts were fetlock to fetlock. Heaving a great and audible sigh, as if relieved suddenly from a terrible pressure, the rabbit-man leaned toward the furious one, and although no one had seen the transition, suddenly a dragoon revolver appeared in his hand.

"You cursed me just now," he said, "and I should kill you for that to keep my self-respect. But you didn't know what you were doing, and I'll overlook it just this much—that if you don't do it again, you can ride on home. But just one more word out of your foul mouth and you'll die. Please say that word, for I never wanted a scalp like I want yours right now!"

The man from Hickman opened his mouth to speak, but his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth as he looked at Howard. The eyes gazing at him across the sorrel's mane did not seem to be human, and the lips of the rabbit-man were drawn back from his teeth in an animal's snarl.

Loosing his tongue with a mighty effort, Jake clucked to his horse and rode away with heavy beads of sweat on his forehead, shivering as with the ague.

The rabbit-man rode home alone that day, no one offering to accompany him, as they had done in the past. There were four more days to go at the fair, but Howard never raced again. In the weeks following, a heavy silence seemed to fall over the Big Bottom; a sort of dread was in the air, but none could explain it.

During this time twins were born and died at the Howard farm—and they had a visitor. He called himself B. J. Woodson, and resembled Howard in a way. A great poker player, he was soon in favor with the gambling fraternity of Waverley. Howard himself had always lost at poker, but the new friend made up for it. He was always a winner.

"Woodson was altogether different from Mr. Howard," Sheriff White told

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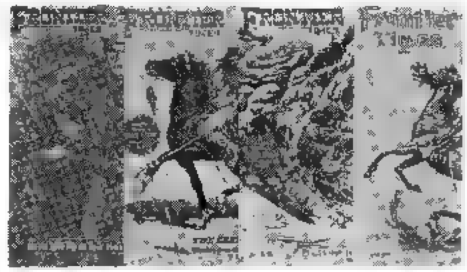

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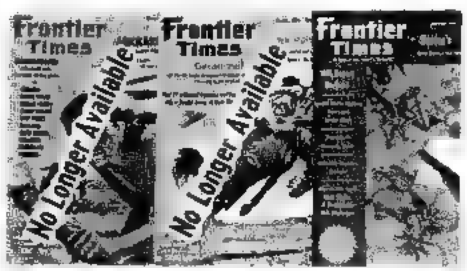

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me. "He was quick to take offense, and he always carried two revolvers, one in his waistband and another small one under his vest. I asked him once if he knew it was against the law to carry the concealed gun.

"He laughed and replied, 'Against the law or not, I mean to protect myself, and I will not give it up unless I am dead.' He then told me, 'You'd be surprised how many men have gone down under that pistol when my life was threatened.'"

When Howard disposed of his cattle in the fall, his neighbors surmised that he was ready to leave Tennessee. However, when he paid up his lease for another full year, they settled back confident that no one in his right mind would pay up a lease and then move out.

OLD-TIMERS of Humphreys County have vouched for the fact that the winter of 1879-80 was a cold one. And in the middle of one of the coldest nights, six large wagons filled with household goods rolled through Waverley from Big Bottom, headed west. Twenty head of saddle horses followed, in turn followed by a covered wagon.

At the head of the caravan rode the rabbit-man, mounted on Red Fox and seeming very untimid. He sat in his famous saddle with the big holsters that had excited comment, but the holsters were not empty now. From each of them peeped what appeared to be a wooden plow-handle, actually the grip of a huge Walker Colt's pistol.

A farmer boy who was out late watched the procession from among the trees into which he had ridden as he heard the wagon wheels approaching, and later told the sheriff, "Mr. Howard and his friend were pretty heavy with weapons. The rabbit-man had two brand new Colt's .45 pistols in his belt, and a Winchester across his saddle. Mr. Woodson carried a double-barreled shotgun and his regular pistols."

"The boy didn't tell me until the following week," said Sheriff White, "and maybe it was just as well!"

Bringing up the rear-guard was B. J. Woodson, similarly armed and equipped, and with keen eyes scanning the roadside. The last wagon was covered with canvas, with a hole in the rear, and he was talking through that hole. "Zee, I'll bet you'll be glad to see Ma again," he said.

Mrs. Howard looked out at him and replied, "Frank, that will be a joyful day. We had to watch the mail, you know, and she couldn't come to see us. But the hardest job of all was to try to hold Jesse down. It was bad on him, and bad on me."

"Well, we're headin' for old Missouri now," Woodson told her.

It was three days before anyone learned that the Howards were missing. Then, when two men did ride that way, they found only a bare, empty house, with chickens scratching in the yard. They caught and trussed the latter, to take them home. But the Howards had left something besides chickens behind them. As the men rode away they saw under an old apple tree a double mound, with a large stone marker between them. It was the grave of the twins. The wagons were still rolling onward toward the west.

In front of the Nolan House several men gathered to talk about the decamping that had taken place. "It's good riddance," said Sam Evans. "That Howard was a rabbit. We want only men around Waverley."

"I wouldn't say that," said Henry Harris. "Remember when he first came here? I loaned him the money to pay for his freight. He paid it back, and at the races he told me to back Red Fox. That's why I've got $2,000 in the bank. And as far as being a rabbit-man is concerned, he was just holding himself in for some reason. If you don't believe it, ride over to Smith County and talk to Jake Igleheart. Jake swears he is a demon; he's shivering yet."

It was not until two years following his departure from Big Bottom that the residents there connected Neighbor Howard with Dr. Howard of St. Joseph, Missouri, a surgeon extraordinary who mended cracked heads and removed big bullets from human bodies.

No doubt many wiseacres wondered how it was possible that they stayed alive during his sojourn with them, and heaved sighs of blessed relief. But many questions they had harbored for a long time were answered on that morning of April 3, 1882, when the shot was fired that reverberated throughout the West. The balladeer said nothing about the rabbit-man of Waverley but that:

"There never was a man
With the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive."

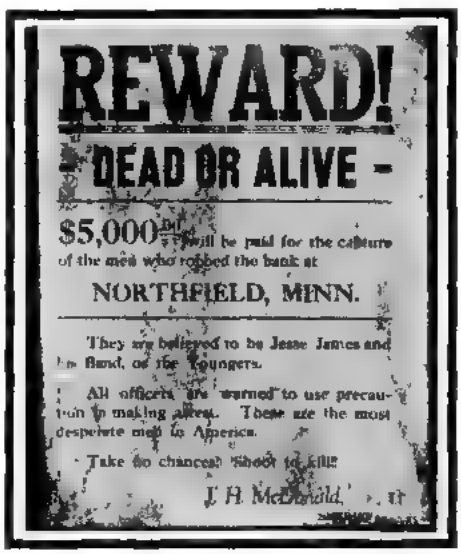
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PHOTO IDENTIFICATION
Page 10—Jesse James, at Long Branch.
Page 11—Group photo: (l to r) Fletcher Taylor, Frank James and Jesse James, photographed after the Civil War at Nashville, Tennessee. Directly above is the reward posted that caused Jesse and Frank to go to Tennessee when the chase became hotter.

He Rode A Lonely Trail

(Continued from page 9)

the Miller Brothers had introduced.

Webb's first show featured a number of luminaries from the rodeo world. They included Opal Wood of Fort Worth who roped five horses at one time, and Louis Tindall and his Madison Square Garden Liberty Jumping Act, featuring the famous horse, Skyrocket. There were sharpshooting acts and Indian dancing acts—seventeen different features in all.

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In addition, the show provided 300 terrapins for entry in the terrapin race.

From all accounts it was a successful event, stimulating the Webbs' interest in rodeos and in contesting. Already an accomplished horsewoman, Mrs. Webb became adept at trick riding and calf-roping and was also a capable hostess to visitors who came to the ranch. Whether or not the Webbs produced an annual rodeo the next few years is not certain from the clippings; at any rate, a rodeo was held in 1940, after which it was abandoned.

During the next few years Jack spent considerable time performing his shooting act at U.S.O. shows throughout the country and the act became a favorite with servicemen of World War II. It was during this time that Jack devised his most spectacular act, a feat which involved shooting a target off his own head in William Tell fashion.

For this trick, Jack used a rifle mounted on an adjustable gun stand about twelve or fifteen feet in front of him. The trigger featured a special tripper devised by Webb. This act was performed many times and observers were amazed at the coolness with which he aimed the bullet in his own direction and sat calmly while the target cracked and fell around him.

THESE should have been good years, years of mellowing and enjoyment, but Jack had become more quiet and intense, and often brooded. About this time the Webbs were divorced and Jean, their only child, went to live with her mother, returning summers to stay with Jack.

About this time, too, Jack's individualism began to seek other ways of expression and he spent hours writing—and, sometimes, painting. He wrote numerous letters to newspapers, many in the form of letters to the editor. Some used his columns, including the Ponca City *News* whose editor, Gareth Muchmore, had become a personal friend and confidant.

Jack's subject matter ranged from appendectomies to socialism, which he bitterly opposed. He said, "The government believes in everyone taking care of everyone else. This is like me and my neighbor taking in each other's washing to solve our financial problems."

He planned a book about the West. In fact, he wrote several chapters. They were about Tex Cooper, Pawnee Bill and Zack Miller. He sold at least one poem, because in a box of dusty papers is a yellowed, uncashed check clipped to a verse. But the chapters in his book did not add up quickly enough and the days slipped by. The outline of the book remained just an outline with chapters written only occasionally.

In 1956, Jack Webb died and was buried on Cowboy Hill, a knoll overlooking Salt Fork River on land originally a part of the 101 Ranch and given as a burial place by the late Zack Miller.

It is unfortunate that he was gone before he had time to finish the writing he had begun. It would have been close to his heart and it would have recorded warm memories of many famous men he had known.

But surely in the murmur of the somnolent Salt Fork River and in the whisper of the short prairie grass around them, the old cowboys can hear the echo of the sounds of buffaloes crossing the prairie, or cattle lowing in the evening. It is perhaps the best resting place a cowboy could wish for—the end of a lonely trail.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

tle and enjoyed telling about it as much as I enjoyed listening. He would say, "You heap scared buck," and laugh and say, "Me want be good friend."

I was scared of him, too, always was, couldn't get over it. When mad, he was the devil on wheels. He was none other than the famous Powder Face. He had a fine piece of ground just outside Seiling and the North Canadian River cut through one corner. The people from Seiling and nesters close by would go onto his place to gather wood, never paying for it or asking his permission. They would skate in the winter and even hunt and were always leaving the gate open so his stock would get out. He told me one time, "Heap mad; maybe kill paleface one day."

Well, one day it came close to happening. He spied a neighbor of Spike's leaving with a load of wood. He grabbed up his nickel-plated bulldog revolver (which I had seen many times) and took out after the man but couldn't catch him. The man went home and unloaded the wood, but instead of going to Cantonment and telling the Indian Agent, he went to Taloga, county seat of Dewey County, and swore out a warrant for Powder Face's arrest.

The next day, which I will never forget, the sheriff and Johnny Kimball, his deputy, left in a buckboard for the old Indian's tepee to serve the warrant. They met Powder Face and his squaw just returning from Seiling. They tried to talk him into coming to Taloga with them, but he wouldn't do it. When the sheriff said they'd have to arrest him and take him in, Powder Face pointed his revolver at the sheriff, who yelled, "Get him, Johnny!"

The deputy drew his .45 and put five shots in the Indian, then they loaded him in the buckboard and headed for Seiling. There they put him in a bunkhouse and he still bled so much that the blood ran out of the door. He was seventy-four years old.

The next day, not having anything to do, Spike and I went into Seiling. There was a large crowd and everybody was talking. I met Johnny and he told me what had happened and that drums had been heard all night. They were afraid of an Indian uprising. Johnny and I were great pals, sometimes riding together as far as twenty-five miles to attend a dance.

Sure enough, it wasn't long until the Indians appeared at the edge of town all decked out in war paint and ready for business. Now maybe you don't think there was a bunch of scared humans in that little old town of Seiling! I don't believe there was a full box of shotgun shells in the whole town. Nobody was expecting anything like this. There was no place to hide—just a few jackpines and sage bushes here and there, and not a one of them big enough to hide a jackrabbit. They wanted Johnny's scalp and wouldn't settle for anything less.

There was a one-legged squawman named Chapman (everyone called him Chappy) living in Seiling. I worked for his oldest daughter and her husband, Lee Moore, for 75¢ a day, which was big money in those days. Anyway, Chappy's youngest daughter went out and powwowed with the Indians for about an hour. Believe me, we were sure one glad bunch to let them load their chief in a spring wagon and leave.

Johnny left for parts unknown and I never did know what became of him. I

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Miscellaneous

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found out later that the revolver that Powder Face used was in such bad shape that the firing pin was rusted shut. Otherwise there would have been a dead sheriff. It wasn't Johnny Kimball who was drowned in the river, but Ed Kimball, a cousin of my sister-in-law, while he was splicing a broken telephone wire.

Well, I went to Oklahoma for excitement and I sure got it. On my first return trip from Kansas in 1902 in a covered wagon, we were caught in the worst electrical storm I have ever seen. I was in the overjet with my head covered. Those iron wheel rims looked like circles of fire. A man who lived in a shack a short distance up the ravine came down the next morning. My brother was out and around, and the man said, "God, I didn't think one of you would be alive." We didn't either.—Arthur A. McNulty, 516 W. Buena Venture, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Dear Frontier Times:

Your stories bring back many memories of my life in Oklahoma Territory. In 1893, my parents moved from Texas to an Indian lease along the Henry House Creek in the Chickasaw Nation. My father, Joseph C. Marlow, knew Marshal Loss Hart very well. Hart killed Bill Dalton about twenty-five miles northwest of Ardmore on June 8, 1894. Our families often visited each other; it was a custom for them to go to each other's houses for Sunday dinner after church.

One Sunday the Harts were at our place and after dinner, my father and Marshal Hart were sitting out by the granary talking. One of the Hart boys and I were playing on the other side. My uncle, Jaspar Morgan, who lived nearby, walked up to where we were playing and asked where Dad was. I told him.

When my uncle turned the corner, Hart jumped up, pulled his gun, and said, "Who are you?"

Dad said, "That's all right, Loss, he's my brother-in-law."

Years before, Hart had killed a man in the line of duty, who had two sons. When the boys grew up they swore to avenge their father, so Marshal Hart was always on the alert. I have heard my father say that thirteen men had been killed in the neighborhood where we lived.

I want to say how much I enjoy your magazines.—George E. Marlow, Box 35, Hudson, Colorado.

Dear Sir:

In the spring of 1919, I opened a law office in the boom town of Wynona, Osage County, Oklahoma. One of the first men I became acquainted with was Frank Watson, a rancher who had married an Osage girl. Frank was a plunger in everything he undertook to do. On one occasion he lost over $50,000 in one night in a poker game in Kansas City.

My father and Frank's father had known each other in Texas (he was raised in the Lampasas area) and he and I became fast friends. Jake Bartles was running a big rodeo at Dewey and the Miller Brothers were holding at least one a year at their 101 Ranch. Frank wanted to be in that class and compete with them, so I entered the deal with him. He was to be the promoter and I, the secretary and busines manager.

At Ft. Sill we bought a large number of old wartime barracks and had them torn down and shipped to Wynona. The lumber was used in fencing an arena.

We staged at least two rodeos a year and the best performers in the business appeared there—such stars as Henry Grammer, Ben Johnson, Fred Beeson, George Weir, Eddie Burgess, Yakima Canute, Chester Byers, Tad Lucas and Mabel Strickland.

We were taking in gate receipts and entry fees from $5,000 to $10,000 a day and, as there was an ever-present danger of holdups, we employed armed guards. My office was an 8'x8' shack with an opening in one side over a counter. We had an opening in one side for a door, but no door. Two ticket sellers worked at the counter and at least three helpers were outside. Two guards on horseback armed with high-powered rifles and six-shooters were stationed about twenty-five yards away on each side of the entrance. I did not sell tickets but stayed in the little office during the rush time and, when the box under the counter became too full of money, I would stuff it into sacks and have it ready to take to the bank.

The rush was really on us one day when a well-dressed, good-looking Indian got out of a taxi and came to the door and asked where Frank Watson was. I told him he was over at the arena and he wanted to know when he would come over to the ticket office. I told him no one knew—it might be five minutes and it might be all day. He said he wanted to get a check cashed and that Frank would okay it.

I told him he would have to wait—and wait outside. He went out, and in a few minutes Dick Parris rode over and leaned down so he could see in the door (he was one of the guards on horseback), and said, "Charlie, go ahead and cash this fellow's check. I know him and will okay it."

The Indian then stepped into the office, gave me the name of a bank in Tulsa, and when I asked how much he wanted, he said, "100." I filled the check out and handed it to him to sign, having no idea who he was. You can't imagine my feelings when I saw the signature—Henry Starr.

I told him that if he had had the check written out when he first arrived and had handed it to me, I would have probably cashed it without a question. He laughed and said, "I'm not making money that way anymore."

He was producing a movie at Tulsa at the time. He stayed in Wynona for three days and I cashed at least $600 of his checks. He would lose the money each night in a poker game. The checks were all okay, but about three or four months later, he made his final raid on a bank at Harrison, Arkansas.—Charles L. Roff, Rt. 2, Durant, Oklahoma.

Heroism in Young People

Dear Mr. Small:

It had been a warm, spring-like afternoon in late March, 1962, when the three small girls from the Blackfoot Indian Reservation school in Southern Alberta, Canada, started off for their short walk across the prairie. So they wore only light dresses and jumpers.

Skipping and chattering on their walk they did not notice the ominous, yellow-tinged, snow-laden clouds billowing up from the north. Suddenly the blizzard struck, harsh and violent. The temperature skidded to zero and the wind knifed into the scantily-clad children.

They began running in what they thought was the direction of the school. But which direction was it? In the snow-filled darkness they could only guess.

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Geraldine Black Rider in ceremonial costume.

Geraldine Black Rider, Mabel Crane Bear, both thirteen, and Belinda Raw Eater, ten, were on their way back to school from Mabel's house a mile away from the school.

Night wore on and the terror grew in the little Indian girls' hearts. Once it was allayed when they stumbled across a small house belonging to an old Indian, Ed Yellow Bear. But he was not at home. And there was no way of getting in.

Shaking with cold, clinging to one another for warmth, they trudged on. Suddenly, all three stumbled into a deep ditch. Belinda and Mabel soon fell asleep. Geraldine forced herself to stay awake, and time after time she shook and slapped her friends to keep them awake. But her efforts were in vain.

"I read some place that you must stay awake when you're really cold. I kept telling myself, 'You must not go to sleep,'" Geraldine said later.

For twelve hours she fought against sleep, huddled at the bottom of the ditch while no one knew the three girls were even missing. School officials thought that because of the sudden storm they must have stayed at Mabel's house. Mabel's parents thought they had reached the school safely.

"When daylight came it was still snowing and blowing hard. I thought we must move, no matter how tired we were," recalled Geraldine.

"I shook Belinda and Mabel to wake them. But they wouldn't move. Then I realized they were dead. I just lay between them, hugging them for warmth. I was terribly cold, and they kept the wind off me."

Not until mid-morning were the three missed and the nearest post of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police notified. At four that afternoon members of the Mounted found Geraldine stumbling hopelessly in the snow.

She was rushed to a hospital and treated for frostbite. In the ditch they found the frozen bodies of Belinda and Mabel. In between them, clearly outlined, was the space where Geraldine had found warmth to survive the terrible blizzard. —C. V. Tench, P. O. Box 580, Station A, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Scrapbook Identification

Dear Frontier Times:

In regard to the picture of the riders camped at the Little Horn sent in by Al Richmond, it couldn't have been taken in the early Eighties, as the man at the left, Hugh Haskins, wasn't born until 1893. He was my father.

He was a great man, and a great cowboy; the rougher the horses, the better he liked it. He had had almost every bone in his body broken by horses, but was killed in a car-truck accident in 1957. I have heard him speak about Charley Binion, one of the men in the picture. I would like to hear from Al Richmond.

My husband and I really enjoy FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST and OLD WEST. I think they are the best magazines on the market.—Esther Potts, Box 34, Ryegate, Montana.

Gentlemen:

The picture in the January issue on page 41 is the viaduct that connects Joplin, Missouri, from East Joplin. The three large buildings to the right top are the schoolhouse (still standing in 1950) and the homes of the Cox brothers, two of the early settlers.

I was five years old when this picture was taken. My father, John Caywood, helped build the electric line, "The A. H. Rogers Line." When it was finished it ran through a dozen towns and at the time was one of the major electric lines in the U. S. My father was not in your picture, as he worked on the western end of the construction, but I think one of the men in that picture was Kit Mudgett who worked that end.—Carl Caywood, 711 Oakley, Houston, Texas.

George Hansen

Dear Sir:

In your November issue there was a letter I wrote about George Hansen. I stated that I thought he had been dead for forty years. I have good news to tell you about Mr. Hansen. I received a letter from him a few days ago. He lives in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, and he told me to write and tell you that he is alive and full of life. He is married and has a son and daughter. He was the one who had the picture taken that you printed in your May FT. He also was the one who got the story about Hominy Thompson. He sent it to a relative of his brother's and that was the last he heard of it until his sister Jessie saw it in your May issue and sent it to him.

Roland Marriage (now deceased) and Jake Goehring, who also appear in the picture, were friends of George Hansen. Mr. Goehring is now vice president of a bank in Portland, Oregon.

I want to say again you have the best western magazines on the market. You can't beat them.—Ronald H. Anderson, Maxbass, North Dakota.

"Western" Action in the Deep South

Dear Joe:

Your magazines don't carry much about my part of the country, but we had the "old days" too. I was born in New Orleans and have lived here all my life. When I was seven, my father took me to town to buy a suit. I was one of

Miscellaneous

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Miscellaneous

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WANT GREATEST CASH CROP working for you? Ginseng, Asheville 25, North Carolina.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 71)

those kids who did not like to go to town and my father made a bargain with me that if I did not raise a ruckus, he would take me to Audubon Park after we got the suit. I agreed.

On the way to the park, the streetcar had to go through the "Irish Channel," the section inhabited mostly by the Irish. The streetcar was a little light four-wheeler seating twenty-eight people. When we boarded it, my father took me up on the front platform where we stood while he talked in Gaelic with the motorman.

We went bouncing and weaving up Annunciation Street at a great rate. When we had gone about fifteen blocks, it happened. In those days New Orleans did not have much sewerage. Instead, there were cesspool cleaning companies. They had large wagons with four mules and twenty-four oak barrels for the job. For the great sum of $1.00 per barrel, you could have a cesspool cleaned. The contents were hauled through the Irish Channel to the Mississippi River.

These wagons were driven and handled by two men who carried the dubious titles of "Honey Dippers." They always wore stovepipe hats and Prince Albert coats as a sort of badge of office.

Just as our streetcar was approaching a corner, the driver of a cesspool wagon about to cross the tracks whipped up the mules and attempted to beat the car. Half-way across, one of the mules slipped down on the cobblestone street. This braked the wagon. The mule got up, but too late. Alas, we hit the wagon amidships and deposited the contents all over the street, the streetcar, and us. One barrel bounced out of the wagon, rolled across the street, went under the batwings of a barroom, hit the bar, and exploded.

'Bout nine Irishmen boiled out of the bar with pools sticks to see who did it. The last I saw of the two men with the stovepipe hats, they were running up Annunciation Street pursued by the Irishmen, the motorman with his iron switch bar, and my father with the motorman's stool. I never heard such fancy cursing in Gaelic, English and Ethiopian.

The fire company was called out. First they washed out the saloon. This was considered the most important in those days. Then they washed down the streetcar, then the street, then us. We walked home wet—five miles. It was one trip to town I will never forget.—Edward J. Oakes, 1202 Short Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Ed, this convinces me! We should carry more on your part of the country. This is a prince of a letter! If you (or anybody else in that part of the country) have any more stories like this, let's hear from you!—Joe

Comments on Recent Stories

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed a check for ten subscriptions. Since so many of our friends and relatives are elderly people, your magazines are wonderful gifts for them. Most of these people grew up in the West and are familiar with many of your stories. My father came to Colorado in 1912 and broke horses in New Raymer, Colorado. He used to tell me about the town and how he stopped a runaway team one day. We both enjoyed your article on New Raymer, especially since it mentioned a man stepping out and stopping a runaway team!

I was especially interested, too, in the letter from the man from Ojo, Colorado. I attended college near Walsenburg and majored in history, but I had never heard of Ojo. I could not find it in my book of Colorado towns. I received no definite answer until my former music professor gave me the exact location. The town spring still stands, and people used to stop there for a drink on their way over old LaVeta Pass.—Mrs. R. C. Richmond, Box 124, Del Norte, Colorado.

Dear Sirs:

I read with great interest the story of "The Santa Fe Trader" by Joan Kyllo. Dr. Josiah Gregg was a nephew of my great-grandfather, William Gregg, who was killed by Indians in 1814 near Cooper's Fort, Missouri.

As the men with Josiah Gregg moved down the coast from Humbolt Bay which they had discovered, they also discovered and named two rivers which have been much in the news of late, the "Mad" and the "Eel." The reason for these queer names is of interest.

The men were cold and hungry but when they reached the Mad River, Josiah was so excited that he wanted to use his surveyor tools and make notes. The men refused to allow it and he was so very angry that the river was named Mad. The Eel was so named because they found on its bank two old Indian men who had a great stack of eels they had caught as food for their tribe. On seeing the white men, either through fright or benevolence, they let Josiah and his men eat their fill. They were so starved, it is said that they devoured the food raw. So that became Eel River.

You're doing a great work with your magazine.—Mrs. Clarence L. Leinweber, Mountain Home, Texas.

Good to hear from you! That's a beautiful country you live in. The Small family hunts each year near Mountain Home. —Joe

Gentlemen:

I am writing this letter for my father who subscribes to Frontier Times. He enjoyed the article about "The Real Pat Garrett." Perhaps the article was more interesting to him than to some others due to the fact that when Pat Garrett was killed, my father was working for a transfer company in Las Cruces. He was the driver who was sent at that time to pick up the body and bring it back into town. I have heard him relate some of these experiences many times. He is now eighty years old and thoroughly enjoys reading your articles.—Marian Snook for Clarence Snook, 118 N. Cherry Street, Lebanon, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

Your magazine was given to me a short time ago in order that I might read the story about my dear friend, Miss Hospers (Missionary to the Apaches). The story should have been rightly entitled "Missionary to All." When I first came to Albuquerque I was hospitalized for three years, two thousand miles from my family and knowing no one out here. This little angel of mercy came faithfully twice a week to visit me, did all my laundry and shopping, told others about me so they, too, would come to visit, and many were the happy hours she provided for me.

Thank you so much for such a fine article about this wonderful woman who has given her entire life for others. I wish you could have seen the gleam in her eyes when I mentioned this article to her. She was so pleased, and I think it is wonderful for you to write about some of the nicer things in your magazines.—Esther V. Gibson, 2320 Britt, NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

I have never written a letter to a publisher before, but I enjoy your magazines so much, I felt obligated to tell you how I felt. In the story, "Country Hick," just by changing a few names, he and his brothers could have been my two brothers and me when we were growing up on our farm in Arkansas.

I remember how we looked for bumblebees in the spring so that Mama would let us go barefoot. I remember, too, how my mother used to use the old kerosene remedy for all cuts and bruises. I sincerely hope your stories will remain as enjoyable as they have in the past.—Drury L. Burns, Rt. 9, Box 497, McHenry, Illinois.

Glad you finally broke down, Drury. Remember how that grassburr felt—first one of the season? Later on the old feet toughened up so it didn't bother much. We'd put grassburrs in chairs, hide and watch the expressions of adult sitters. But good things don't last forever—we got caught!

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